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A New Legacy Is Born. In the hero community you have two types: Those that fight evil and those that happen to be around while others are doing the fighting. Introducing Jak (the fighter) and Daxter (umm, the other guy). Join them as they voyage to defy the forces of evil on an adventure many dream about...but few dare attempt. To find out more about their legendary quest, check out www.jakanddaxter.com

EVERYONE

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Violence

NAUGHTY DOG

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Playbill

HE WAS NAMED MVP, and his closest friend was shot to death. That's how **Allen Iverson,** the best player in the NBA, will remember 2001. And that's how his year should be remembered by all the people who can't get past his cornrows and his tattoos. Iverson is the new NBA—uncompromising and armed with a crossover move that would crack Bob Cousy's ankles. He may be misunderstood, but he's not an enigma anymore, thanks to an intensely personal *Playboy Interview* by **Larry Platt.** Then there's the transformation of **Bret Boone.** For much of his career, this third-generation baller bounced around the league putting up numbers apt for a journeyman with a touch of avoirdupois. Then, in 2001, Boone set home run and ribbie records for American League second basemen. The secret behind his apotheosis? An iron man diet and workout program outlined in *The New, Improved (and Buff!) Bret Boone* by **Mark Ribowsky.** (The comical artwork is by **J.J. Sedelmaier.**) Says Ribowsky: "Boone's idea of exercise is so radical, he will not get down on the ground before a game to stretch with the team." That part, at least, sounds like a workout we can get behind.

Mohamed Atta and his terrorist cohorts used Germany as a doorway to the West. Once there, they hid in a shadowy expatriate community of disaffected men from the Middle East. In *Sleepers, the German Connection*, former Israeli detective **Yaron Svoray**—with an assist from an unlikely Arab contact—infiltrates the world of street hustlers and prostitutes that gave cover to al Qaeda operatives. The article is as rich as a Scorsese movie. Read it, and worry.

Call it the porn paradox. As the acting in films got worse over the years, the women grew exponentially more gorgeous—and famous. In *The Women of Porn* pictorial by photographer **William Hawkes,** we exalt these beautiful women as we would any other celebrity—in classic PLAYBOY style. **Rob Tannenbaum,** who tackles the world of online dating, would have killed for an encouraging word from our dirty goddesses. In *SWM Seeks Sex*, the one-man search engine relives every electronic diss and date that he experienced. Success, too, has its downside. Too much sex drives the protagonist of our new short story psycho. In *The Polyamorist* by **Gary S. Kadet** (illustrated by **Winston Smith**), Rod the Pod stumbles across the key to bedding women: He ignores them.

Too much of a bad thing can turn hellish. Conventional wisdom holds that an addict's best shot at sobriety lies inside the walls of a rehabilitation center. Some centers are famous for their country club atmosphere and famous clients; others are like boot camps. But why is there such a high rate of recidivism (think Robert Downey Jr.)? *The Trouble With Rehab* by **Christopher Noxon** presents a troubling truth: We know less about this illness and its potential cures than we thought. **Shannyn Rivera** did the artwork. Happily, we're addicted to comedian **Jamie Foxx.** He busted it up on *In Living Color*, then played it straight in *Any Given Sunday*. And he scored on tour right before appearing in *Ali*. In this month's *20Q* by **Robert Crane,** Foxx keeps counterpunching. "I'm like the black Hugh Hefner without the budget," he says. We're game—particularly when it comes to EverQuest. If you're already short of time, then don't read about the cool computer accessories in *Broadband Battleground* by **Will O'Neal.** Once you're hooked, you'll never go off-line again. What to say about *Lady of the Rings!* **Amy Hayes** that she couldn't say better herself? Shot by **Gen Nishino,** she's boxing's first female ring announcer and a technical knockout.

RIBOWSKY

SEDELMAIER

PLATT

HAWKES

SVORAY

RIVERA

NOXON

SMITH

KADET

TANNENBAUM

O'NEAL

NISHINO

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Bombay Sapphire Martini
by David Rockwell

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cover story

A STAR IS PORN: PLAYBOY explores o new frontier. Porn stors ore fanaticol in their devotion to sex, as cover girls Kiro Kener, Dasha and Tero Patrick con ottest. "It's only a motter of time before women toke over the industry altogether," soys porn queen Jenno Jameson. Are we surprised? Our Robbit is typically hip.

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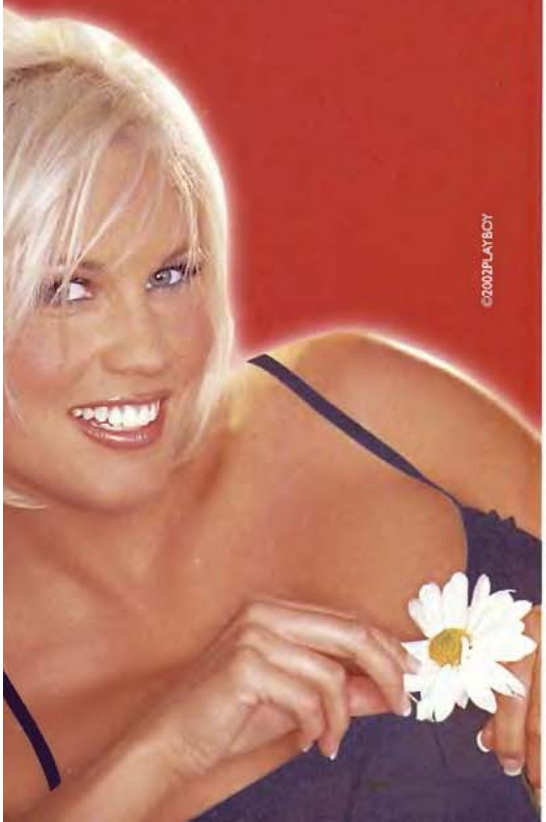

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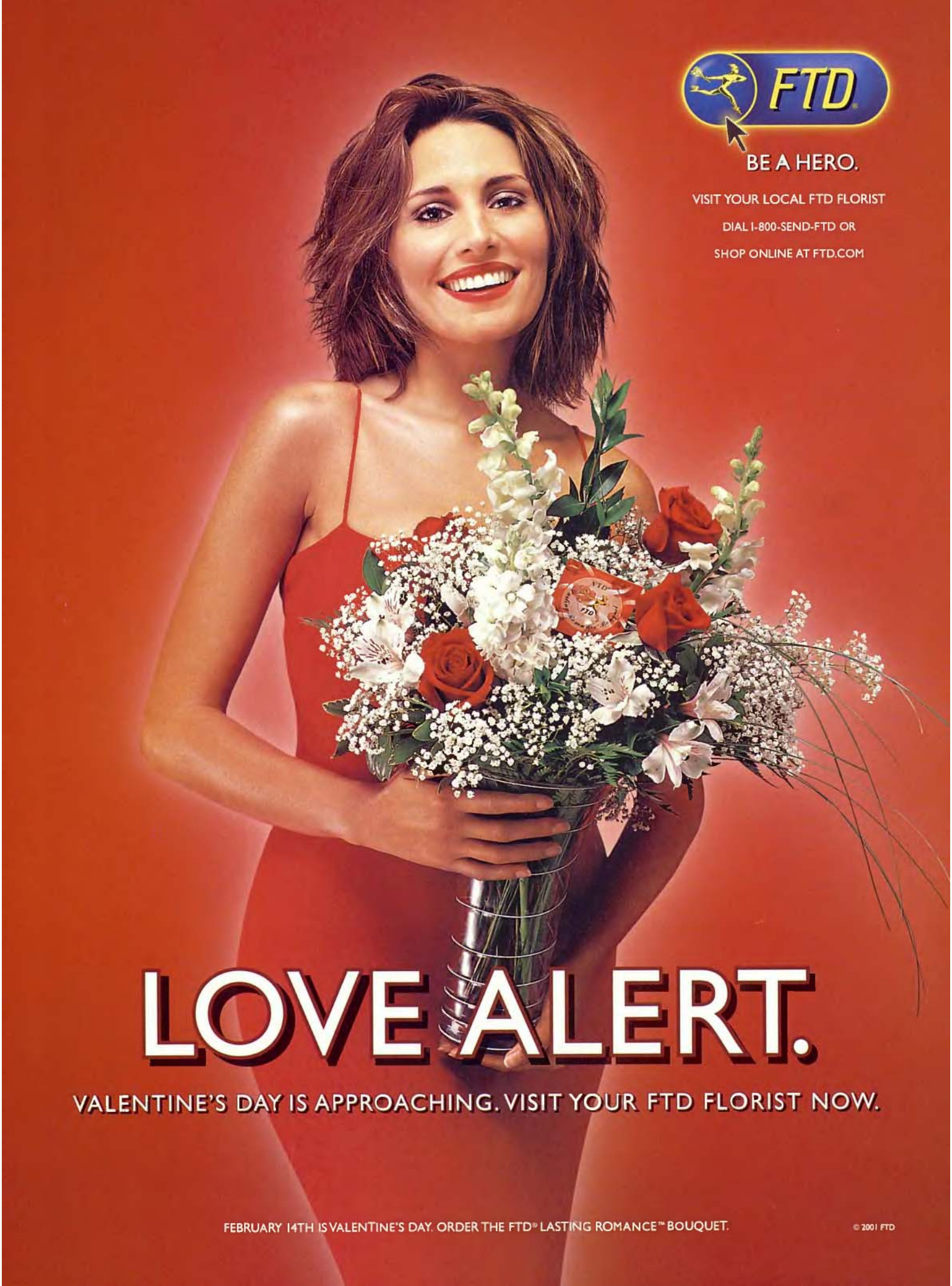
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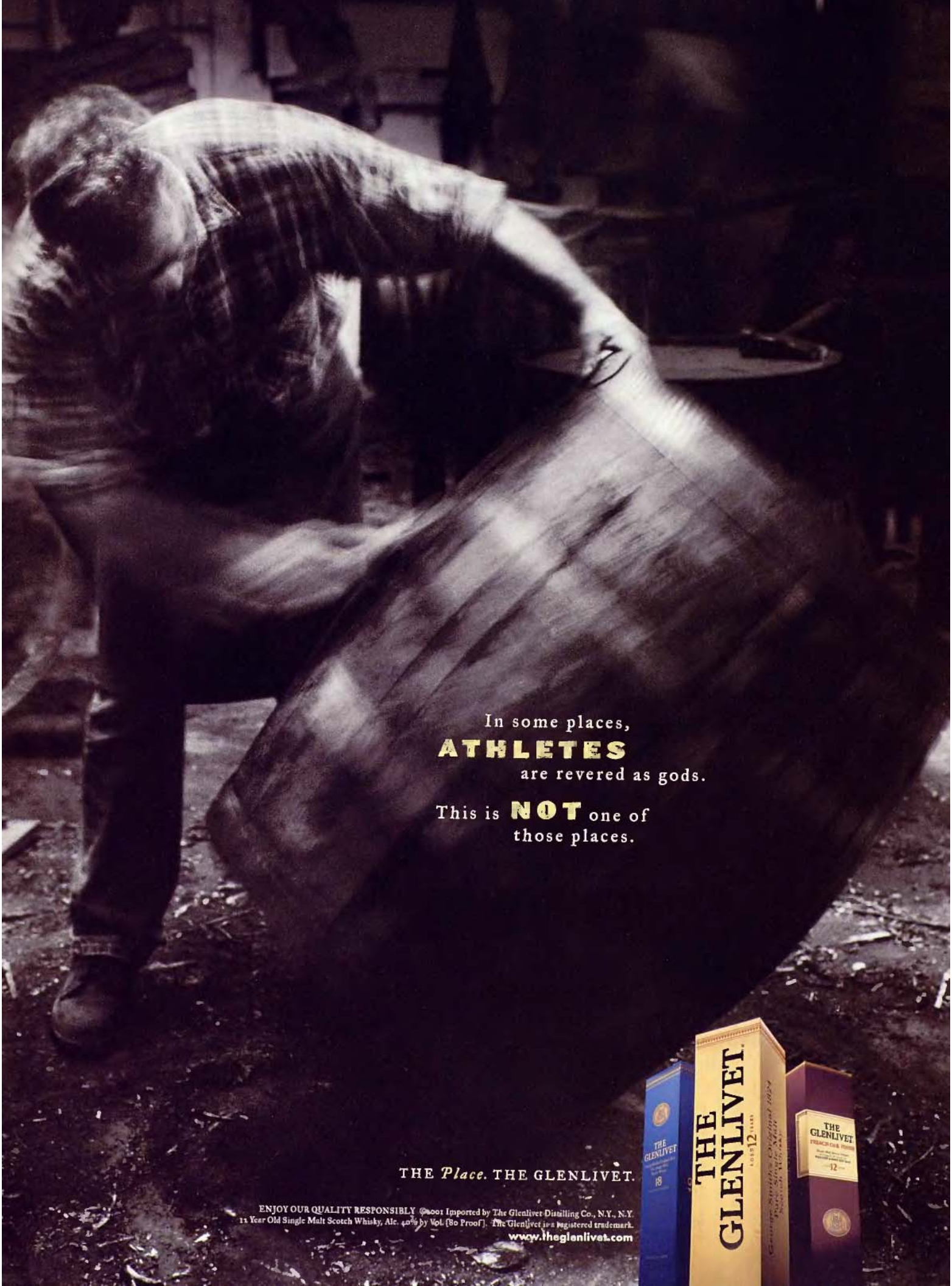
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HEF'S FRIGHT NIGHT

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Hollywood had a scream at Hef's Mansion monster bash with ghouls, goblins and things that go bump in the night. (1) Who says 13 is an unlucky number? Not Hef—in his Prisoner of Love pajamas with his own beautiful baker's dozen. (2) Elke Jeinsen and friend share a gory moment. (3) Chuck McCann and *Ally McBeal* Emmy winner Peter MacNicol with Tiffany Holliday and Isabella Kasprzyk. (4) Stephanie Wyss and Paul Sorvino. (5) Montel Williams. (6) James Wilder gets fired up over Anna Marie Lytle. (7) Andy Dick casts a spell on Lisa Donatz. (8) A cool clown with pipe and smoking jacket. (9) *American Pie*'s Jason Biggs with Genevieve Gowman and Lisa Arturo. (10) A mermaid meets a mummy. (11) *Shallow Hal*'s motivational speaker Tony Robbins. (12) Stephanie Heinrich and Tina Jordan pose with Ed Gale, the real Chucky from *Child's Play*. (13) Actor Michael Madsen. (14) Naked felines. (15) Charmien Laframenta and *America's Funniest Home Videos* host John Fugelsang.

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HEF'S FRIGHT NIGHT

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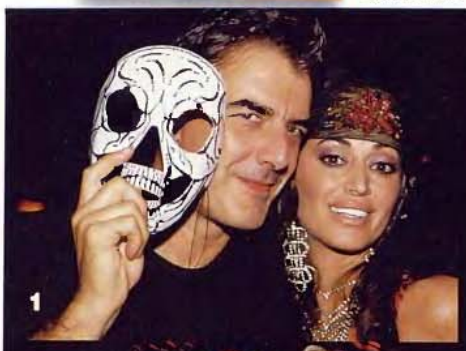
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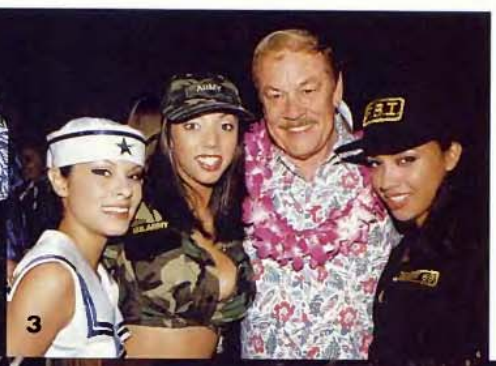
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(1) Chris Noth, Mr. Big on *Sex and the City*, with Ava Fabian. (2) A Mansion megamonster with Dallas Cowboys fans. (3) The Lakers' Jerry Buss has an armful of armed forces. (4) Dennis Quaid with former *Pacific Blue* star Amy Hunter and her co-star (and his girlfriend) Shanna Moakler. (5) Hef had to salute the Dahm triplets, painted red, white and blue. (6) Gary Dourdan of *C.S.I.* gets down with some revelers. (7) Tommy Chong and a cadaver whoop it up. (8) Nadia Bjorlin, the devilish dame from *Days of Our Lives*, hangs with a werewolf. (9) A skeleton adds to the spooky decor. (10) The host with Mansion regular Thora Birch. (11) William Petersen's sexy friend has a leg up. (12) Playmate Julie Cialini ropes in David Spade. (13) Foxxy Roxxy and Lady Sharone look spectacular. (14) Darva Conger fangs out with a pal. (15) The master of scaremonies boogies the night away with his party posse. (16) Shauna Sand, husband Lorenzo Lamas and Bill Maher sport chains and leather.

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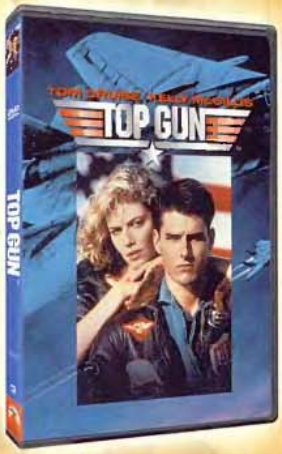
THE DVDs



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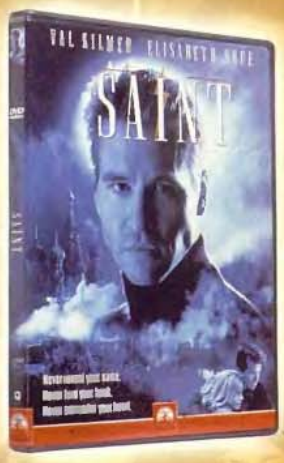

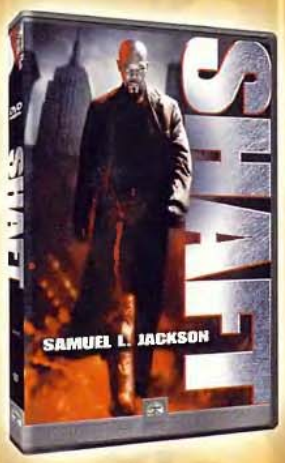

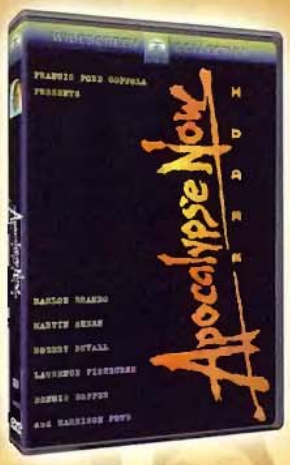

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There will be five (5) Grand Prize winners, fifty (50) 1st Prize winners, and one thousand (1,000) 2nd Prize winners, to be selected in a random drawing of all qualified names on or about October 1, 2002, by Custom Data Systems Inc., whose decision is final. The Grand Prize winners shall each receive a five (5) night Western Adventure trip for two (2) to Las Vegas, Nevada, including: round-trip domestic coach airfare, two (2) nights lodging at Sandy Valley Ranch outside the city and three (3) nights lodging at a hotel near the strip, local transportation, meals, attendance at various events, including a championship rodeo, lunch with professional cowboys and $5,000 cash, plus a chance to win further prizes (Approximate Retail Value "ARV" $15,000). The 1st Prize winners shall each receive a five hundred dollar ($500) gift certificate redeemable for western gear from Sheplers (ARV $500). The 2nd Prize winners shall each receive a check good for twenty-five dollars ($25) off their next purchase of a roll of Copenhagen® brand moist snuff (ARV $25).

Accommodations and airline reservations are subject to availability and change without notice. Airfare will be round-trip coach from major U.S. airport nearest winner's home location, and winner and guest must travel together. All hotel lodging is one room, double occupancy. Meals shall be as specified by USSTB. Taxes, tips and other expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of the winner. The difference between any stated value and actual value will not be awarded to winner. Trip must be taken between December 10 and 15, 2002. In the event of cancellation by winner, the ability to reschedule will be allowed only at USSTB's discretion. No substitution or transfer of prize by the winner is permitted. USSTB reserves the right to substitute the prize, or any portion thereof, with a prize or portion of equivalent value.

All entrants must be legal residents of the U.S., 18 years or older at the time of entry. Employees of USSTB, Sandy Valley Ranch, Sheplers or D.L. Ryan Companies, Ltd. (the "Companies"), their parents and affiliates, distributors, advertising or promotion agencies, fulfillment vendors and their families are not eligible. Void in Massachusetts, Michigan, Puerto Rico and where prohibited by law or regulation. All federal, state and local taxes apply and are the sole responsibility of the winner. By entering, all entrants accept and agree to be bound by these rules and the decision of the judges.

Odds of winning are determined by the total number of entries received. Winner and guest will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and to release in writing the Companies and their affiliates, employees and agents from any liability related to or arising out of this promotion or the prize awarded and to provide all information requested or prize may be forfeited. Winner and guest must be 18 years of age or older, possess all applicable licenses or permits required and may be required to sign additional releases as specified by prize providers. By accepting prize, winners and guest consent to the use of his/her name, address and likeness for promotional purposes without further compensation. For name of winner, send a self-addressed, stamped #10 envelope to: Copenhagen Western Adventure Sweepstakes, Suite 59000, 251 Main Street, Stamford, CT 06901-2918 by September 15, 2002.

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Dear Playboy

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM

SHE ROCKS

Bebe Buell (*Bebe Still Rocks*, December) admits to being an imperfect soul in her book *Rebel Heart*, but she's a survivor who has come back stronger than before.

Ivy Greene
New York, New York

I'm blown away by Bebe—her book, her beauty and her spirit. I'd love to see more of her in another pictorial.

Caitlyn Roth
New York, New York

Bebe Buell is every woman's hero. She is a timeless beauty who just keeps getting better. I loved the pictorial. Too bad it wasn't longer.

Gail Letson
Brooklyn, New York

Rebel Bebe.

Thank you for the gorgeous tribute. I've received so many e-mails from fans telling me how much they like it, and I'm flattered. Thanks again and lots of love to you all.

Bebe Buell
Portland, Maine

ALL EYES ON WILL

I'm impressed with the fact that Will Smith (*Playboy Interview*, December) is insightful enough to see his strengths and to change whatever isn't working for him in his life and career.

Stephanie Lewis
Torrance, California

How could anyone so entertaining be so self-centered?

David Owens
Corinth, Mississippi

ROOM SERVICE

The *Hotel Deluxe* pictorial (December) is great eye candy. I'll look forward to your next wonderful Christmas surprise.

B. Carson
San Diego, California

QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

Your readers might be interested to know that *Sheena* star Gena Lee Nolin (December) has also shown some skin to save animals in a sexy new PETA ad for which her body was painted like a snake. The ad's slogan is "Exotic skins belong in the jungle—not in your closet."

Dan Matthews
PETA
Hampton Roads, Virginia

In all my years subscribing to PLAYBOY, I've made it a point to read the magazine from front to back. But Gena's fabulous pictorial shot my routine all to hell.

Mike Wilson
Duncan, Oklahoma

I am one of those sophisticated readers whose appreciation of PLAYBOY's

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photography is second only to their appreciation of your excellent articles. Gena's pictorial has changed my point of view. She is the most beautiful woman ever to appear in your magazine.

G. Windmann
Des Plaines, Illinois

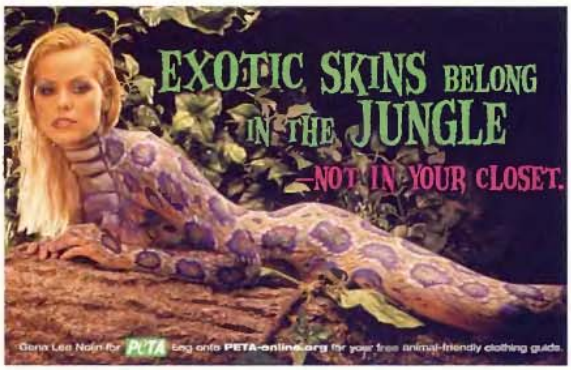
I've always wanted to see Gena Lee Nolin nude. Thanks, PLAYBOY. My fantasy has come true.

Cosmo Piccoli
Brooklyn, New York

SEXY STARS

Your choices for the sexiest stars of the past year (*Sex Stars—2001*, December) didn't include Nicole Kidman, Jennifer Connelly or Hugh Jackman. But I will forgive you this time, if only because of the fabulous topless photo of Estella Warren.

Fernando Vasconcelos
Recife, Brazil



Gena goes Sheena.

BELL-A

It's true that Catherine Bell (*20 Questions*, December) has the perfect body and face. Just as important, though, is that she's the kind of gal who could sit around watching a game, drinking beer and eating pizza. Thanks for always delivering the goods.

Martin Linane Jr.
Seattle, Washington

I've always thought the Marines could double their enlistment by using Catherine as a recruiting tool. Now I'm sure. A beautiful woman who rides motorcycles and plays drums?

Greg Singletary
Charlotte, North Carolina

Great photo of Catherine Bell. She's one lieutenant colonel I would gladly die to serve under.

Gerald Black
Royal Canadian Navy (Ret.)
Pomona, California

SEPTEMBER 11

Nothing else I've read about the September 11 attacks comes as close to the truth as Asa Baber's December *Men* column, "09 11 01." Thanks for reminding us that Americans must show the world we're willing to fight to preserve what's ours. We're stronger and prouder now.

Rusty Houser
Wilcox, Nebraska

The December *Men* column should be required reading for every person in government who in any way affects our relations with the rest of the world—starting with our president.

Don Camper
Atlanta, Georgia

I'm disappointed that an otherwise astute journalist like Asa Baber would repeat the false and misleading theory that Bill Clinton tried to look like a warrior when he authorized lobbing 66 cruise missiles into an al Qaeda camp with the hope of killing Osama bin Laden. Fostering this myth reminds me of the movie *Wag the Dog*.

Joseph Cain
Tallahassee, Florida

Baber's response: Was it 66 cruise missiles? Or was it 666? Whatever the number, Clinton's feeble attempt to confront the terrorists reminds me of the movie Wag the Willie.

TOO MUCH HOOP-DE-DOO

Why waste eight pages on another *College Basketball Preview* (December) and some mental midgets who would not even be in college if they weren't seven feet tall? I shake my head when I think of what those precious pages could have contained—such as more fantastic photos of beautiful women, more controversial articles on current events or more interesting fiction.

Barry Coakley
Squaw Valley, California

Your Final Four tickets are in the mail.

SHANNA-NA

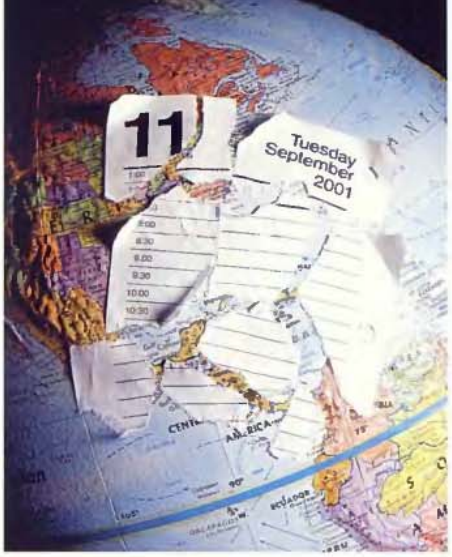
After seeing the December issue, I realize you saved the best for last. Shanna Moakler (*Blonde Victory*, December), the multitalented beauty from *Pacific Blue*, is a dream come true. Thanks for the early Christmas present.

Jim Davis
Barberton, Ohio

I love Miss December's romantic pictorial. I miss those classy, elegant photo sets from the past. Please, PLAYBOY, give us more like Shanna's.

M. Altman
Centreville, Virginia

I thank Hef for the outstanding Christmas gift. His choice for the December Playmate was beyond my wish list. I first saw Shanna Moakler on *Pacific Blue*, and



Day of disaster.

I became an instant fan. My favorite episode is one in which she is working at an adult club. Unfortunately, TV is still timid and the USA Network wouldn't go all the way. I'm so thrilled that PLAYBOY did. I knew I could count on you.

Douglas Guerry
Atlanta, Georgia

I was aghast to read that Shanna is in litigation with her ex-fiancé, Oscar De La Hoya, for a $62.5 million palimony suit. Like her, I'm an independent young woman, but I would be ashamed to be associated with such a greedy and vengeful lawsuit.

Lisa Harrell
Greenville, North Carolina

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

We want you to know that the U.S. Army has been training harder than ever since the tragedy of September 11. But I hope this photo assures Americans that even in our heightened state of alertness, we still have our priorities straight. As long as PLAYBOY continues to photograph beautiful women, we'll keep reading your magazine. We appreciate the boost you give us.

The A-team.

Sgt. Nicholas Capozzi,
Sgt. Marcus Pinkney,
1st Lt. Michael Foote,
Cpl. Derek Stivers
319th AFAR, 82nd Airborne

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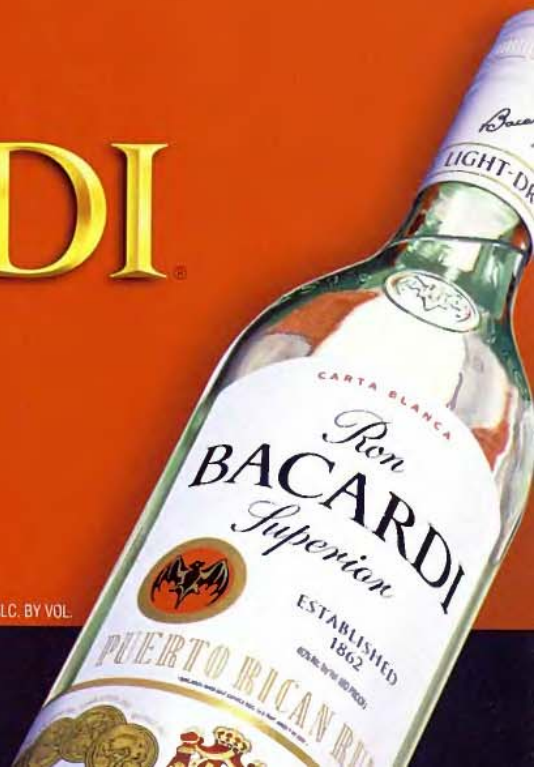

THIRSTY FOR LIFE? DRINK RESPONSIBLY.
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PLAYBOY after hours

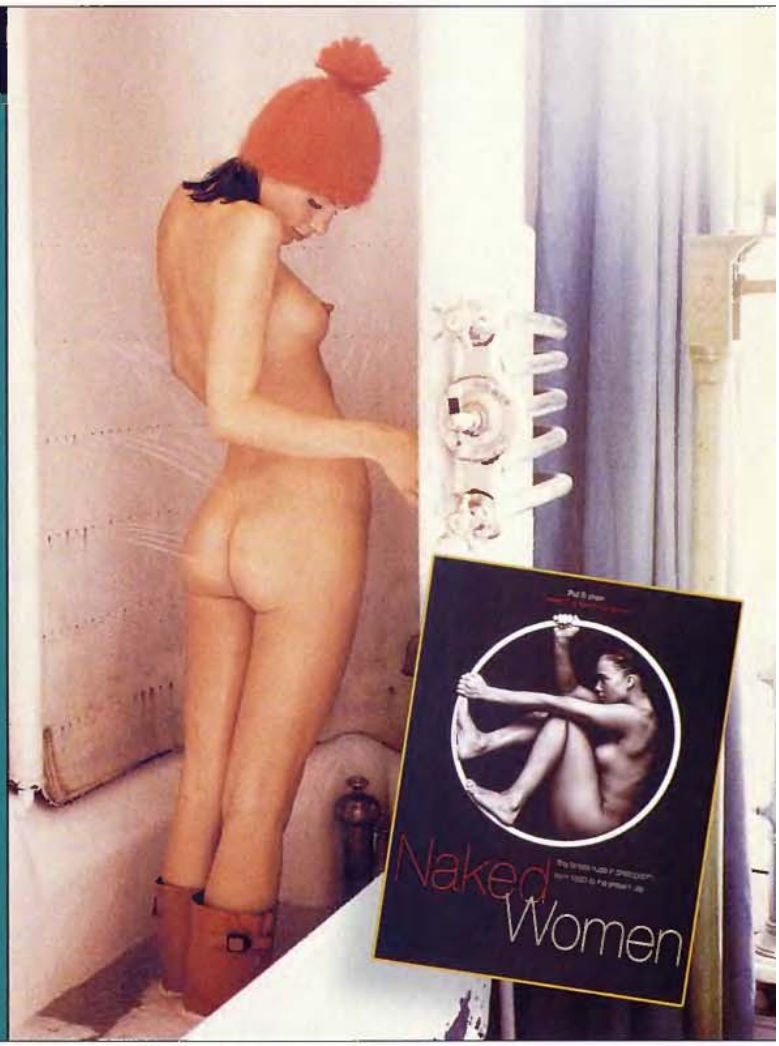
A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

IRON TITS, VELVET HAMMER

When the eye-patched MC doing her best Marlene Dietrich popped the question "How about we break up the comedy with a little nudity, huh?" we knew the West Coast burlesque show called the Velvet Hammer was about to step it up. After the dirty comics flopped, a turban-topped band called the Maharajahs of Melody began pumping away, and the girls came out swinging. Pouty Ursulina burst through the curtain with her tight hot rod of a body trussed in a French Revolution gown, then proceeded to peel down to her moulin rouge. She brought howls of delight from the retro cocktail crowd, dressed in their speakeasy best, at Los Angeles' throwback El Rey Theater. The three-hour show just kept on giving. The stage played host to feminine forms bitty and bombastic, including the crowd-pleasing "World Famous BOB." A huge woman, BOB sent her pendulous breasts swinging up and down in opposite directions. Then guest star Ann Magnuson rocketed us to the (full) moon, and buff Boudiccea—decked out in a Xena-type outfit—showed leg all the way up to her hairline. Pasties made it burlesque, and detailed sets made it a show, but in the end, ass is ass, and we don't know anybody who doesn't like that.

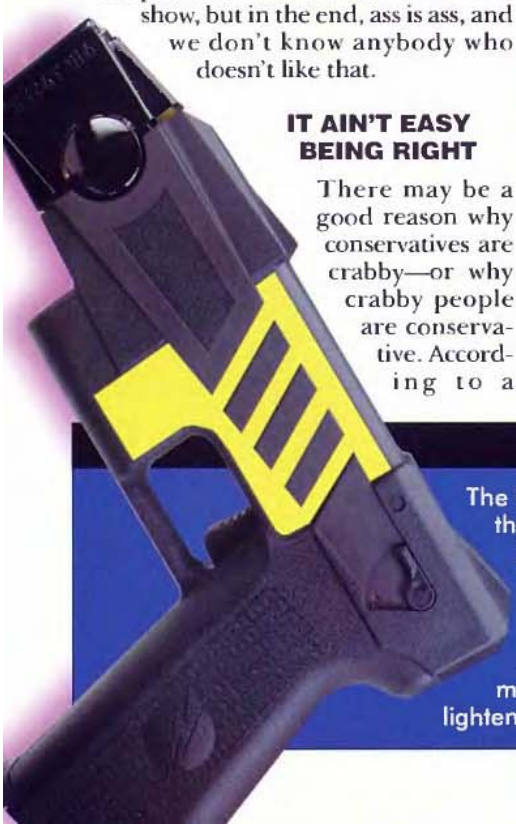
NUDES ON PARADE

Just how soon after the invention of the camera did photographers start taking pictures of naked women? We think it was sometime that first afternoon. We know pictures survive from Parisian brothels circa 1845. Given that women have always been in the eye of the lens, *Naked Women* (Thunder's Mouth), a collection of unclothed visions from 1850 to present, is history laid bare. We like Julian Marshall's *Untitled* (right), though we were puzzled by the boots when we finally happened to notice them.



IT AIN'T EASY BEING RIGHT

There may be a good reason why conservatives are crabby—or why crabby people are conservative. According to a study at the Association for the Study of Dreams in Vienna, Virginia, half of the politically conservative people they surveyed had nightmares (being chased, going bald, being trapped in a room with a bear, or something awful happening to their kids were the most common). Most liberals slept peacefully—only 18 percent said that they had nightmares. Left-leaning women dreamed about family or babies, and the guys dreamed about their lovers. Liberally.



HOT ACCESSORY

The Taser M-18, a scaled-down version of the M26 now deployed by United Airlines pilots, is a nonlethal weapon with a serious kick. This beauty fires off two probes that deliver an electrical jolt that is profoundly incapacitating. We suspect miscreants who get zapped may experience a Pavlovian sense of enlightenment. The weapon is $600 (eTaser.com).

LIFE'S ETERNAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED

What do men want? A woman who comes with an operating manual, just like a cell phone.

What do women want? A killer who will do housework.

What don't you know about women? They are all easy.

What do all playboys have in common? Persistence.

What's the quickest way to turn off a woman? Annoy her.

When does persistence become annoying? After the wedding.

EVERYBODY IN THE POOL

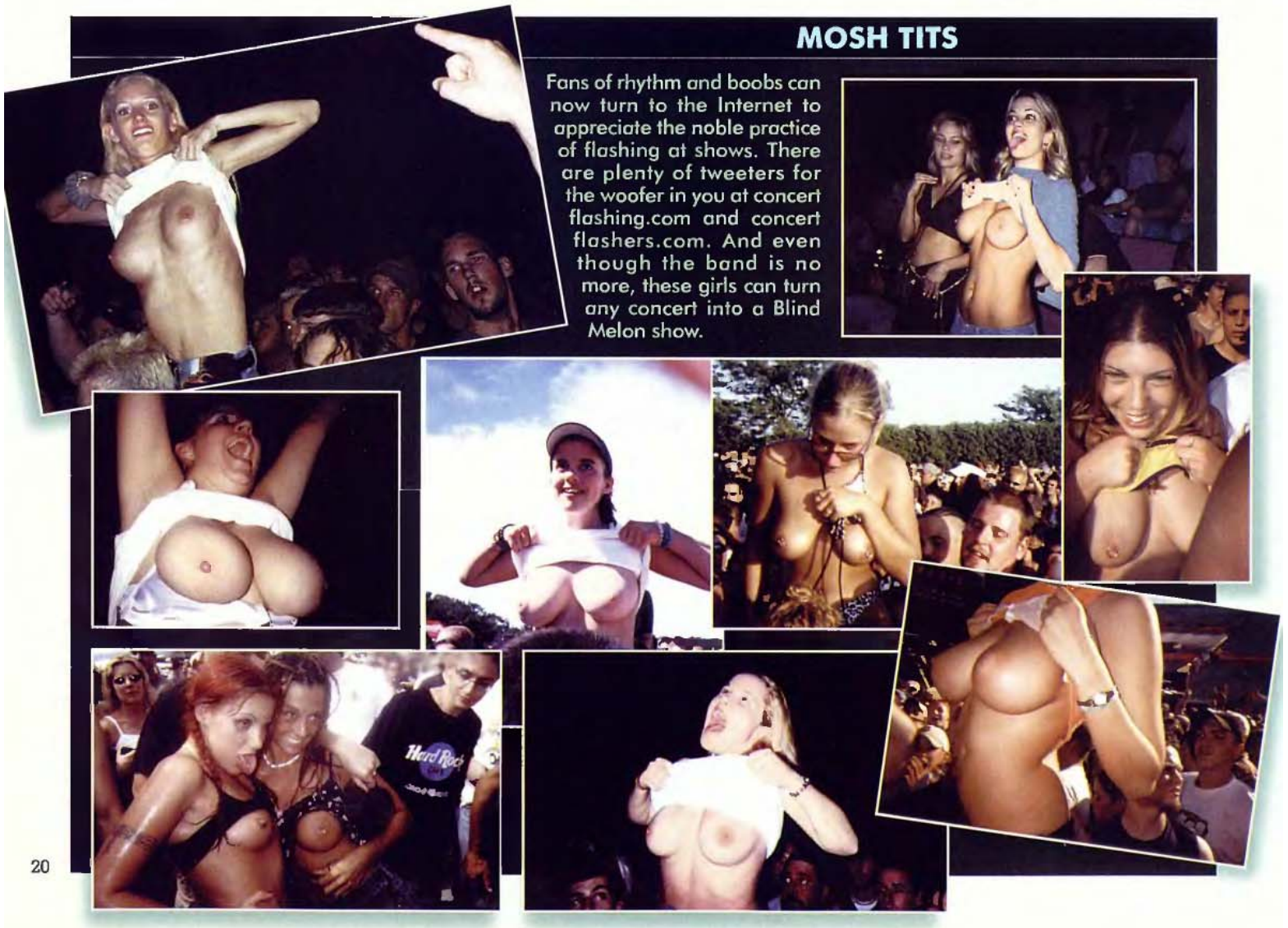
When March Madness rolls around, no one is immune to the itch to get in on some action. We asked our friend and unerringly accurate bettor Ted Sevransky of whocovers.com to give us some tips. *Are there any simple strategies when betting on college basketball that pay off over the long term?* "While teams in the top 25 often pique the interest of Joe Public, the smart bettor looks for good spots to bet against favorites. Betting against overvalued clubs can make a big difference to your bottom line. Also, pay attention to streaks. When betting on a team to continue winning (or losing), you profit many times before the streak ends. Betting against streaks, you win only once." *Is there any way to win the March Madness office pool?* "You need luck. The most important thing is to pick the eventual champion, since the final game is weighted the most. Many office-pool players work too much on picking the early-round upsets and not enough on their Final Four teams. Work backward—pick your champion first, then the Final Four and so on." *Why do professional sports bettors love March Madness?* "In the NCAA tournament, many amateurs enter the betting world for the first time all season. These square bettors tend to back favorites and overlook schools from smaller conferences. Professional bettors look to bet against square money—they are far more knowledgeable about smaller conferences and that gives them an edge when they're analyzing on-court matchups." *What are the best stats for making a bet?* "While a flashy offense looks great, defense wins championships. Shooting percentage allowed is a key stat, a far better indicator of defensive intensity than points per game. Free throws given up and attempted is another important

THE MONITOR THE MERRIER

B&W makes some of the finest loudspeakers available, incorporating the sleekest industrial design in its models. The company recently introduced Leisure Monitors, designed for use in home theaters. These unimposing, slim-line speakers can service five surround-sound positions. Most important, they won't dominate a room—particularly if your home theater is your den. Because of their modest size and versatility, they are equally effective when mounted on walls, bookshelves or speaker stands. You can set them up vertically or horizontally. We were knocked back to the latter position when we sampled the monitors during a screening of *Gladiator*. Hell, unleashed, is enough to wake the dead. And the neighbors.

MOSH TITS

Fans of rhythm and boobs can now turn to the Internet to appreciate the noble practice of flashing at shows. There are plenty of tweeters for the woofer in you at concert flashing.com and concert flashers.com. And even though the band is no more, these girls can turn any concert into a Blind Melon show.



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statistic. When one team gets to the free throw line far more often than their opponents, it means that they play fundamentally sound defense and are aggressive on offense. Rebounding differential is a good thing to look at, too. The best teams are the ones that play good defense, rebound well and have a balanced attack inside and outside. But stats never tell the whole story—the better coaches seem to succeed almost every year, while the lesser coaches often bow out of the tournament, even with superior talent."

HI-DIDDLEY-O! SEVEN WAYS TO MASTER HER DOMAIN

Promising your girlfriend an extended massive orgasm may be your best chance of spending Saturday on the couch with your hand down her pants. Steve and Vera Bodansky, who wrote the book on three-hour orgasms (*The Extended Massive Orgasm*), say it's all about peaking your lover repeatedly—bringing her to the highest point she can reach without coming, then backing off. Note: Manual transmission is the only way to drive her mad. Other pointers:

Touch for your own pleasure. "Feel her as if touching a piece of velvet," says Steve.

Know the most sensitive parts of her clitoris. The Bodanskys say the upper part of her clitoris by her right leg is usually the most sensitive.

Don't crotch dive. "Play with her mind, flatter her, touch her pubic hair, her inner lips—but don't touch her clitoris until she's begging for it."

Be confident. Don't say oops if you think that you've made a mistake. "The more confidence that you have, the more she's able to surrender, like when you dance."

Have intention and attention. "Have the intention of taking her for a ride, and pay attention to pleasure along the way."

Don't assume that she wants to be touched the same way you do. "Touch more lightly than you think and always use lubrication. Ask her to tell you the high points."

Plan pleasure. "Spontaneous fun may not happen."

DRINK OF THE MONTH

Popsicle martinis are the rage at restaurant 1220 at the Tides hotel in Miami Beach. In the right mouths, they are also wonderful props. The number on the left above is the Passion Martini. It's a blend of passion fruit juice, Absolut vodka and a watermelon Popsicle. At the right is a cocktail made with apricot puree infused with ginger, Absolut vodka and a lichee Popsicle. Serve one to your girlfriend and we guarantee you will enjoy watching her suck it down.

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #48

Because we were in public: "I met this nameless blue-eyed man at a club and we talked for half an hour. For whatever reason, that night I was intrigued by the anonymity of a one-night stand. I didn't want to know his name, but for the sake of the story let's call him Marco. I had a few cocktails and was feeling good, so I asked Marco to take me for a walk to get some air. There were people coming and going and the valet was close by. We ducked into a marble stairwell in the middle of Century City and began groping each other. My top came off and I was slammed against the wall. My first thought was, Oh no, someone is coming! My worries ceased when Marco stuck two fingers inside my wet pussy. My knees buckled and I pulled him closer. The club was closing in five minutes and people were starting to pass us by. We had sex frantically and I came almost immediately, people watching in awe." —*K.M., Los Angeles*

"I tend to sit like a man, so short skirts are not that good an idea." —Angelina Jolie

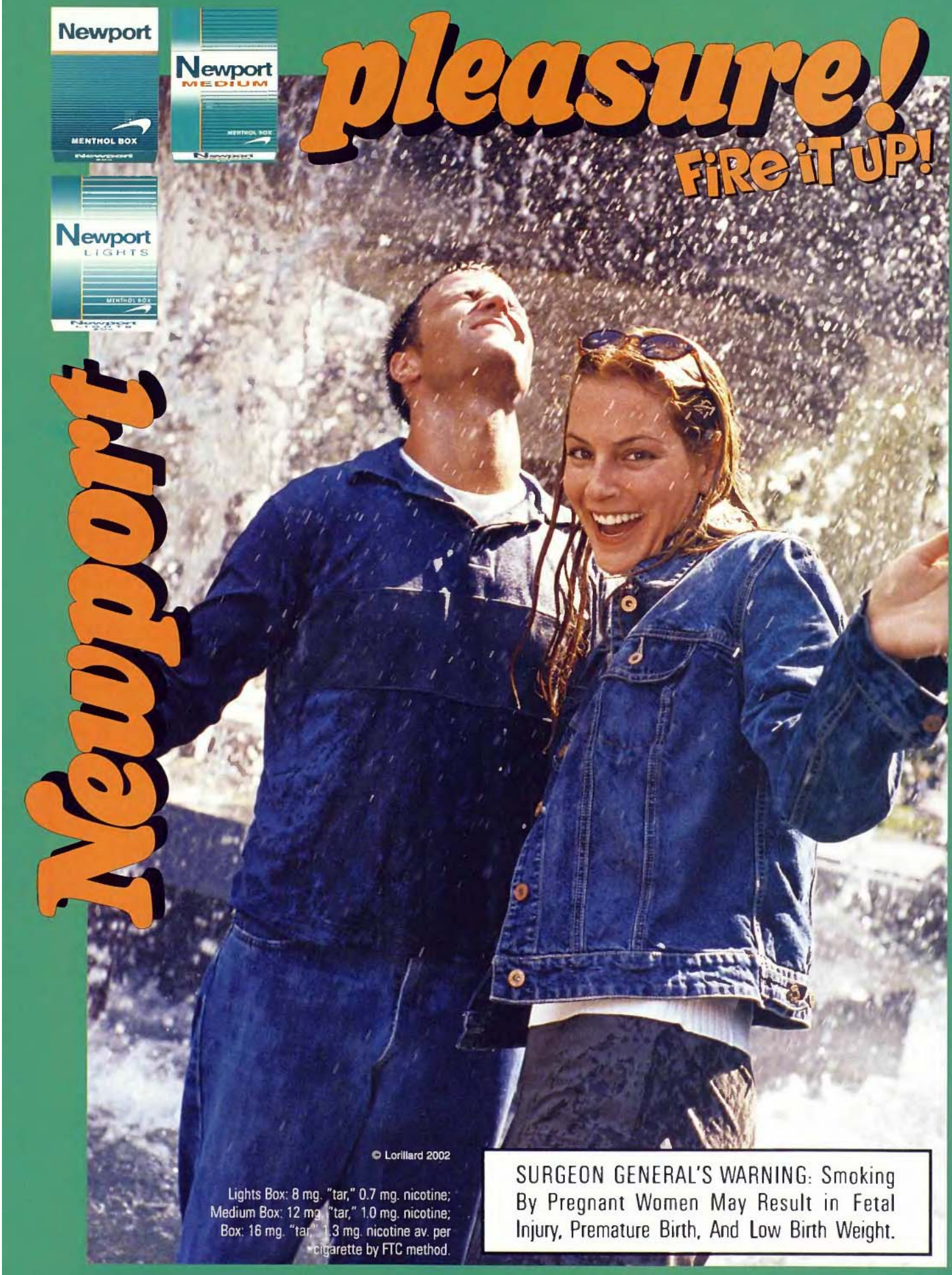
WU GOT A PROBLEM

What makes Wu Tang Clan so good? *Iron Flag*, their latest CD, can be inane and braggadocious. But, as WTC has shown over the past decade—10 years in a genre not predicted to last 10 months—each CD is a visit to a peculiarly vibrant world of Ninja mysticism and streetfront poetry. *Iron Flag* is a wartime album. Along with the goofy, hyperkinetic choruses, our favorite patriotic rallying cry is Ghostface Killah's mad-as-shit response to the New York attacks: "Who the fuck knocked our buildings down?/ Who the man behind the World Trade massacre?/Step up now/ Where the four planes at? . . . Fly that shit over my hood and get blown to bits." We're sure with fighting words like that, this will be in heavy rotation at the Rumsfeld crib.

THE TIP SHEET

Hotel Ibiza: An old swinger's palace in Oakland, it's now been retrofitted—complete with koi pond—as a club with rooms. Ideally situated, you can spend all night raving and still make it to the airport for a morning flight to the real Ibiza.

The Party Animal: A virtually indestructible $625 Endurance tuxedo from Ted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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"There's a scene on the tour bus where I'm snorting cocaine off a girl's breasts. Boy, did I have to summon my thespian talents for that scene."—FORMER DOKKEN BASSIST JEFF PILSON ON HIS ROLE IN THE MOVIE *Rock Star*

FACT OF THE MONTH

The mating call of a dime-size Hawaiian male Caribbean tree frog resounds at up to 90 decibels, the same as a lawn mower.

RED MENACE

The number of cars, trucks and buses in the U.S.: 216 million. Number in China: 14 million. The number of traffic fatalities in the U.S. last year: 41,800. Number of traffic fatalities in China last year: 94,000. Percentage of the world's vehicles in China: 2. Percentage of the world's traffic accidents that occur in China: 9.

RESERVATION FOR ONE

Number of adults in the Augustine Band of Cahuilla Mission Indians, a federally recognized tribe that recently got the go-ahead to open a casino in California: 1.

REVENUE STREAMS

Estimated gallons of bootleg liquor produced in Appalachian stills between 1992 and 1999: 1.5 million. Value the federal government places on tax revenue lost due to moonshine: $20 million.

THE COLOR OF MONEY

The percentage increase in Heinz ketchup sales in the six months after introducing green ketchup in early 2001: 21.

VOW JONES INDEX

Date of the first wedding performed in Las Vegas: July 3, 1909. Date of the 3 millionth wedding performed there: February 9, 2001.

AN ARMY OF WAN

Percentage of U.S. military installations with deficiencies deemed significant enough to prevent troops stationed there from carrying out their missions: 69. Cost of damage done to an F-15 by a broken metal grate at Langley Air Force Base: $185,000. The cost to replace such a grate: $400.

APPROVAL RATINGS

The percentage of American adults who said marijuana should be legalized in 1969: 12. Percentage who said so in 1985: 23. Percentage who say so now: 34.

LAW-MART

Number of times that Wal-Mart was sued last year: 4851. Number of lawsuits pending against Wal-Mart: 9400.

GROSS REVENUE

Since 1993, total sales of *Beavis and Butt-head* merchandise: $600 million.

TALIBAN-FREE TENNESSEE

In the month after the attacks on September 11, percentage increase in applications for gun permits filed in Tennessee: 49.

TALK ISN'T CHEAP

Annual salary of Larry King: $7 million. Annual salary of Paul Harvey: $10 million. Howard Stern: $23 million. Rush Limbaugh: $31 million.

CONTINUING EDUCATION

The number of Americans age 55 or older who are enrolled in high school: 31,000. Number enrolled in elementary school: 4000.

DOOMED TO REPEAT HIGH SCHOOL

Percentage of American teenagers who don't know what country the United States fought in the Revolutionary War: 22. Percentage of American teenagers who believe it was France: 14. Percentage of American teenagers who do not know the combatants of the Civil War: 24. Percentage who think it was the U.S. against England: 13. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

Baker. It's made of extraordinarily fine Italian merino wool coated with Teflon to resist creasing, water, stains and, according to the puking-man symbol on its hangtag, vomit.

Satisfaction: The Art of the Female Orgasm (Warner): The most astounding aspect of this book by Kim Cattrall and her husband, Mark Levinson, is not the frank language or graphic pictures, but the fact that the woman who plays Samantha on *Sex and the City* confesses to three decades of nonorgasmic sex prior to meeting slow-hand Levinson.

Malessentials: A website where you can discreetly order all the things that you wouldn't be caught buying in public: Rogaine, Avacor, condoms, triple-action facial scrub and horny goat weed.

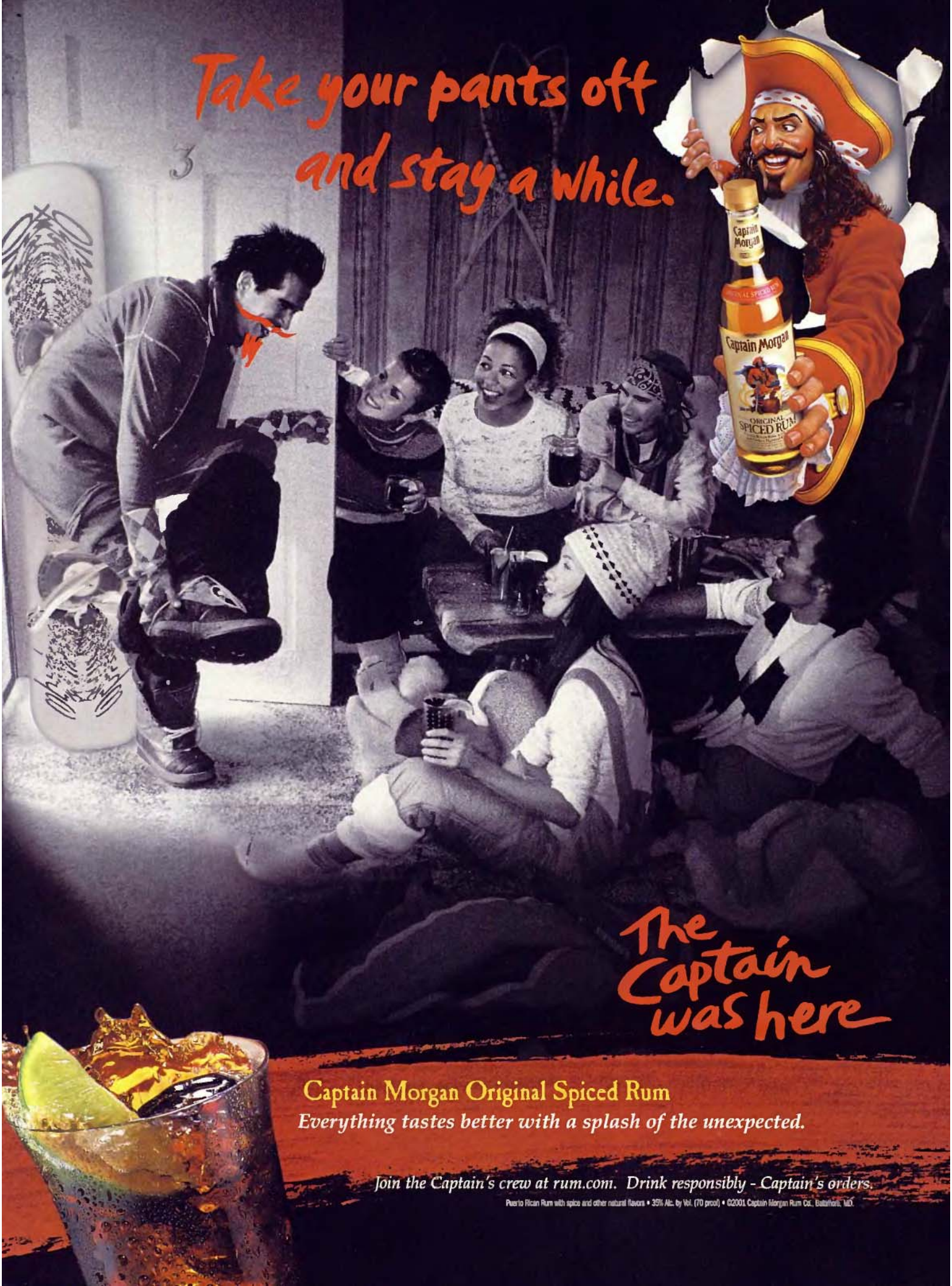
MURPHYS ON PARADE

When one of our female editors told us she was going to interview the Dropkick Murphys and wanted to know if we had anything to ask, one question immediately sprang to mind: Would she be safe? Hailed as America's version of the Pogues, more for similarities in attitude than in music, the hard-drinking punks sat with her in Chicago and then continued their cross-country Irish jig to promote their new CD.

Your CD is titled Sing Loud, Sing Proud. Which musicians do you want to shut up?

CARD RACKS

Brief Encounters (Prion) is a charming set of 31 postcards from an era when a gal's unmentionables were marketed as aggressively as laundry soap. It's tough to top the ad copy on each, but send these postcards—our mail guys need a break.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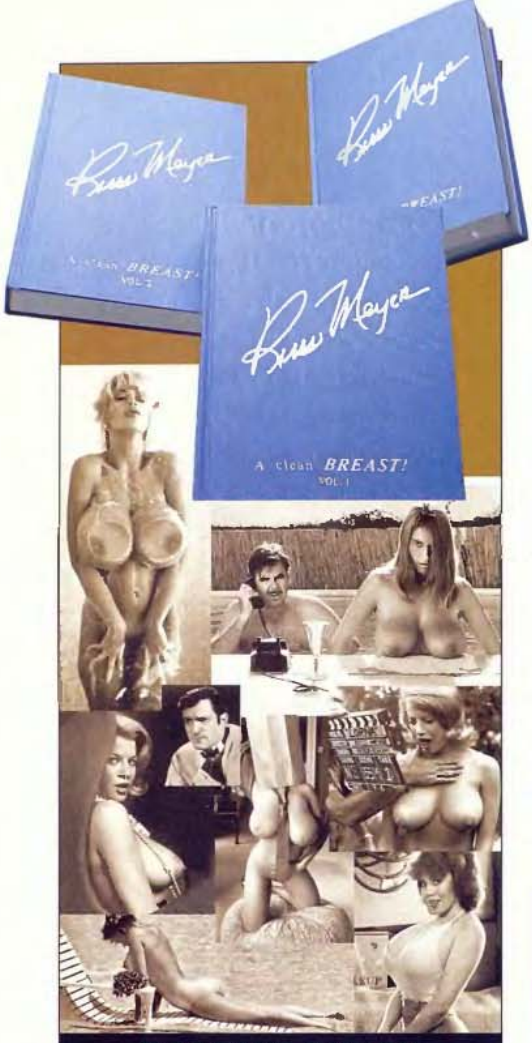

BOSOM'S BUDDY

Roger Ebert once wrote, "Bergman may come and Antaniani might go, but the films of Russ Meyer will be studied long after many others have been cut up to make ukulele picks." Indeed. Meyer has summed up his career in a three-volume assembly of photos and stories he says were years in the making. A *Clean Breast* ($350 from RM Productions) is everything he wanted to get off his chest, and makes as much sense as his movies do.

AL: Bands like Limp Bizkit or Korn. We're not Fred Durst fans. Fuck you, Fred.

SPICEY: I would like to invite Fred Durst to a boxing match. But you can't bring your bodyguards.

KEN: I hate bands that preach onstage. The only band who has a right to preach is U2. They follow their preaching with living by example.

How was playing on the last Warped tour?

KEN: The Warped Tour was a blast. Blink 182 is terrified of us, probably because our roadie would sit by the side of the stage when they would play, making the slash-the-throat sign. We snuck onto Rancid's bus to put ladies' underwear in their bags. We were going to blackmail them, but it was no use. They already had a lot of underwear there.

AL: Yeah, especially in Lars Frederiksen's luggage. He had stockings, garters and a couple of those double-ended dildos.

Do real Irish celebrate St. Paddy's Day?

AL: Good Lord, yes. It's a mameluke day, though. Everyone's Irish then.

KEN: We recommend drinking on Flag Day instead.

SPICEY: Real drunks like me don't need a special day. Every day is St. Paddy's day.

What are the benefits of wearing a kilt?

SPICEY: Irish cops love me. They get me drunk all the time. Many ladies find the kilt attractive.

AL: But when he gets drunk, sometimes the pink bullfrog appears.

KEN: Chicks definitely dig the kilt. I have some great XXX action of a lady going behind the plaid curtain.

How do you arrange it if someone needs to use the tour bus to make out with a girl?

"Personally, I can't think of anything less sexy than a man in my underwear." —Elizabeth Hurley

AL: Well, we're going to show you how that works after we've finished this interview.

SPICEY: Put the hat over the doorknob.

KEN: Or just throw the girl on the couch and start making out with her.

You have a well-deserved reputation for being tough. Do you have any tips for men on how they might look or act tougher?

KEN: Take that sweater off your neck. In fact, lose the sweater completely. Scruff up your hair a little bit. Let your beard grow in. Slap some people around.

SPICEY: Scars. I think scars are good. Get in some car accidents. Go to Popeye's Chicken and kick some shit around. There's some tough dudes hanging out at Popeye's. Especially at two in the morning.

Who's more apt to throw themselves at you—girls with tattoos or girls without?

KEN: Women with tattoos. You know how they are.

BABE OF THE MONTH

We got our first glimpse of the tantalizing **SCARLETT CHORVAT** in a Michelob Light commercial. There she was, all innocent and itchy in a negligee, stumbling in on a surprise party that included her father. Gulp. Then she landed a role as a guerrilla on the short-lived UPN series *Freedom*. Her kicking booty in skin-tight leather outfits on the *Matrix*-like show worked for casting agents, so Scarlett put aside dreams of professional tennis. She can next be seen with Jerry O'Connell in the romantic comedy *Buying the Cow*.

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Faithfully (Arista) is Faith Evans' finest album, polished and well crafted. Evans is wistful and melancholy on *I Love You, Don't Cry* and *Brand New Man*. She can also be a dance diva, as on *Back to Love* and *Burnin' Up*. —NELSON GEORGE

DJ Kid Koala shows that he can groove on the eponymous ***Bullfrog*** (Ropeadope). The group comprises an old-fashioned four-piece funk band like Booker T. & the MG's (with a percussionist, instead of Booker's organ). They do without the organ because Koala keeps adding samples—horns, background vocals, cheerleading and commentary. The CD boasts a guitarist and female percussionist who sings and a droll, deep-voiced rapper. It's trad with a twist. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Blues singer Robert Bradley's ***New Ground*** (Vanguard) intersects Motown-flavored arrangements and hard-core Detroit garage rock. And that intersection is my idea of heaven. —DAVE MARSH

Kelly Hogan has busted out of Chicago's alt-country movement, and ***Because It Feel Good*** (Bloodshot) celebrates that. You won't hear better versions of Randy Newman's *Living Without You* or Charlie Rich's *Stay*. Her originals are keepers, too—especially *No, Bobby Don't*. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

For more than a quarter of a century, the Dictators have been one of the funniest, if least commercial, bands in rock. ***D.F.F.D.*** (Dictators Multimedia) finds them masters of melodic metal, while their humor has evolved into a critique of the music biz, gentrification and baby boomers. The Dictators kick ass. The truth is exhilarating, as is the band's music. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

fast tracks

LOOK, MA, NO TOPS DEPARTMENT: **Rockbitch**, a topless all-girl heavy-metal rock band, was asked to tone it down when they played Liverpool. The performances will be restricted to the over-18 crowd. **REELING AND ROCKING:** The **Quincy Jones**–produced **Tupac** documentary, *Thug Angel*, will be released on home video. . . . **Jennifer Lopez** is gearing up to star in *The Chambermaid*, in which she plays one in a New York City hotel. . . . **Eminem's** film now includes the likes of **Kim Basinger, Brittany Murphy** and **Mekhi Phifer.** The movie is still nameless but plays out a week in the life of a character just like the rapper. **NEWSBREAKS:** British photographer **Tom Murray** has a permanent exhibit of **Beatles** photographs at POP International Galleries in New York City. He took five rolls of film of the group one day in 1968 but kept only 23 negatives, which until recently had been in a drawer. . . . Stanford University is the latest seat of higher learning to offer a course called the Language of Hip-Hop Culture. . . . A poll of 800 teens by retailer Sam Goody revealed that they are not listening to boy bands. They're listening to rock bands, and singer-songwriters are getting more play than the packaged pop stars of a year ago. . . . The **Strokes** already have their own tribute band, but you won't hear any guitars. The **Diff'rent Strokes** have formed to play cover versions on Casio-style keyboards. Just don't look for **Arnold** or **Willis.** —BARBARA NELLIS

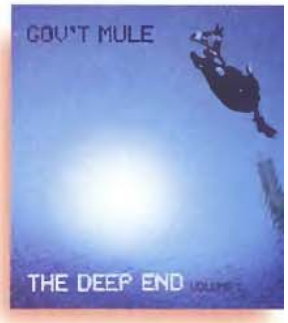
The Very Best of Rod Stewart (Rhino) reminds us he can be a great singer. This is Stewart's best album since he discarded the Faces. —D.M.

Joi's previous efforts did not sell well, but she has built a solid underground following. ***Star Kitty's Revenge*** (Universal) is a neo-soul extravaganza. —N.G.

Mush Filmstrip (Frame 1) (Shadow) is mood music with brains. Rappers, ambient techno artists and a rock band or two produce funky and haunting music. A key contributor is the alt-rapper Aesop Rock, whose ***Labor Days*** (Def Jux) is equally striking. —R.C.

If Phish is the new Grateful Dead, then Gov't Mule is Cream and the Allmans. When Mule bassist Allen Woody died two years ago, the band wanted an original tribute CD and tapped their favorite bassists to each play on one track on ***The Deep End Volume 1*** (ATO). Flea, Jack Bruce, Bootsy Collins and Mike Gordon contribute tight songs and plenty of high-energy jams. —VIC GARBARINI

When Mick Jagger goes solo, it usually doesn't work out well. But ***Goddess in the Doorway*** (Virgin) is a breakthrough. The melodic pop rock of *Joy*—a duet with Bono—is typical of the CD's ecstatic self-discovery. —V.G.



One of southern California's great contributions to punk, Bad Religion reunites on ***The Process of Belief*** (Epitaph). The group sings like an extremely loud folk band, complete with harmonies about pollution, dysfunctional families and the theological problem of evil. —C.Y.

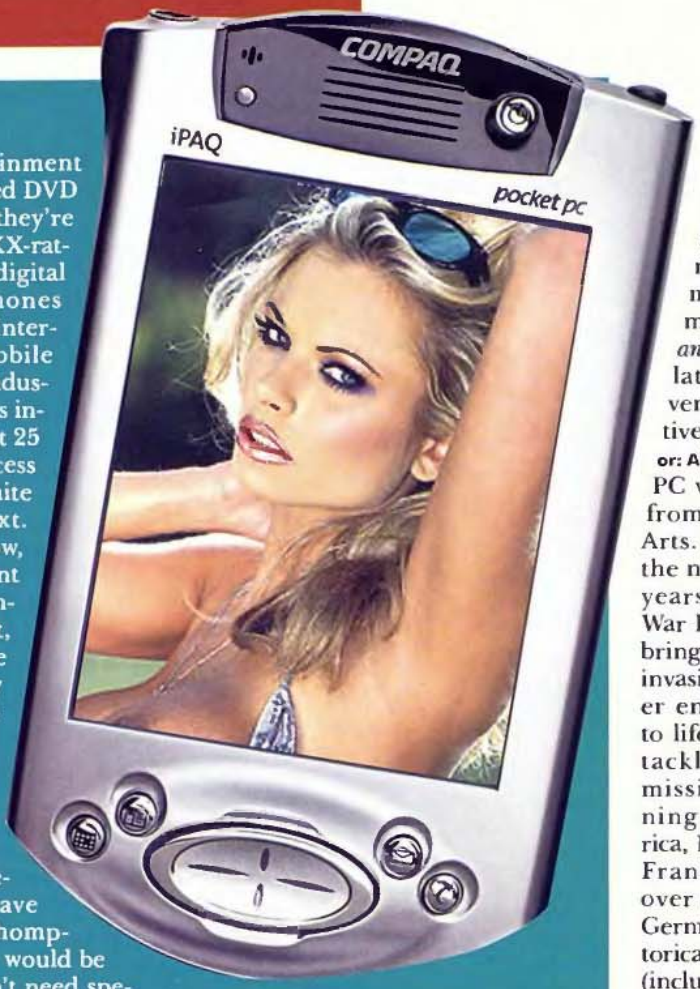
You generally want to avoid classical hit records, but ***Morimur*** (ECM) is an exception. Violinist Christoph Poppen and the ethereal vocals of the Hilliard Ensemble perform Bach with a powerful clarity. Another odd choral collaboration, ***Motorlab #3*** (Kitchen Motors), unites Barry Adamson and Pan Sonic. Their work for choir and electronics opens new vistas. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Robert Bradley *New Ground*	4	6	7	9	8
Bullfrog	8	8	7	7	6
Dictators *D.F.F.D.*	7	6	6	6	9
Faith Evans *Faithfully*	4	8	8	6	7
Gov't Mule *The Deep End*	6	8	8	9	7

wired

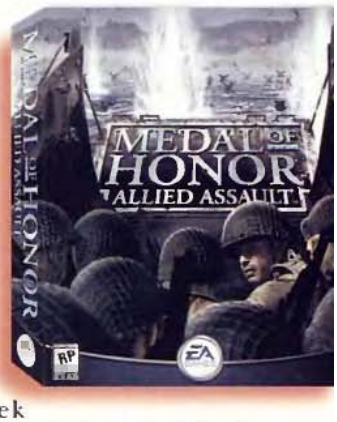
PORN TO GO



Now that adult-entertainment companies have conquered DVD and web technologies, they're gearing up to deliver XXX-rated images to personal digital assistants and cell phones equipped with wireless Internet access. Dubbed mobile porn, or m-porn by the industry, the technology is in its infancy. Currently for about 25 cents a day, you can access the grainy black-and-white still images and sex text. However, a year from now, when adult-entertainment giant Vivid Interactive enters the m-porn market, you will get the rise you're after. According to Gary Thompson, Vivid's vice president of business development, the company is testing a service that will enable fans to view 10-minute X-rated movie clips on mobile devices. Although prices have yet to be established, Thompson says a dollar per clip would be reasonable. And you won't need special software. Vivid's m-porn works in conjunction with Windows Media Player and a proprietary viewer that the company will offer as a plug-in for PDAs and cell phones. One advantage: Instead of having adult movies show up on your hotel bill (for your accounting department to see), they'll be charged discreetly to your personal wireless account. —BETH TOMKIW

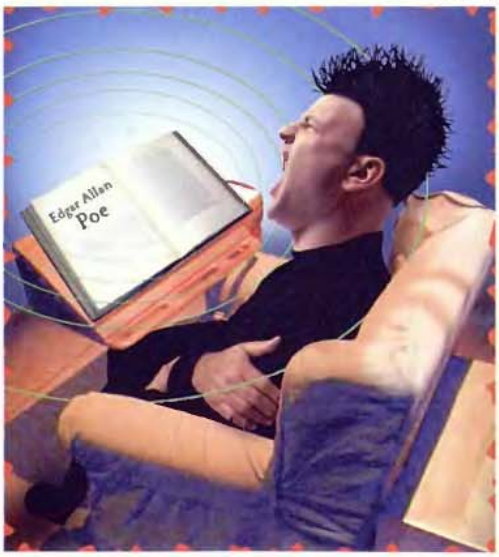
GAME OF THE MONTH

When Hollywood wants to reenact the horrors of war, it calls on Captain Dale Dye. The retired U.S. Marine captain survived 31 major combat operations in Vietnam and since 1985 has served as military consultant for such TV and movie projects as *Saving Private Ryan*, *Band of Brothers* and *Platoon*. Dye's latest project, developed with Steven Spielberg's DreamWorks Interactive, is **Medal of Honor: Allied Assault**, a PC video game from Electronic Arts. Set during the most pivotal years of World War II, the game brings the D day invasion and other engagements to life as players tackle some 20 missions spanning North Africa, Norway and France and a trek over the Rhine into the heart of Nazi Germany. Players have access to 21 historically accurate World War II weapons (including Thompson submachine guns and Mark II fragment grenades) as well as 18 enemy vehicles. Expect an action-packed and realistic depiction of the war's exploits. —ENID BURNS



PITY THE LIBRARIANS

Forget e-books. Good old-fashioned leather-bound books may soon be wired for sound. As part of the Experiments in the Future of Reading program, the inventive folks at Xerox' Palo Alto Research Center have developed the Listen Reader. It includes a wingback chair with speakers, a wooden reading stand and a leather-bound book. Electric field sensors in the book's binding pick up proximity, so as your hand passes over the page, a signal is sent to play specific sounds—you might hear strange music, stairs creaking or the wind blowing. Listen Reader developers hope to digitally augment existing written literature without losing the appeal of the original. Researcher Dale MacDonald predicts that Hollywood will get in on the act. "I see books with deep sound designs and the kind of added creativity that goes into making a film," he says. The research center has also developed the Reading Eye Dog, which looks like a cross between *The Jetsons'* Astro and Bender from *Futurama*. Using cameras for eyes, optical character recognition and text-to-speech technology, the metal canine is capable of discerning things placed in front of it (such as books and newspapers), displaying the text on LCD screens, and then speaking the words aloud. Reading services for the blind could benefit from this technology. —LAZLOW



WILD THING

Terapin's new Mine is a 10 GB portable storage device ($600). The versatile tool has several ports (USB in/out, Ethernet, PC Card, audio-out) and can store files of any format, including digital photos, video clips, work documents and MP3s (which the device can play through a headphone jack). Think of it as a PC in your pocket. —JASON BUHRMESTER

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

SEAN PENN CAN transform himself completely on-screen—as he did most recently in Woody Allen's *Sweet and Lowdown*. In ***I Am Sam*** he plays a mentally retarded man who becomes a devoted father until a social services agency questions his ability to raise a child. Michelle Pfeiffer is wonderful as the self-absorbed, ruthless LA attorney who handles the case. This could easily be a formula tearjerker, but director Jessie Nelson (who co-wrote the screenplay with Kristine Johnson) steers clear of that. I predict Penn will win the best actor Oscar for this one.

Benjamin Bratt is completely convincing as Puerto Rican–born poet and playwright Miguel Piñero in Leon Ichaso's nonlinear biographical film ***Piñero.*** Although Bratt's performance makes this film worth seeing, we never come to understand why the gifted Piñero was so brutally self-destructive.

Cate Blanchett is always worth watching, whether in a supporting role in *The Shipping News* (as Kevin Spacey's predatory wife) or as the lead in ***Charlotte Gray,*** the World War II espionage-romance yarn directed by Gillian Armstrong. But an unfocused story sinks this handsome film, which co-stars the reliable Billy Crudup as a French resistance fighter.

Mira Nair's ***Monsoon Wedding*** has its faults—being too long, for instance—but it also has many good things going for it. Nair immerses us in Indian culture in a compelling and compassionate way, introducing us to a well-meaning father who faces one hurdle after another in effecting his daughter's arranged marriage. Some of the complications—both humorous and sad—are unique to India, while others are universal.

Sam—a Penn ultimate role.

Nanni Moretti is star, director and co-writer of ***The Son's Room,*** and it's easy to see why this Italian drama was a prize-winner at Cannes. Moretti opts for nuance and quietude instead of histrionics in showing how a prosperous analyst and his family contend with a tragic loss. This film explores grief with clear-eyed understanding.

Bill Paxton directed and co-stars in ***Frailty,*** a genuinely strange film about a single father raising two sons who has a vision one night and becomes an ax murderer in the name of God. *Frailty* is a difficult film to stomach, especially because children are involved.

SCENE STEALER

JACQUELINE OBRADORS. **FIRST NOTICED:** As Harrison Ford's bikinied girlfriend in *Six Days, Seven Nights*. **NOW APPEARING:** As policewoman Rita Ortiz, the newest cast member on *NYPD Blue*; soon to be seen as Vin Diesel's wife in *El Diablo*. **WHY CO-STARRING IN *TORTILLA SOUP* MEANT SO MUCH TO HER:** "It just struck a chord. I can't name another script I've read that has a role even close to that, with a middle-class Latin American family. That was so refreshing—and overdue." **WILL SHE START TO WHINE, AS SOME ACTORS DO, IF SHE HAS TO STAY WITH *NYPD BLUE* FOR A LONG RUN?** "I don't think you should whine if you're working! I have a lot of actor friends who are not only not working, but they're not even auditioning. I feel extremely blessed." **AFTER *SIX DAYS, SEVEN NIGHTS* COULD SHE HAVE MADE A CAREER OF PLAYING BIMBOS?** "Oh yeah, especially if I were willing to shed my clothes at the drop of a hat." **IS THERE A LEADING MAN SHE'D LOVE TO WORK WITH?** "Billy Crudup. He's cool." **HER DREAM JOB:** "To play a female James Bond character who gets to travel the world on an unlimited budget and kick serious ass." —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

Ali Will Smith scores a knockout in the leading role, but director Michael Mann bites off more than he can chew in this long—yet surprisingly sketchy—bio of the boxer. ¥¥½

A Beautiful Mind Russell Crowe gives an Oscar-worthy performance as an eccentric genius whose promising career takes a harsh turn. Jennifer Connelly is excellent as his loyal wife. ¥¥¥½

Black Hawk Down Josh Hartnett and Ewan McGregor are among the U.S. ground forces caught in a hail of bullets—and miscalculations—in Somalia in 1993. You can view this as a cautionary tale about our involvement overseas, or as a tribute to heroism. Either way, it's a solid war movie that's tough to watch at times. ¥¥¥

Brotherhood of the Wolf A bizarre French movie based on the legend of a wolf—or creature—that terrorized the 18th century countryside. A mélange of historical fiction, myth and monster movie. ¥¥

I Am Sam Sean Penn and Michelle Pfeiffer are Oscar bait in this winning tale of a retarded man fighting for custody of his daughter. ¥¥¥½

The Majestic Jim Carrey has never been better than in the James Stewart–like role of an apolitical screenwriter who suffers amnesia and is mistaken for a long-lost hero of a small, close-knit community in the Fifties. But this paean to old-fashioned American values (and moviemaking) is maddeningly uneven. ¥¥½

Monster's Ball Billy Bob Thornton and Halle Berry head an exceptional cast in this challenging but rewarding adult drama about two lost souls brought together by fate. One of the finest films released last year. ¥¥¥¥

The Shipping News Kevin Spacey gives another great performance, as the beaten-down protagonist of E. Annie Proulx's novel, finding purpose, self-esteem and love in the unlikeliest setting—his ancestral home in Newfoundland. Julianne Moore, Cate Blanchett and Judi Dench co-star in Lasse Hallström's film. ¥¥¥½

Vanilla Sky Tom Cruise is at his charismatic best, Cameron Diaz has never been sexier, Penélope Cruz is appealing—but this Cameron Crowe remake of a Spanish film (that also starred Cruz) is a total misfire. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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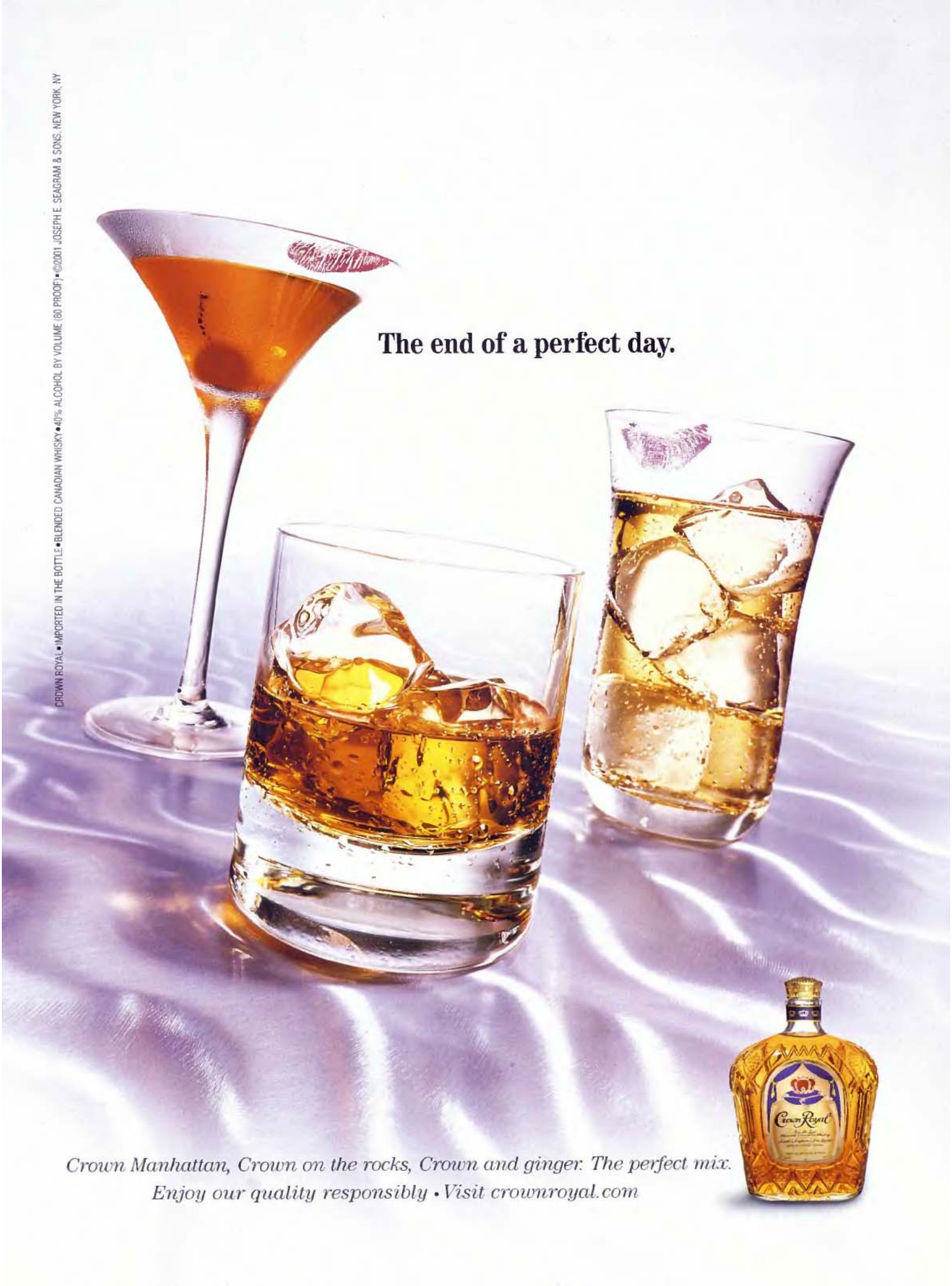
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GUEST SHOT

"My favorite movie of all time is *The Philadelphia Story*," says **Laura San Giacomo** of NBC's hit show *Just Shoot Me*. "I could watch it anytime. It's not thrilling or sexy, but it certainly is romantic. Actually, it is sexy. The type of movie I watch depends on the mood I'm in. But I can always laugh. *Waiting for Guffman* is one of my all-time favorites for that. But it was *All the President's Men* that had a real impact on me. It's compelling and feels like you're zooming in on a world that everyone held to a certain standard."

—SUSAN KARLIN

PUBLIC HEROES

In the aftermath of September 11, police officers, firemen and postal workers have been heralded for their on-the-job heroics. But Hollywood has always been behind those in uniform.

Serpico (1973): Few things are more harrowing than blowing the whistle on corrupt co-workers, particularly when they are packing heat and badges. Real-life undercover detective Frank Serpico (Al Pacino) had the balls to bust the worst of New York's finest.

Backdraft (1991): Chicago firefighters Kurt Russell and William Baldwin search for a murderous arsonist in an inferno of terrific special effects. Melodramatic, but still the best film about firemen.

Daylight (1996): A chemical-laden truck explodes in New York's Holland Tunnel, and the fire department is helpless. Luckily, disgraced former Emergency Medical Services director Sylvester Stallone is nearby to leap into action. Watch out for those rats!

Panic in the Streets (1950): New Orleans Public Health Service commander Richard Widmark has 48 hours to stop a pneumonic plague carried by unsuspecting, gun-toting gangsters amid a government cover-up. Exciting film noir from director Elia Kazan.

The Inspectors (1998): At last, a movie about U.S. postal inspectors! Louis Gossett Jr. and, yes, Jonathan Silverman try to hand-cancel a mail bomber.

Always (1989): Steven Spielberg's remake of 1943's *A Guy Named Joe*. Daredevil firefighter pilot Richard Dreyfuss dies in a heroic crash and is returned to earth as an angel to watch over his replacement, Brad Johnson. But the angel has a devil of a time watching Brad get jiggy with his gal, Holly Hunter.

Fort Apache, The Bronx (1981): The drug-addled, violence-prone residents of the urban hell that is the South Bronx attack the NYPD's 41st precinct when the cops get a little too hands-on. Can patrolman Paul Newman keep his humanity and stay alive?

The Satan Bug (1965): Early bioterrorism thriller. A doomsday virus created by the U.S. germ warfare division has been stolen by a crazed millionaire. Government inspector George Maharis, accompanied by yummy Anne Francis, dons a biosuit to save Los Angeles.

The Postman (1997): Even WWIII can't stop self-appointed postal worker Kevin Costner from making his rounds. Slayed by critics, this movie has acquired new meaning.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

GUILTY PLEASURE

For those who like their humor without smiles, ***The Art of Buster Keaton*** (Kino on Video, 11 discs, $200) should give a season of delight. Here are all of his 10 features, 19 shorts, the complete *Hard Luck*, *Jail Bait* and *Allez Oop*, his educational shorts, Keaton's TV show from the Fifties and some home movies. His studio forbade him to be caught smiling on film or in public, but Keaton has kept the rest of us in stitches.

—JOHN REZEK

DISC ALERT

Writer and director Kevin Smith, whose *Chasing Amy* (1997) ranks among the most sharply observed and unsettling sex comedies in recent memory, enjoys cult status. The DVD of his recent film ***Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*** (Dimension, $30) offers deleted scenes and a gag reel that reward Smith's fans—and the uninitiated. *Strike Back* is essentially a stoner road movie in which Jay (Jason Mewes) and Silent Bob (Smith)—minor recurring characters from the director's earlier films (including *Clerks*, *Mallrats* and *Dogma*)—race to Hollywood to block production of a film based on characters they've inspired. The movie swings hard and misses frequently, but there's a lot more going on here than in such gag-fests as *Dude, Where's My Car?* Home Vision continues to introduce DVD versions of many historically significant European films. The latest, Marcel Carné's 1945 ***Children of Paradise,*** arrives on the heels of the company's release of Federico Fellini's extraordinary ***8½,*** and it is no less praiseworthy.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

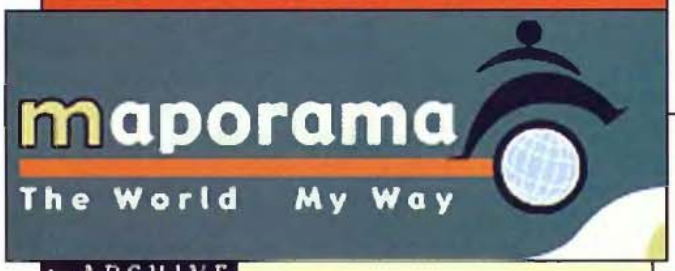
MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***Zoolander*** (*Manchurian Candidate* meets *Prêt-à-Porter* as Ben Stiller gleefully blasts the fashion world; lots of howls), ***Curse of the Jade Scorpion*** (hypnotist tricks Forties insurance guy into robbing clients; Woody Allen's funniest flick in years).
SUSPENSE	***The Others*** (Nicole Kidman's Victorian-off-the-English-coast is chock-full of spooks; slow, but stylish and satisfying), ***Don't Say a Word*** (kidnappers will kill shrink Michael Douglas' daughter unless he can pry numbers from a nut; frenzied).
SHOWBIZ	***Rock Star*** (cover-band singer Mark Wahlberg gets drafted to the Hair Band big leagues; cool, if a power chord shy of rockin'), ***Lisa Picard Is Famous*** (not really, but the "actress" at the center of this mockumentary is riotously self-absorbed).
DRAMA	***O*** (Mekhi Phifer and Julia Stiles do *Othello* as a prep-school hoops thing; not Shakespeare, but it's got game), ***An American Rhapsody*** (immigrant teen, reunited with her folks post-WWII, has issues; heartfelt direction by Éva Gárdos).
ART HOUSE	***Orfeu*** (ill-fated love unfolds in Rio during Carnival; Brazilian director Carlos Diegues remakes *Black Orpheus* with electric flair), ***The Shooting Party*** (well-bred old Brits with rifles learn about class; an all-star gem, finally back on video).

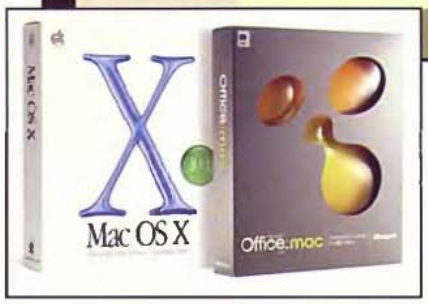
living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

WONDERFUL WASTE OF TIME

If you plan on getting anything done for the rest of the day, don't go to **snood.com**. This is where you'll find an addictive game called Snood, which comes in versions for Mac, Windows and Palm. The object of the game is to shoot monster heads out of a gun at a field of monster heads at the top of the screen. You have to be smart about where you place your shot—if you don't think ahead, you'll increase your danger level (shown by a thermometer off to one side) until all the floating heads drop by a row. When they drop too far, you're dead. Snood reminds me a lot of the Atari games in the Eighties, which had simple concepts but proved to be difficult to master.





E-CARDS THAT DON'T SUCK

I had been looking for a good e-card site, and then stumbled across Pickle Party (**pickleparty.com**). Most online greeting cards are sappy, but Pickle Party's animated greeting cards are funny, and frequently offensive (though in a good way). Be sure to point your female friends to the "Ladies' Choice" section. The most popular card there has a picture of a cat with text that reads "Don't just sit there—my pussy isn't going to lick itself."

ALL ROADS LEAD TO MAPORAMA

For driving directions in the U.S., nothing beats **MapQuest.com** (except when it gives the infrequent wrong direction). MapQuest recently started offering directions between select cities in Europe, but it's no help from, say, Helsinki to Copenhagen. Maporama (**maporama.com**) to the rescue. A French-owned site, it provides driving directions for almost every trip you might take in Europe and has maps for nearly every city you can think of.

WAYBACK MACHINE

Old magazines pile up over time, but websites disappear. I can hardly remember what the web looked like back in 1993. The Internet Archive wants to change that. They've been recording websites since 1996, and have made the archives available to the public at their Wayback Machine (**archive.org**). All you have to do is enter a website address and the Wayback Machine will search its archives for the earliest copies it can find. For me, nothing more clearly shows how much the web has changed than the home page of Amazon.com from 1996, which looks like something Jeff Bezos slapped together on the computer. The elegance of the early home page of Yahoo.com was a shocker, too. I forgot how well designed the site was, having grown used to its current incarnation as a cash-desperate eyesore. Be sure to check out the Internet Archive's great TV archive (**televisionarchive.org**), too, which has video clips of news broadcasts from September 11, 2001.

APPLE GETS THE WEB

Now that I've had a chance to work with Mac's new OS X Version 10.1 ($129, **apple.com/macosx**), I have mostly good news to report. OS X (say *oh ess ten*) has extensive ties to the Net, making it easier than ever to access music, video, online storage and other services. But if you're used to the old Mac OS, it might take you a while to get the hang of OS X. The user interface is radically different. I was disappointed to discover that some useful features from OS 9 were missing, like the handy Apple menu, which quickly lets you bring an open application to the front of your desktop. OS X uses a clunky "dock"—a rectangle with overly large icons—to switch between applications. A friend recommended LaunchBar ($19.95, **www.obdev.at/products/launchbar**), which lets you go to any application or document on your computer by typing a couple of keys. I recommend it, too. The other noticeable difference between the new Mac operating system and earlier versions is stability. Programs still crash on OS X, but something called protected memory means you don't have to restart every time an application blows up. OS X comes with the new version of iTunes (free, **apple.com/itunes**), which can burn MP3 CDs. As opposed to a standard audio CD, which can hold only 74 minutes of music, an MP3 CD can hold up to 10 hours of music. Apple boasts that there are more than a thousand programs available for OS X, but the number of useful programs is limited. One good one is Microsoft's Office v. X ($499, **microsoft.com/mac/officex**), which comes with the best versions of Word, Excel and PowerPoint that Microsoft has ever made. The standout Office v. X application is Entourage. Besides handling e-mail, Entourage has a calendar, an address book and a to-do list. If you're considering upgrading to OS X, make sure you have a fast computer and plenty of memory. OS X bogged down on my 350 MHz iMac, even though it has 288 megabytes of RAM.

E-mail Mark Frauenfelder at livingonline@playboy.com.

books

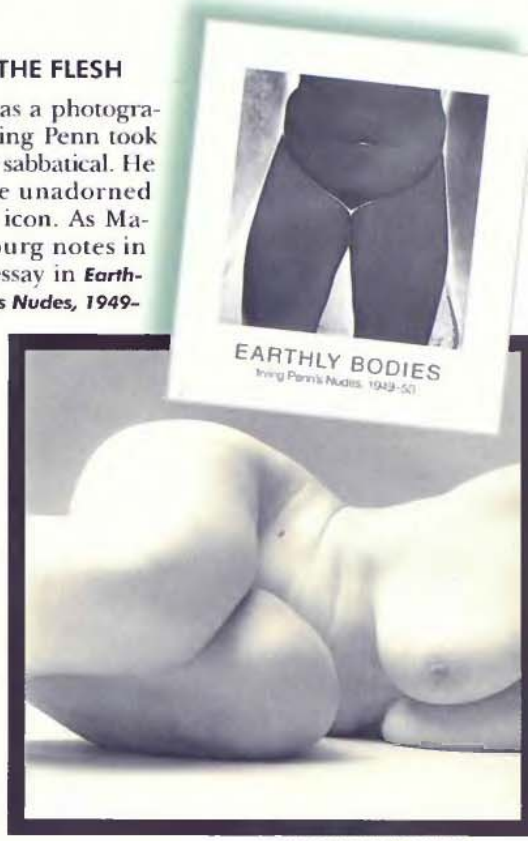
TAKING A DIVE IN DIXIE

Dennis Lenahan, the laid-back hero of Elmore Leonard's ***Tishomingo Blues*** (Morrow), is a professional high diver whose specialty is an 80-foot swan into a tiny water tank at the Tishomingo Lodge and Casino. That danger is a drop in the bucket compared with what Lenahan finds during a casino appearance in a Mississippi town that is prepping for its annual Civil War reenactment. Even before the lead balls start to fly, a couple of Dixie Mafia dimwits murder his rigger, and a smooth-talking dude with a seriously twisted agenda picks him as a new best pal. Lenahan winds up in the middle of a drug war, in Dutch with the law and in love with the wife of the main dimwit. *Tishomingo Blues* builds up to a live-ammunition gunfight during a faux battle. As usual, the dialogue is right on target, but the effect is more hilarious than lethal. If you're looking for the ultimate in nasty Leonard shoot-outs, pick up a copy of *City Primeval*, his 1982 novel, which was tougher and faster on the draw.

—DICK LOCHTE

DELIGHTS OF THE FLESH

Early in his career as a photographer for *Vogue*, Irving Penn took an unusual creative sabbatical. He began to study the unadorned female body as an icon. As Maria Morris Hambourg notes in an accompanying essay in ***Earthly Bodies: Irving Penn's Nudes, 1949–50*** (Little Brown), Penn had already developed a style. It was a down-to-earth approach that used "models who were his friends and who posed in fairly natural attitudes." He could visualize anything so long as he had a free hand and a well-lit studio. The trust and collaboration between the photographer and his models are evident in these photos. The photo sessions led to images of women "connected and present in their bodies." In Penn's words, it was a kind of love affair. For those who have lived through decades of feminist rhetoric attacking the male gaze or the objectification of women, *Earthly Bodies* is a vision of clarity, appreciation, wonder and humor.



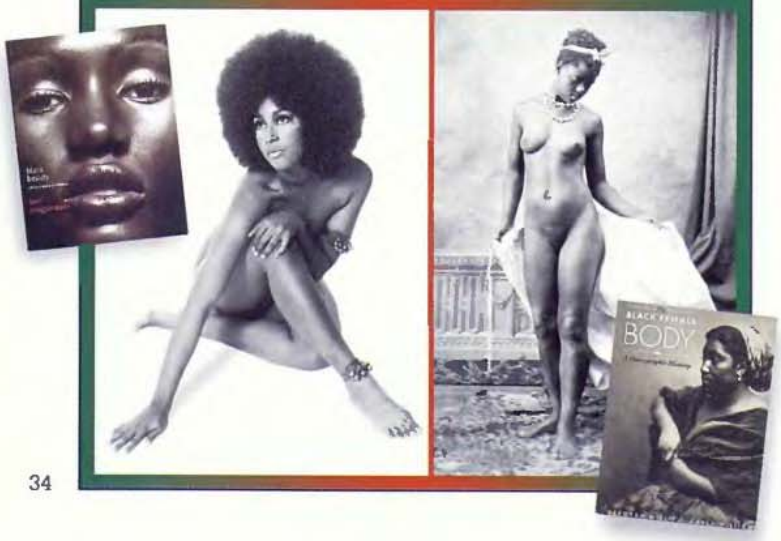
© 1950–2002 BY IRVING PENN

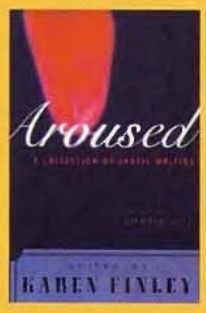
—JAMES R. PETERSEN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Before Jesse Jackson and James Brown rallied for black pride, "black is beautiful" typically meant light skin and European features to most people. Two new books, ***The Black Female Body*** (Temple University) by Deborah Willis and Carla Williams and ***Black Beauty: A History and a Celebration*** (Thunder's Mouth) by Ben Arogundade, offer a visual history of the varieties of black beauty with striking artwork and lavish photographs of cultural heavyweights from Josephine Baker to Pam Grier to Lauryn Hill.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS





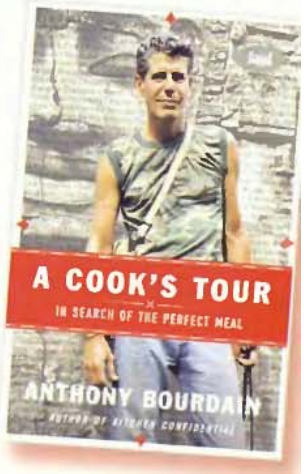
TWO THAT WON'T MAKE THE BOOK CLUB

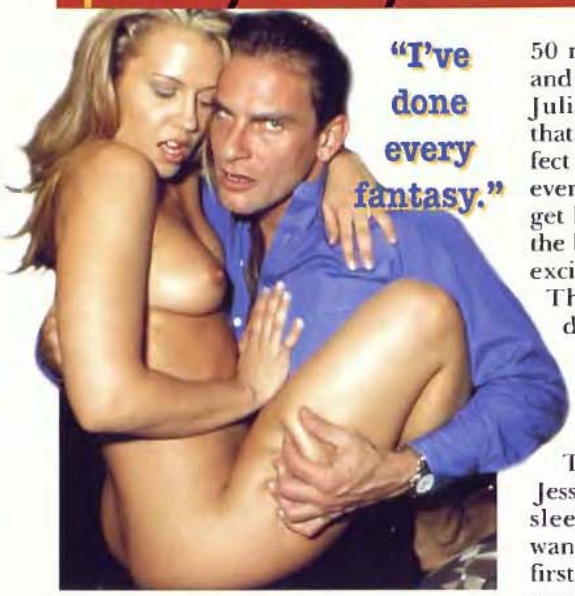
We recommend ***Aroused*** (Thunder's Mouth), a mix of erotic stories, essays, plays, photos and poems about everything sex related. The anthology, edited by that chocolate-covered performance artist Karen Finley, will satisfy every taste. The contributors include Annie Sprinkle, Jerry Stahl and John Waters. Too broke or scared to travel? Buckle up. ***Erotic Travel Tales*** (Cleis), edited by Mitzi Szereto, is a first-class journey through sexual encounters around the world. You'll save the cost of a plane ticket and won't have splinters after sex in a gondola.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

COMMANDO CHEF

Fans of *Kitchen Confidential*, Anthony Bourdain's "Never Eat Fish on Mondays" exposé, will devour ***A Cook's Tour*** (Bloomsbury). A joke on Thomas Cook's travel service, this is a ribald, often debauched global hunt for both the bizarre and sublime. Blowfish? Live cobra? Haggis? The guerrilla gourmet does it all. "I wanted to wonder the world in a dirty seersucker suit, getting into trouble," he says. Spiced with insights about food, travel and even sex, this is also a 22-part series on the Food Network.





EVAN STONE'S DAILY GRIND

What guy wouldn't want to trade places with Evan Stone? In the past three years, the 32-year-old actor has starred in about 500 adult films, been crowned male performer of the year at the *Adult Video News* Awards and moved in with actress Jessica Drake. Not bad for a former emergency medical technician from Dallas who used to work as a Chippendales dancer. His big break? When a well-connected friend asked if he wanted to be in a porn movie. "My friend said, 'Come down here and someone will give you a hand job and a blow job,'" says Stone. "I said, 'And they'll pay me?' The lead actor didn't show, so the director asked me if I wanted to be the star. After that I packed up and moved to California. I wasn't looking to get into porn. It discovered me."

We asked Stone to take a cue from Playboy TV's *Adult Stars Close Up*, a one-hour reality series that probes the private lives of adult stars such as Juli Ashton, Lauren Montgomery, Briana Banks and Lacey. On the show, the actors explain how they got into the business and talk about their wildest experiences. "I've done every fantasy I can think of," says Stone. "I once had sex with 16 girls in a row, all bent over doggy style." He says Sydnee Steele, his co-star in about 50 movies, is his favorite adult actress and that he would love to be filmed with Julia Roberts if she were game. (Got that, Julia?) So does all this screwing affect his home life with Jessica? "I work every day, but I'm always horny when I get home," he says. "When I started in the business, I had a girlfriend who was excited about my porn career at first. Then she fell in love with me and decided that I was evil and had to be destroyed. She wanted me to cut my hair, work for UPS and quit the movies.

The ground rules with Jessica are simple: She can sleep with whoever she wants as long as she calls me first, and vice versa. I have never gone out and fucked a girl off the set, but Jessica has because she really likes girls. Sometimes she brings them home for both of us."

Stone's directorial debut, *Touched for the Very First Time*, airs on the Spice Channel in February. "I know where to put my hands on a girl to cover little wrinkles or scars. My attention to detail keeps directors calling. When I started in adult films, I was hard all the time. Now, when a girl returns from a break, it takes me a second to get back to work." Aren't fluffers around to lend a hand? "I might be revealing a secret, but there are no paid fluffers," he says. "No production company would pay for them. Instead, some guys bring their girlfriends to the set."

If you're a wanna-be adult star, Stone says the key is to act like a professional. It also helps to know someone. "Anyone can screw, but you have to be able to open up so they can get their camera shot," he says. "Also, unless you've got a history of STD tests done every 30 days, you're not going to walk in and work. Most of the female adult stars know I'm safe, so they feel more comfortable and can do more with me. I'm content to work in this business until the end of my days—or until my political career begins to take off."

Lauren Montgomery comes clean in an episode of Playboy TV's *Adult Stars Close Up*.

Briana Banks (left) and Lacey (below) are two actresses in need of inspection on *Adult Stars Close Up*.

THIS MONTH'S PICK

She's strong, she's sexy and she would jump at the chance to pin you to the mat. Wrestling superstar Joanie Laurer took it all off in her second pictorial in our January 2002 issue. "People have no idea what a goofball I am," she says. "I'm a given for a superhero. My role models when I was growing up were Wonder Woman and the Bionic Woman. It's time to put some substance behind the boobs." Now available on VHS and DVD, this video provides a behind-the-scenes peek from the set. Playboy's *Joanie Laurer Nude: Wrestling Superstar* is available at music and video stores, or through playboystore.com. It's a winner.

playboy.com

BABES ON BOURBON STREET

Complete with a crew of Playmates and up-for-anything Playboy Cyber Girls, Playboy.com again hits New Orleans for its annual Mardi Gras coverage. From a balcony overlooking the flesh fair of

Bourbon Street, Playboy.com is the next best thing to being there for viewing the French Quarter debauchery—including those hurricane-fueled coeds who'll do just about anything for our beads. With daily public-flashing galleries, carnival-themed nude pictorials, steamy video and photographic recaps of our nude balcony shows, the land of beignets and beads gets plenty hot. Check in with Playboy.com February 8 to 12 for live coverage. Then you can relive all the sexy excitement in the Playboy Cyber Club's Mardi Gras archive.

GUY 101

It's a tale as old as the hills. Young man endeavors to become man of style by mastering essential skills. That's you, dude. And because we understand the challenge involved, Playboy.com has created two online resources to help in your quest. The first is Guy 101, a compendium of how-to guides with some new additions every month. Ever wondered what you should know before spending a substantial part of your net worth on a diamond ring? Have the daunting details of dressing black-tie made you simply want to skip the party? And what about the anxiety of trying to match wine with food? You'll find the answers to all of these sticky style questions in our user-friendly Living in Style section.

But wait, there's more. As an added resource, Living in Style offers a collection of classic PLAYBOY blueprints, many animated to help shorten the old learning curve. Here's everything you need to know about decanting wine, folding a suit, cooking lobster—and more! There's a new blueprint listed every month.

SEE STARS IN THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB

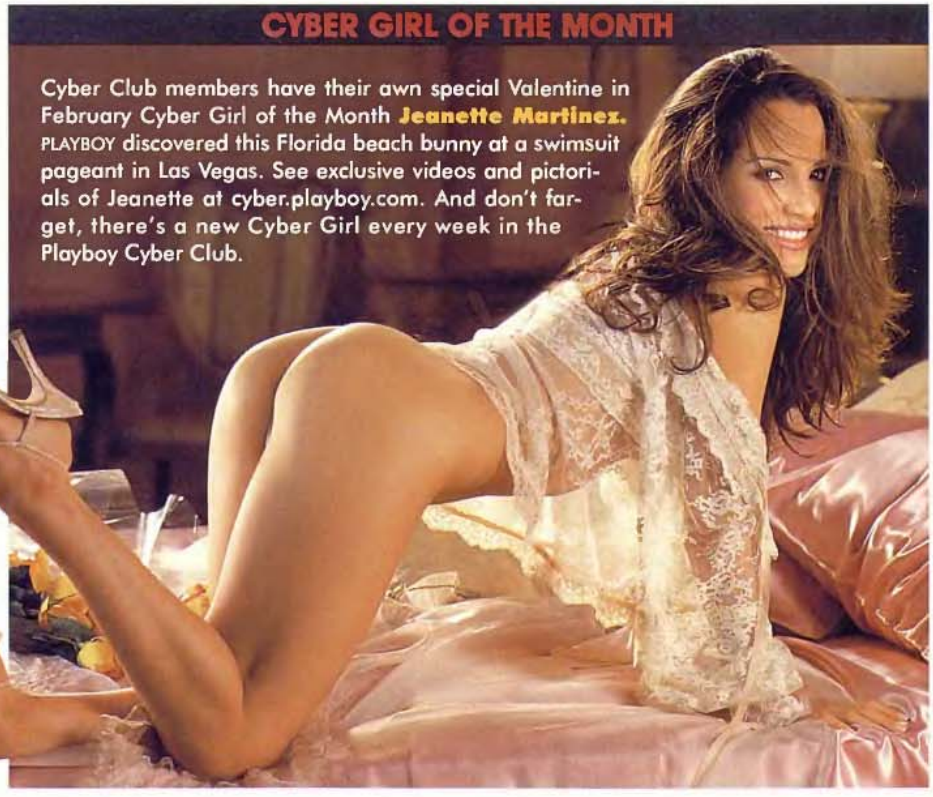
Since the magazine's inaugural issue featuring Marilyn Monroe, PLAYBOY has distinguished itself with high-class celebrity nude pictorials. From Melanie Griffith to Stephanie Seymour, the world's sexiest movie stars and supermodels have bared their assets for PLAYBOY's readers. Beginning in January, the Playboy Cyber Club (cyber.playboy.com) began rolling out some of the more memorable celebrity pictorials from our archives, starting with the one that set the modern standard: the March 1980 pictorial of Bo Derek frolicking in the waters of Arizona's Lake Powell. Following on Bo's heels will be Cindy Crawford's first PLAYBOY layout, from July 1988, shot by Herb Ritts. More celebs will appear throughout 2002.

VICE ADVICE

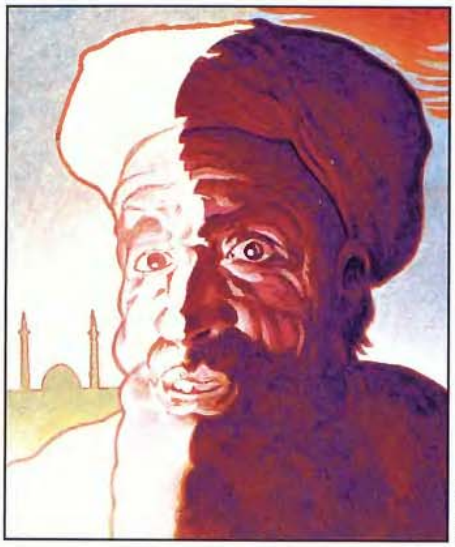
Tired of digging through old PLAYBOYS every time a girlfriend asks about the Venus Butterfly? Suffer no more, thanks to the Playboy Advisor online archives. Using keywords, you can search two decades' worth of timeless advice on looking good, living large and, of course, mastering sex. Not sure what you're looking for? Click the Random Advisor Question and prepare to be entertained, and informed. Plus, Playboy.com posts a Classic Advisor Question weekly. Stop by when you're online (playboy.com/sex) and you'll go away a wiser man.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Cyber Club members have their own special Valentine in February Cyber Girl of the Month **Jeanette Martinez.** PLAYBOY discovered this Florida beach bunny at a swimsuit pageant in Las Vegas. See exclusive videos and pictorials of Jeanette at cyber.playboy.com. And don't forget, there's a new Cyber Girl every week in the Playboy Cyber Club.



By ASA BABER



JOHN O'LEARY

THE TWO FACES OF ISLAM

ISLAMIC TERRORISTS have never represented the Muslim world to me, because in my years of living there (in Turkey, primarily, with forays into Lebanon and Egypt) I found life, not death, and love, not hate. I found friends who were full of kindness, a highly intelligent population, a fascinating reservoir of ancient history and an abundance of beauty in nature as magisterial as any on the planet. To put it bluntly, the Muslim world—for all its faults—is a gorgeous, lively and wonderful place.

I arrived in Istanbul in the mid-Sixties, a former Marine in an unstable marriage who had already intuited how the Vietnam war was going to end before it started. I took a teaching job in Turkey to get out of the U.S., because my country was embarking on a disastrous war in Southeast Asia promoted by a cynical president named Lyndon Johnson, who knew at the time (as did many of his advisors) that Vietnam was a quagmire that would soon swallow us whole and kill many people.

I was a crazed and haunted man, and shortly after I arrived in Turkey I suffered a nervous collapse that in another environment might have destroyed me. (Today, it would be understood that I was suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.) Instead, I drew comfort from and came to appreciate this miraculous country, a secular state whose population is 99 percent Muslim.

But let's be honest. The Muslim world is a place of enormous complexity that often challenges Westerners. (The term Muslim refers to followers of the religion of Islam; they believe Allah to be the sole deity. Muhammad is his messenger, and the Koran is their holy book.)

Is Islam, which had its origins about 1400 years ago in what is now Saudi Arabia, a religion that preaches hatred of other religions and mobilizes devotees for jihad (holy war) with infidels? Or does it promote understanding between peoples and faiths, defining the idea of jihad simply as the struggle within the self to come to terms with Allah?

Depending on how it is taught and practiced, Islam can be either one of those things. Like any religion, it can be a vehicle for war or peace, divisiveness or unification, prejudice or tolerance.

Having seen the effects of Islam during the years I lived in the Middle East, I know that Islam has both a dark and a bright face. The uninitiated observer can confuse the two and leap to judgments that fire up passion and prejudice at both ends of our political spectrum. Our pursuit of al-Qaeda "has nothing to do with Islam," insisted one liberal diplomat, while Don Imus—my favorite right-wing curmudgeon—yelled, "Let's kill 'em all!" as he chastised the Taliban on MSNBC TV.

The fierce aspect of Islam has been well documented in our media. That harsh version adhered to by certain terrorist networks is known as Wahhabism. Founded in the 18th century, Wahhabism is the school of Islam that has produced Islamic fundamentalists. They oppose modernization in all things and live by their militarized version of the Koran, advocating the subjugation of women and dishing out perverse punishments for transgressions, such as death by stoning for adultery, amputation of the right hand for theft and beheading for murder or sexual deviation. (If Tony Blair ever tries to tell you these terrorist networks represent only one percent of all Muslims, remind Twinky Tony that one percent of all Muslims amounts to some 13 million people, no small force on the world's stage.)

Amir Taheri, an Iranian author and editor, pointed out in a column in *The Wall Street Journal* last October that "with the exception of Turkey and Bangladesh, there are no real elections in any Muslim country. Of the current 30 active conflicts in the world, no fewer than 28 concern Muslim governments and/or communities." He then describes the intolerant agendas found in many Muslim textbooks, newspapers and the sermons "in virtually any mosque," and adds, "the Muslim world today is full of bigotry, fanaticism, hypocrisy and plain ignorance." He concludes: "What I am saying is not meant as a critique of Islam as a belief system. What is needed is a critique of Islam as an existential reality."

We have every right to oppose the fanaticism that Islamic thought can engender. But it is also time for us to look at the enlightened and progressive side of Islam (something we rarely hear about in our society) before we turn ourselves into the kind of fanatics we supposedly despise. As I said, I was a personal witness to the warmth and wisdom that pervades so much of Islamic culture. What follows, then, are a few of the things that changed my life for the better so many years ago.

The Turkish people: From my students in class to my compatriots in the street, from artists to actors to bartenders and gatekeepers, from men and women of all shapes, sizes and motivations, I received nothing but acceptance and friendship in Turkey. Some of my American associates disapproved of my wildness, but the Turks had seen more chaotic personalities than mine. They simply let me work out my problems and remained kind to me during that difficult time.

Fatherhood in Istanbul: My older son, Jim, was born in Istanbul. The good Turkish doctor wrapped him in swaddling clothes and placed him in my hands, and my entire perspective changed in that instant as I felt the mantle of fatherhood—the weight and the joy of it—fall across my shoulders. I became a father for the first time in the right place, because you will not find a people who love children more than the Turks do. Wherever Jim and I traveled, he was fussed over, praised and protected.

The Bosporus: The balcony of the house I was renting looked over the walls of a castle called Rumeli Hisar, across several hundred meters of the waters of the Bosporus, toward the boats and homes on the shoreline of Asia. I sat with Jim on that balcony every day, awed by the knowledge that the continents of Europe and Asia met under our feet, grateful for the tremendously healing power of that landscape.

Living in an Islamic culture saved my life and brought me back to health. I reveled in the energy of the people, bargained in the bazaars, meditated in the mosques, drank with Gypsies, swam in the Bosporus, sunned on the beaches of the Black Sea, sold my first short story for real money ($50!) and watched my son thrive.

My sincere hope today is that we will come to a better appreciation of the cultural richness of the Muslim world and the bright and humane face of Islam. It, too, exists.

IF THE BOTTLE DIDN'T GET
YOUR ATTENTION,
THE AWARDS SHOULD.

98 RATING
WINE ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE, 2000

BEST WHITE SPIRIT
SAN FRANCISCO WORLD SPIRITS COMPETITION, 2000 & 2001

BEST NEW PRODUCT INTRODUCTION
MARKET WATCH LEADERS' CHOICE AWARDS, 2000

5 STAR RATING
THE SPIRIT JOURNAL, 2000

FINEST WHITE SPIRIT
THE SPIRIT JOURNAL, 2000

BEST NEW GIN
FOOD & WINE MAGAZINE, 2000

SPIRIT OF THE YEAR
GIN CATEGORY
WINE AND SPIRITS ANNUAL BUYING GUIDE, 2001

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Tanqueray Nº TEN

Sip responsibly.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc. Vol. (94 Pf). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. © 2001 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY

MANTRACK hey...it's personal

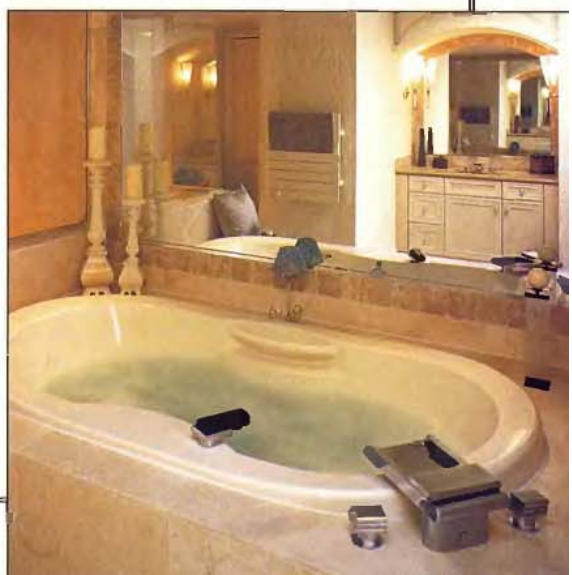
Matrix, The Car

Blame it on Chrysler's PT Cruiser. By morphing minivans into pint-size SUVs, automakers create small trucks that handle more like sparts cars than spart utilities. Toyota's new Matrix (pictured here) shares underpinnings with Pantiac's Vibe. Choices abaund: three trim grades, twa engines and five transmissions—including permanent four-wheel-drive. Our apinion: Ga for the XRS front-wheel-drive sport version. Its 180 hp, twin-cam four can be coupled with a six-speed stick or a faur-speed autamatic transmission with shift logic for smoother throws. Frant and rear disc brakes are standard. ABS with electronic brake distributian is aptional. Driving an XRS on Hawaii's Big Island not long ago didn't allaw us to thoroughly test the Matrix, but we can tell you it accelerates quickly and feels taut on two-lane mountain raads. Inside, there's a brushed stainless-steel dash with chrome-ringed dials. The split rear seats fold flat. Fixed and movable tie-dawns and a separate-apening glass hatch let yau easily pack and secure cargo. Options include an easy-to-use navigation system, a six-speaker CD player and 17-inch alloy wheels. The price for a laaded XRS is about $22,000.

HOW TO TIE A TURBAN
1
TAKE A STRIP OF CLOTH 20" WIDE AND 10 YARDS LONG. LAY CLOTH OVER HEAD, BACK TO FRONT, WITH ONE END 8 INCHES BELOW BACK OF NECK.
HOLD CLOTH TO HEAD WITH LEFT HAND, AND WITH RIGHT HAND, CIRCLE HEAD 2 OR 3 TIMES HORIZONTALLY.
2
3
TILT ANGLE OF CIRCLE, ANCHORING UNDER CLOTH AT BOTH SIDES OF HEAD. WRAP 3 OR 4 TIMES.
4
AT THE LAST 2 FEET OF CLOTH, WRAP TWICE AGAIN HORIZONTALLY AND TUCK END UNDER TO HOLD IT.

Bathing Beauty

The Backstreet Boys' Howie Dorough chose Ultra Baths' madel TMU 642 for his Florida oceanfrant pad, sa how cauld yau pick anything less? (That's Daraugh's tub pictured here, in case you haven't visited.) What makes Ultra Baths different? Air jets around the tub wall knead whoever's in the tub from the neck to the soles af the feet, and everywhere in between. Sounds like fun to us. The TMU 642, which measures 72"x42"x21", features 60 jets and a heated backrest. Keypad controls are on the deck of the bath (an optianal handheld remote control that floats is also available). These baths sell for about $3000 in white. Other colors are available—as are special bath oils and teas. Go to ultra baths.com far more information.



MANTRACK

Great White Way

Want ta try a clear shat af something different? Go far Classick American Bierschnaps (at far left). Essential Spirits distills it from its awn California pale ale. The result is a crisp 80 proof spirit with a hint af haps that's at its best served ice cold in a shot glass ar straight up as a martini. Price: about $34. Two vadkas made from spuds have sprouted in the West. Blue Ice vadka, which is made in Idaha, is distilled in a four-column pracess and filtered five times for extra purity. Price: about $20 in a hand-blawn glass bottle. Teton Glacier vodka, alsa from Idaho, tied far second place, along with Chopin, out of 68 vodkas at a tasting held by the Beverage Testing Institute in Chicago last fall. Price: abaut $25 in the decanter shown. Both are 80 proof. *Wine Enthusiast* magazine heralded Canadian-distilled Pearl vadka as the "finest vodka yet produced in North America." Its main ingredient, winter wheat, is cambined with pure mauntain water and distilled five times in microbatches. Our opinion of Pearl—smooth. Price: about $20. It's alsa 80 praof.

The Raw and the Cooked

Argentine chef Guillermo Pernot first tasted ceviche in Peru when he was 16. He spent the next four days "reveling in the discovery af delicious ceviches made from shrimp, lobster and black clams." Ceviche—marinated fish and seafaad—is native to Peru, parts of Chile, Ecuador and Honduras and is popular elsewhere in Latin America—including Mexico's Pacific Coast, the Yucatan and the Caribbean. Pernot has elevated the traditian and serves up sumptuous versions at his acclaimed restaurant, Pasion, in Philadelphia. He has assimilated many of the techniques and lessons fram preparing sushi and has incorparated some Asian influences in his awn kitchen. His $29.95 book, titled, nat surprisingly, *Ceviche* (Running Press), brings his skill and knowledge ta the home chef. There are recipes for raw and cooked fish and seafaad, escabeches, salads and cocktails. This Bahian lobster ceviche caught our eye. It's delish.

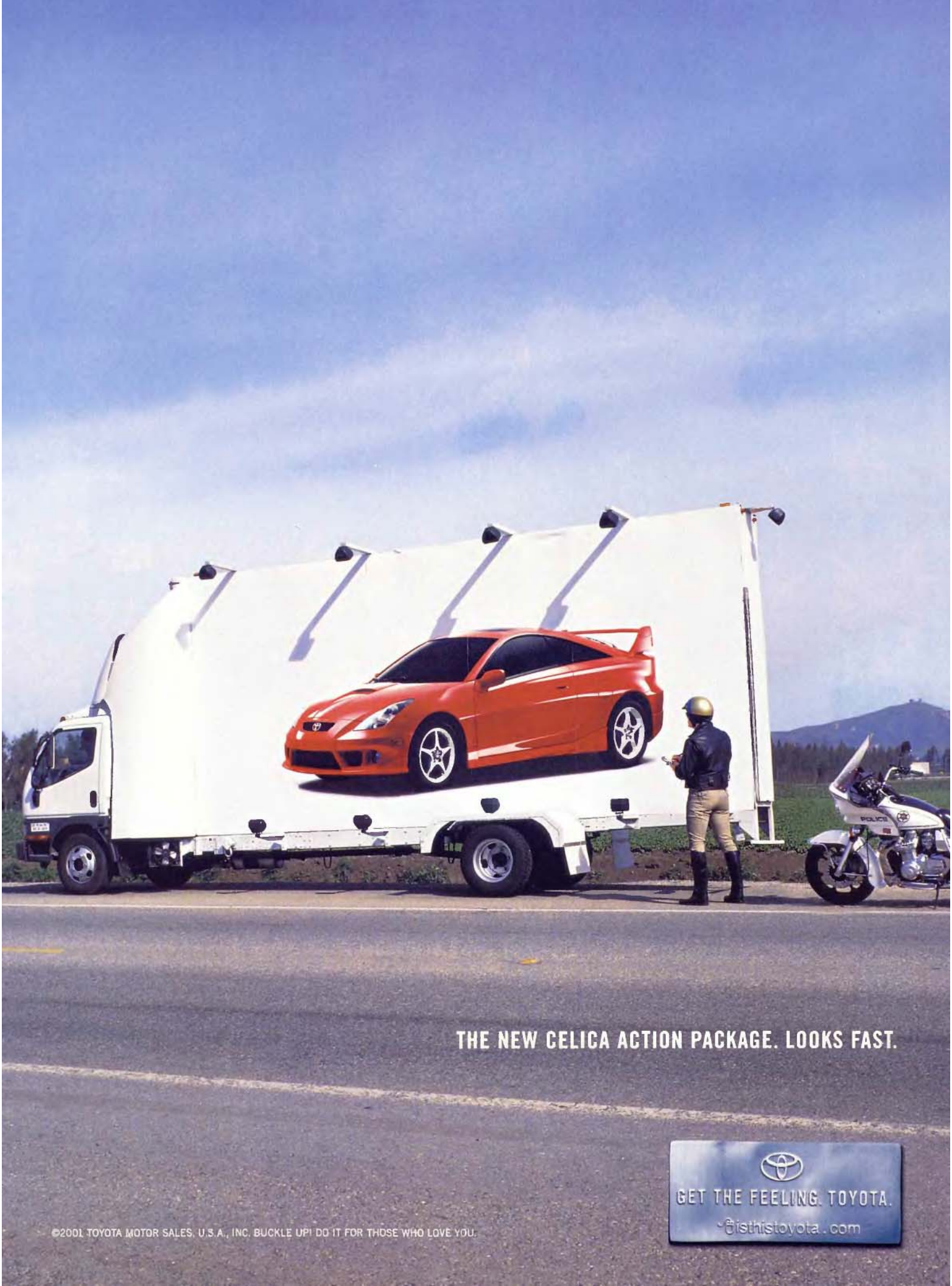
Clothesline: Robert Forster

"Several years ago, my publicist asked me wha I wanted ta have make my tux for the Academy Awards," says the star af *Jackie Brown* and *Diamond Men*. "I said, 'I got a tux.' He said, 'Na, they give you a tux.' That's when I realized, Oh, this is going to be fun. Luckily, I knew enough ta say Armani. They took good care of me, sa naw I'm a real fan. I like his basic blue or black two-button Fifties-style suit, not the three- or faur-buttan model. I'm a twa-buttan-suit kind of guy. My father used to press suits far Ringling Bros. Circus. He told me, 'I don't want you to press them, I want yau to wear them.' Outside af that, I'm nat a big dresser. I refuse to throw anything away. I have all kinds of stuff fram films. They hold a lot of memaries for me."

Guys Are Talking About...

Golf ball technalagy. TaylorMade's two new golf balls, the TP Tour and the Distance Plus, have been getting a lot of play—on golf courses and in the press. The TP Tour is for the serious golfer looking for control and distonce, while the Distance Plus is for the everydoy golfer who wants more bong far his buck in terms of distonce. Price for a dazen TP Tours: $35. For the Distonce Plus: $28. • ***Digital tailoring.*** Brooks Brothers has introduced it at its Madison Avenue store. Step into a booth and in 12 seconds a scanner creates a three-dimensional map of your body that's transferred into a "digital tailor" computer. You then pick a fabric and, in about 15 days, your choice of suit, sports coat, slacks or shirt is delivered to the store for a final fitting. Suits start at $698, sports coats at $498, slacks at $198 and dress shirts at $75. Tuxedos cost more than suits. • ***Tiramisu.*** Nat the Italian dessert that's drizzled with liqueur. Primal Elements, a Californio candle and soap company, has created tiramisu-scented candles. Given that tiramisu is the favorite dessert of many Playmates, we'd say a tiramisu-scented candle is up there with prelubed condoms for any well-stocked bachelor pad. • ***Ass-kicking home theater.*** Place a softball-size Butt-Kicker 2 inside a chair or under a floor and you'll get a shaking sensation to accompany whatever's happening on your video screen. The Guitammer Co. calls the device a tactile transducer. We call it a must for sound-effect freaks. Price: about $500.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.



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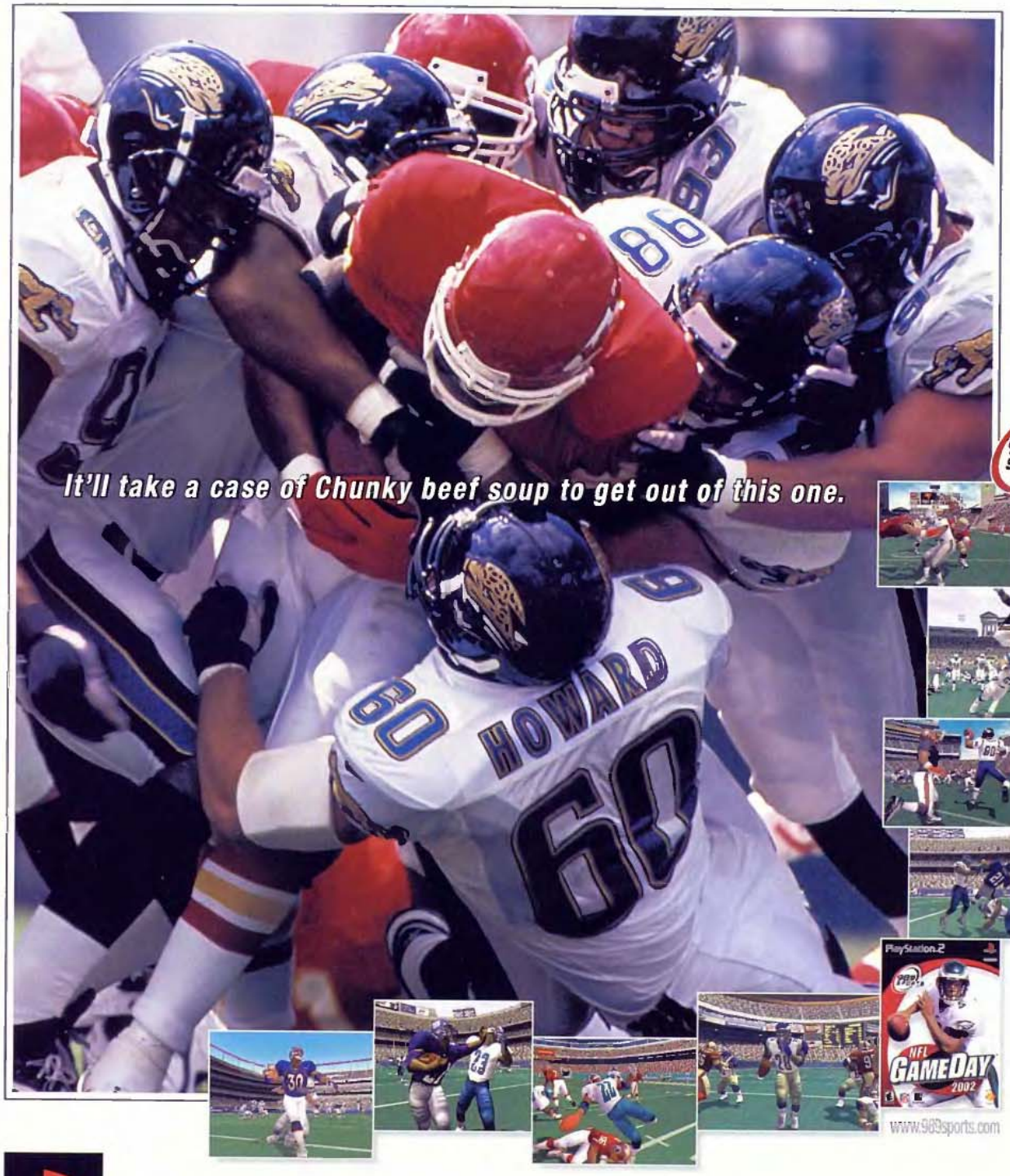


PlayStation.2

QB's and RB's, start stocking up on those Campbell's® Chunky soups. And while you're at it, throw in some hearty tomato soup, too. Because with our new smothering defense, you're going to need some serious help. For the first time ever in a game, we've got two and even three man tackles. So you'll see backs wrapped up in ferocious gang tackles, defensive tackles breaking through the line and passes broken up by tenacious double coverage. You know what? Better get some chowder and minestrone, too.

PLAYERS

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

The Playboy Advisor

Can a football coach get tossed out of a game for cussing at or arguing with an official? I've seen it happen in basketball and baseball but never in the NFL.—R.P., San Francisco, California

That's in part because football officials have more room to roam, which often puts them out of earshot. An NFL coach who loses his cool risks a 15-yard penalty and a fine, but he would have to punch or shove an official to be ejected. No one we talked to at the NFL could remember that ever happening, but there is a famous story about an assistant who was tossed from a game in 1957. San Francisco was trailing Chicago in the final two minutes when an official gave the 49ers a 15-yard penalty. He told quarterback Y.A. Tittle that a coach had used abusive language, and indicated offensive line coach Tiger Johnson. Tittle denied knowing Johnson. Puzzled, the official went to head coach Frankie Albert, who also denied knowing Johnson. Albert went further, claiming Johnson was a "drunk" who had been "annoying the hell out of me." Two Chicago cops escorted Johnson out, the official reversed his call and the 49ers went on to win the game.

Have you ever heard of a "dome ride"? If you have shaved your head, you must give your girlfriend or wife this experience. To prepare, don't shave your dome for a day or two. If you're someone like me who suffers from male pattern baldness, there will soon be a spot on your crown where you have smooth skin surrounded by slightly rough hair growth. Slide your head between her legs, let her find her spot, tell her to clamp down and start the ride. Not only is this great foreplay, but with a quick turn, your mouth is right where it should be. Finding the best position for the ride might take a few minutes, but that can be hot (and humorous) in itself. As a man who loves to satisfy his woman, it's incredible to feel her come all over my dome.—G.W., San Francisco, California

Thanks for writing. You just helped several million balding guys get laid.

I have hepatitis C. Before my fiancée and I broke up, we decided not to use condoms, and she tested negative several times. Now that I've started to date again, I'm wondering what to tell new partners. My doctor says I need to use condoms only for anal sex or sex during her period. I intend to use condoms with anyone I meet until we are monogamous, but I don't want to bring it up too early and scare women off. What do you think?—R.S., Atlanta, Georgia

You should discuss this with any woman before you sleep with her. Tell her you want her to know, even though it's extremely difficult to spread the virus during sex, particularly if you use a condom. Unlike HIV, which is present in blood, semen and other bodily fluids, hepatitis C can be shared only by blood contact. Nearly all of the 3.9 million Americans who are infected acquired the disease through transfusions or by sharing needles. The virus is scary because most people who acquire it develop chronic liver disease.

My wife and I were in a 69 when she began to lick my asshole. I was a little surprised, but it felt great. She told me to position myself on all fours while she retrieved her vibrating dildo. What could I say? After teasing my balls and anus, she pushed it slowly into my ass. As she pushed it in and out, she began giving me head. When I came in her mouth, it was unlike any orgasm I have ever had. She asked me what I thought of being butt-fucked; I had to admit I loved it. Does this mean I might be gay? I can't see myself with a man, but this makes me wonder.—E.C., Sacramento, California

Sliding a finger, sex toy, corn cob or any other object into your butt doesn't make you gay. Being gay makes you gay. Write again if you start fantasizing that Tom Cruise is holding the dildo.

I'm getting married in two months. I just found out that my best man has been cheating on his wife and that she's asked him for a divorce. The situation pisses me off. Do I have grounds to tell him I no longer want him to be my best man?—K.L., Trumbull, Connecticut

Are you asking this guy to stand with you as your best man, or as an example of all that is good and right with the world? Although he has disappointed you, he's still your friend. Unless he asks for your help, the state of his marriage is none of your concern. You can boot him, but we think you'd regret it.

In response to the reader who wrote to say she has given her husband oral sex every day for 19 years: Does she have a sister?—D.L., Alexandria, Virginia

Forget her sister. We've asked for her DNA.

My boyfriend and I have a friend who told us he puts a gun in his girlfriend's mouth while they have sex. I asked him if the gun was loaded, and he said, "Of course. What would be the point of doing it with an empty gun?" He said his girlfriend insists the safety be off. I was horrified, but I'm wondering if most men would find this game erotic or exciting. My boyfriend admitted he would enjoy doing it if he had the chance. He won't—at least not with me. I would be so frightened that I wouldn't be able to enjoy the sex. Have you ever heard of this?—M.W., Brooklyn, New York

Yeah, we've heard of it—Richie Aprile and Tony's sister Janice did something like this on The Sopranos. It was creepy as drama, and it's creepy in real life. If your boyfriend wants a thrill, he should try it first while masturbating.

A friend who is getting married told my boyfriend and me that he plans to buy whatever ring his girlfriend chooses. We think this is ridiculous. If a man knows a woman well enough to propose, he should know her well enough to choose a ring. My boyfriend pointed out that it would take one hell of a bitch to complain about her ring. What's your opinion?—M.C., Portland, Oregon

Your friend already sounds like a good husband. He might get lucky and choose the perfect ring, but why leave that to chance—especially when he could hear about it for decades? Many couples browse for rings before their engagement. Your friend knows his girlfriend well enough to realize she'd prefer to choose her own.

My wife and I enjoy watching adult videos, but stores in this area don't sell or rent them. I e-mailed two websites and both said they don't ship to Alabama. We thought about getting a satellite dish, but our state is one that doesn't allow hard-core channels. How can we get movies without having to travel out of state?—J.L., Montgomery, Alabama

While most high-profile sites refuse to ship porn to Alabama or other sexually repressive states for fear of prosecution, hundreds of

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

smaller operations will take the chance to have you as a customer. They don't advertise this fact, for obvious reasons, so the only way to know for sure is to submit an order. If you get an e-mail saying it's been canceled, continue your search. If you prefer to return the evidence, a number of sites offer seven-day porn rentals for about $4 each, plus postage.

In November a female reader said that a man who claims not to masturbate must be a liar or a freak. I don't masturbate. Never have, probably never will. I don't think there's anything wrong with masturbation, but I've always found it satisfying to have a woman do it for me. Lucky for me, I've never had a problem finding one. Does that make me a liar or a freak? I don't think so.—T.J., Atlanta, Georgia

Your day will come.

I think I'm a terrific girlfriend. I'm 19, adventurous and low maintenance and I love giving blow jobs to my 32-year-old man. However, I get so little back. He rarely compliments me or gives me gifts. I don't ask for much—even a flower now and then would be fine. He doesn't take me out, either. He doesn't even enjoy the idea of dancing with me or going to the beach. I have given up on dropping hints and told him I need more romance and creativity and mushiness. He says he can't help being the way he is. But why isn't he willing to try?—V.L., Los Angeles, California

Because he's dating you for the blow jobs, and he's not interested in more than that. If you are, move on.

Someone told me that men are getting taller. True?—K.A., Chicago, Illinois

Yes, but it takes generations, and it occurs only in industrialized countries, where growing boys eat better. Currently, the tallest men, on average, live in the Netherlands, followed by those in Scandinavia and the U.S. Dutch men have grown, on average, from 5'4" to 5'10" since 1850 (the median height of American men has gone from 5'6" to 5'8"), but the government there compiles its numbers by measuring only native-born Dutch, who tend to be wealthier and healthier. The U.S. figures include people of all nationalities, races and means.

I am a 79-year-old widow and PLAYBOY subscriber. Both of my husbands were old-fashioned, so it was a revelation when I met a man who loves to perform cunnilingus. Considering my age, is it harmful for me to experience as many as three climaxes during sex?—D.M., Tampa, Florida

Finally, a man has discovered your fountain of youth. You'll be fine.

Two weeks ago I went to a strip club with my husband and some of his co-workers. The guys bought me a lap dance. I had been to a club before, so I thought I knew what to expect. The dancer led me to the darkest part of the room, then removed her bikini and came close. As she danced, she lifted my shirt and bra and sucked each of my breasts. She also took my hands and rubbed them all over her body. Then she undid my pants and fingered me. I loved every minute, but is this typical?—B.K., Arlington, Texas

You enjoyed what is known as a house dance. As in, many guys would give up their house to get a lap dance like that.

I came across an online site that I found both titillating and disturbing. It features thousands of webcam images of teenage girls in various states of undress (usually flashing their breasts, but sometimes nude). Is this legal?—P.L., Newark, New Jersey

You're treading on thin ice if you keep these images on your computer. Nina Hartley once said that no woman should be allowed to act in porn films until she's 21, because so many younger than that jump into the industry without understanding that video (especially sex video) is forever. The same might be said of many young women with webcams, most of whom claim to be adults. Flirtatious cam girls discover that surfers will send them gifts—books, CDs, electronics, cash—for the promise of a little skin. A good number fulfill that promise. Cam girls thrive on their notoriety, though we'd guess at least a few are dismayed to find their moments of abandon archived at sites like the one you discovered.

One night I noticed my female neighbor watching me as I masturbated. The next night, she started playing with herself. Is this strange? Should I close my curtains? Should I ask her out?—P.M., Atlanta, Georgia

Close your curtains? Now you're shy? You can ask her out, but don't knock on her door to do it. She's turned on by the idea that you're watching her, but she also might want to keep a safe distance. Put a note in your window: "Wanna have coffee?" She can respond with a sign of her own. If she doesn't, do your thing until you hear from the cops.

After September 11, some of my neighbors hung their flags upside down. Is there a reason?—J.K., Lewisville, North Carolina

It's meant to mimic the international signal of distress, though it also could be a radical symbol of protest against U.S. policies. Which do you think?

I am a student at Ryerson University. I have asked out about 10 women on campus using a direct approach. That is, if I see a woman I find attractive, I approach her, introduce myself, say I've seen her around campus, tell her I find her attractive and ask if she'd like to have lunch at the student cafe. Usually the girls thank me but say they have a boyfriend. Most of my friends feel this approach is much too forward. They suggest I stick to approaching women in my classes because I can chat with them and develop some rapport. What do you think? I'm comfortable with my approach but don't want to make women uncomfortable.—D.C., Toronto, Ontario

The direct approach works for us—we've discovered a number of Playmates that way, gotten laid a few times and made some friends. Who says you have to choose one method or the other? Meet women in your classes and introduce yourself on the street. Some may have boyfriends (or say they do), but they may not the next time you say hello.

The wives in our swinging group have agreed to participate in a game they call Who's Down There? The women will be blindfolded and receive cunnilingus from each man in turn. Each woman will try to guess which tongue belongs to her husband. The problem we're having is that no one can agree on the details. Are the women naked? Are the lights on? Are the women in a group or isolated? Is there a time limit, a referee, spectators, video equipment? Some members of the group have expressed reservations about playing unless we have formal rules. However, everyone agreed to abide by the Advisor's recommendations.—D.W., Tucson, Arizona

The women should be naked, which means the lights must be on. One room. No cameras. Three minutes on the egg timer. When the bell rings, the men rotate. Ideally, none of the men have facial hair, or they all do. No touching besides tongue to vulva. No sounds besides moans. Round one ends only after each woman has climaxed at least once. Round two begins when the men have been given the blindfolds. Rounds three and beyond you can figure out for yourself.

A few months ago I had a falling out with an acquaintance. Recently I attended a party and ran into him. I said hello and offered my hand. He looked at me, then turned away, leaving me standing there with my hand out. I was embarrassed. How should I have responded?—A.N., Chicago, Illinois

Turn to anyone who noticed and say, "Long story." Then figure out a way to fuck the guy's girlfriend.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.

SCARED YET?

THE TERROR QUIZ

By LENNY KLEINFELD

Our assumptions, plans and neuroses have all changed following the September 11 attacks. How disturbed are you? Do you suffer only from minor-league weirdness or is your fear and trembling off the charts? These 16 questions will help identify the type and degree of your affliction:

(1) When it comes to flying, I:
(a) Won't get on a plane unless my boss threatens to fire me
(b) Won't get on a plane
(c) Won't let my broker mention airline stocks, even regional carriers experiencing a sustained upswing
(d) Won't engage in mile-high sex unless I'm wearing a condom and a parachute

(2) My next vacation will be:
(a) Within the U.S.
(b) Within 200 miles of home
(c) Within my city
(d) Within my spouse

(3) I suddenly feel closer to:
(a) My family
(b) Enlisting
(c) God
(d) Dick Cheney

(4) My most significant recent purchase was:
(a) A military-grade gas mask
(b) A military-grade gas mask and a six-month supply of antibiotics
(c) A military-grade gas mask, a six-month supply of antibiotics and a radiation-proof bunker in a remote location with a secure perimeter
(d) A fat, comforting hooker who resembles Mrs. Grudzelski, my third-grade teacher

(5) Secret military tribunals are:
(a) A mortal threat to democracy
(b) An ugly necessity
(c) Cool
(d) All the above

(6) I have recently had trouble:
(a) Concentrating
(b) Salivating
(c) Masturbating
(d) Cheating on taxes

(7) At night I dream of:
(a) Crashing vehicles
(b) Crashing corporations
(c) Cruise missiles
(d) Sleeping

(8) My next car will be:
(a) A super-high-mileage hybrid
(b) A Humvee
(c) An Abrams
(d) The Maserati I swore I'd own before I died even if I had to sell the

house and send my kids to work at McDonald's instead of to college

(9) I no longer:
(a) Insist on meeting my clients in person
(b) Insist on meeting my girlfriend in person
(c) Open any piece of mail I didn't send myself
(d) Floss

(10) My values have suddenly become more:
(a) Chicken
(b) Violent
(c) Mystical
(d) Visible at sporting events

(11) My new career choice is:
(a) F-18 pilot
(b) Special Forces
(c) Invisible Man
(d) Time-traveling invisible Special Forces F-18 pilot

(12) The television show I now watch most is:
(a) *Headline News*
(b) *The Agency*
(c) *The 700 Club*
(d) *Teletubbies*

(13) For the first time in my life, I recently:
(a) Stayed for breakfast
(b) Called the next day
(c) Didn't describe the night in detail to my friends
(d) Was patient and polite with the person behind the crowded airline check-in counter

(14) I'm now in the habit of:
(a) Checking the underside of my car with a mirror
(b) Retina-scanning my dinner guests before letting them in
(c) Making waiters in restaurants take the first bite of any food that they serve me
(d) Reporting suspiciously friendly women to the FBI

(15) In the past few months my _____ has disappeared:
(a) diet
(b) tee shot
(c) immortality
(d) hair

(16) What I now look for in a relationship is:
(a) Unvarnished honesty
(b) Sedation
(c) A woman who can fieldstrip a Kalashnikov in the dark
(d) A U.S. passport

Scoring: If you answered a, b, c or d to any of the questions, you are probably being detained by the Justice Department without benefit of counsel.

OCCUPIED AMERICA

what really caused the cincinnati riots

By DANIEL LAZARE

When a white police officer shot an unarmed black teenager named Timothy Thomas last April in Cincinnati, residents responded with three days of burning, window smashing and stone throwing. It was the worst such outbreak in years, yet the national media's reaction was remarkably complacent. Riots, tear gas, some 800 arrests—it was all so retro, so terribly Sixties. Pack journalists reached lazily into their bag of clichés for explanations. Papers from *The Cincinnati Enquirer* to the *Times* of London decided that African Americans were upset because they were poor, because health care was inadequate, because the Cincinnati police department is less than a model of racial sensitivity and so on. *The New Republic* even suggested that what really had black people angry was gentrification in the form of a cluster of yuppie bars encroaching on Cincinnati's largest ghetto. Residents, alarmed by white-owned businesses encroaching on their territory, were paranoid, jealous and quick to take offense.

One could almost hear the patronizing locker room verdict: "Those silly African Americans! Where once they were up in arms because economic growth was bypassing their communities, now they are angry because it is invading their turf."

Yet the real story is far different. While poverty, inadequate health care and police brutality certainly played a part, the real reason Cincinnati exploded last spring was something no one dared mention: the war on drugs. Ground zero for the disturbances was a onetime German neighborhood known as Over-the-Rhine, a run-down, boarded-up slum filled with people left economically stranded by two and a half decades of deindustrialization. The neighborhood where Michael Douglas went searching for his drug-addled daughter in the movie *Traffic*, it is the dark underside to the gentrification that turned downtown Cincinnati into a mini-Manhattan.

Over-the-Rhine is not your ordinary blighted community. It is a war zone. With just 7600 people, it has averaged 2300 drug arrests per year, one for every three residents, ever since the local antidrug crusade kicked into high gear in the mid-Nineties. Considering that black drug offenders in Ohio are 28 times likelier to do hard time than whites (according to a state-by-state survey by Human Rights Watch), the stepped-up antidrug crusade had turned Over-the-Rhine into a virtual antechamber for the state prison–industrial complex.

That's not all. Thanks to an endlessly inventive city council, Over-the-Rhine was the target of a curious, South Africa–style pass law in which anyone busted for drugs or prostitution was banned from the community for up to a year. Between 1996, when the law went into effect, and January 2000, when a federal judge struck it down as unconstitutional, some 1500 people were banished in this manner, forbidden to set foot in their own neighborhood.

> Cincinnati police banished 1500 people from the Over-the-Rhine neighborhood.

For the citizens of Over-the-Rhine, the Bill of Rights ceased to exist. They lived in an extrajudicial hell. The courts didn't ban these people, but the police did. They banished them not after they had been convicted of a crime, but when they were merely accused.

While the arrest statistics are shocking, they reflect only the official accounting of a campaign of intimidation. According to local residents, the pass law served as an all-purpose excuse for the cops to stop anyone in the street to determine if he or she had a legal right to be there. The result was nearly endless harassment of those guilty of "driving while black" or walking to the corner grocery in the same condition. One resident, a 32-year-old Navy veteran who works at a local recreation center, said police stopped and handcuffed him at least 30 times to see whether he was on the list of banned persons. Another resident, arrested on a marijuana charge but subsequently acquitted, was charged with criminal trespass after being caught living with her son in the community. A homeless man, busted for possession of drug paraphernalia, spent more than a year in jail for the "crime" of repeatedly sneaking back into the district to obtain food and shelter.

Except for *The Dayton Daily News*, which published a superb story by reporters Lou Grieco, Wes Hills and Rob Modic, not one news outlet covering the riots so much as mentioned the pass law. Not one mentioned the war on drugs, either. Yet there is no doubt about their impact. When I flew into town a few weeks after the riots to do an article for the *Columbia Journalism Review*, I found a community living under the gun. Over-the-Rhine is roughly a mile square, a neighborhood of trash-strewn streets and dilapidated but still handsome 19th century brick buildings crying out for a Soho-style rehab. In a compact city nestled into a bend in the Ohio River that has somehow resisted suburban sprawl, Over-the-Rhine is in some ways Cincinnati's most attractive part. Yet its storefronts are empty, decent jobs are rare since the factories closed, and the people are angry over how they've been treated by the local police.

Everyone I spoke with—teenagers, middle-aged matrons, old folks hanging out on the sidewalk—had a tale to tell about cowboy-like cops leaping from their squad cars with guns drawn because someone was reportedly smoking pot or dealing crack. Everyone was furious with the cops for turning the community into a free-fire zone, everyone regarded the police as the enemy and everyone assumed the police regarded them the same way. "Man, we're used to it," Nathaniel Bayray, a 40-year resident, said about repeated invasions by hyperaggressive police. "It happens every day. The only thing we're concerned about is getting shot." John Fox, editor of the local alternative weekly *CityBeat*, observed that Over-the-Rhine is the victim of a siege mentality in which every black person is

seen as a drug dealer. A Baptist minister named Damon Lynch described the police as the leading edge of an outside invasion: "They come in waves to take over the community. They depreciate the property, they depress the people, then they send in the army. They come in trucks, they come in cars, all under the guise of the war on drugs."

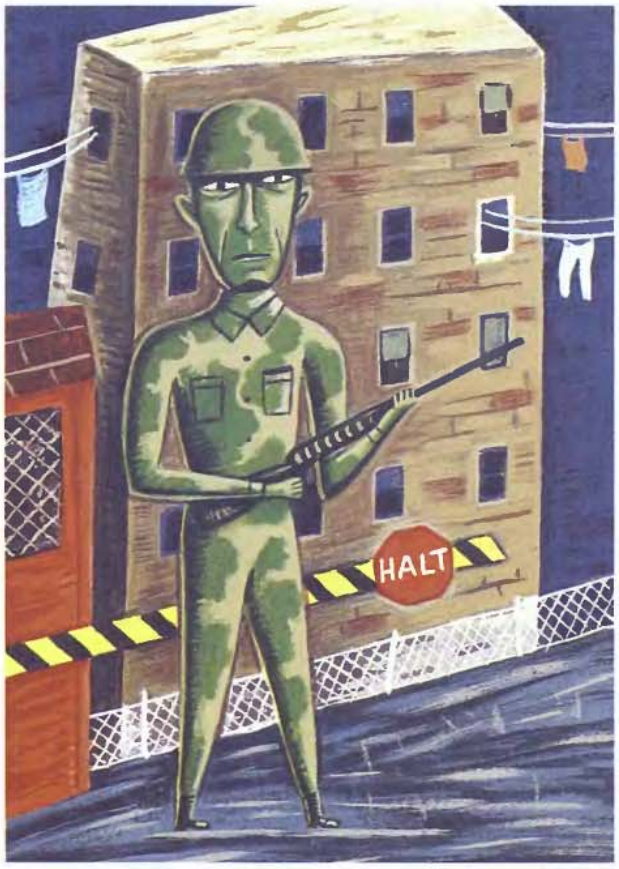
The invasion metaphor is apt. In the name of freeing people from substances that, according to President Bush, rob people of their "innocence and ambition and hope," the war on drugs has subjected Over-the-Rhine to something close to a military occupation. How did this come to pass? The situation is a classic example of unintended consequences. Here's how:

• *The drug war has tilted the market to more-potent substances, which has driven up demand.* The federal government's campaign against pot smuggling in south Florida in the early Eighties was supposed to reduce the supply of drugs overall. H.L. Mencken once called Prohibition a plot to replace good beer with bad gin. If you're a bootlegger, why mess around with something that's 95 percent water? By the same measure, if you deal drugs, why mess around with a smelly, biodegradable and relatively inexpensive weed, especially when a small bag of the stuff can keep a roomful of college freshmen happy for the night?

Instead of closing up shop, Colombian drug dealers took advantage of the government's crackdown to switch from marijuana to cocaine, a substance that is odorless, durable, profitable and more addictive. The upshot was a coke-fueled party scene, the crack epidemic a few years later and then the heroin resurgence of the Nineties as narcotraficantes began diversifying into opiates. According to United Nations estimates, coca production in Colombia has quintupled since 1990 under the impact of the war on drugs, while international trade now totals some $400 billion a year. That's why so many communities such as Over-the-Rhine find themselves flooded with more and more drugs—drugs that are more potent and dangerous than ever.

• *The drug war is stratifying drug use.* While middle-class users are careful to buy from people they know, poor people are more likely to buy from and sell to strangers out in the open despite a significantly greater risk of arrest. Because they buy in smaller quantities, they buy more frequently, which raises their profile all the more. All too aware of how difficult it is to bust college students trading in marijuana, police prefer to head downtown where buy-and-bust operations are cheap and easy. The result for places like Over-the-Rhine is that they're transformed into open-air markets filled with people buying, selling and making arrests. Instead of dispersing the drug trade, the war on drugs concentrates at least one portion of it in the most vulnerable communities.

• *The drug war encourages an arms race among both dealers and police.* Whether they are dealing with cigarettes, prostitution or drugs, participants in a black market cannot resolve business disputes by hiring lawyers and going to court. Instead, they have to settle them the old-fashioned way—with a gun. A Cincinnati police officer going up against a dealer inside a boarded-up tenement has every reason to go in with his gun drawn. A dealer, similarly, has every reason to be nervous about competitors trying to rip him off or cops trying to send him to prison for a long time. If one side has a .22, the other needs a .357. If one is quick on the draw, the other must be even quicker. The result for Over-the-Rhine and other such communities is more violence rather than less.



• *The drug war fuels racism.* When the drug trade (or at least its most visible part) is concentrated in a ghetto, police inevitably look upon drugs, the community and the residents as one and the same. A war on drugs rapidly degenerates into a war on users and then into a war on poor minorities in general. As it does, unsympathetic observers assume that those caught in the crossfire are somehow to blame. The targeted community grows more isolated, the local economy continues to crumble and frightened suburban residents call on the cops to crack down even harder. In a conservative bastion like Cincinnati—the town that declared war on Robert Mapplethorpe and Larry Flynt—city officials proclaim that they are not the least bit racist, while subjecting the majority of African American residents to official repression.

On September 26, Cincinnati municipal judge Ralph Winkler found the police officer who shot and killed Timothy Thomas not guilty of negligent homicide. Winkler ruled that it was wrong to second-guess Officer Stephen Roach after Thomas had made a sudden movement that startled the officer during a chase through a dark alley in an "especially dangerous section of Cincinnati."

In November, federal prosecutors declined to take action against six local police officers and a state trooper who, for no apparent reason, opened fire with beanbag guns on a crowd of people who were demonstrating against the Roach verdict. The officers deserved the benefit of the doubt, the prosecutors said, because they were operating under "difficult circumstances."

What makes these circumstances difficult to begin with is something no one cares to discuss. There was nothing retro about the Cincinnati disturbances. They were a revolt by the denizens of an occupied America against a drug war without end.

Daniel Lazare is the author of America's Undeclared War: What's Killing Our Cities and How We Can Stop It, and The Velvet Coup: The Constitution, the Supreme Court and the Decline of American Democracy.

READER

DEADLY FORCE

"Killer Cops" (*The Playboy Forum*, December), which alleges abuses by the police force in Prince George's County, Maryland, is loaded with incorrect information.

Six years ago, I came to Prince George's County to lead one of the largest police forces in the region. The department had a history of high-profile incidents involving allegations of brutality and excessive use of force by some officers. The county was experiencing a high level of crime.

Things have changed. Today, crime is down in the county, excessive-force complaints are at a 16-year low and police use of deadly force is at a 15-year low. These reductions in complaints and shootings become even more impressive when one considers that the department has 512 more officers and handles 150,000 more calls for service than it did 16 years ago.

PLAYBOY's report relies on accounts in *The Washington Post*. Regrettably, the *Post* reporter, who, along with his editor, spent hours reviewing our training changes and reductions in use of force, left out all references to the significant progress that has been achieved. In fact, the majority of shootings he referenced occurred five to 10 years ago. My first full year as chief was 1996. Since that year, officer use of deadly force has been reduced 69 percent.

John Farrell
Chief of Police
Prince George's County
Palmer Park, Maryland

Chief, thanks for writing. The Washington Post did mention your order that officers be retrained in the use of deadly force. It also noted that cops face difficult situations when deciding whether to fire their weapons. But since 1996, your officers have shot and killed suspects at four times the national average. Not a single officer has been demoted since 1990 for the unjustified use of his or her weapon. That's hard to believe given other incidents the Post recounted, such as the 1997 case in which your officers claimed they had killed a distraught college student because he attacked them with a knife. When his family sued, the officers admitted under oath that the weapon had been a butter knife sitting on the counter, and that the student never touched it. A year later, two of your officers said they had killed a teenager in self-defense after he tried to grab their guns. But medical records indicated that the teen had been shot 13 times in the back while unconscious and lying facedown on the floor.

James Bovard sits in his cushy little office while I, along with 1399 other officers, patrol the second most dangerous and violent county in the country (behind Los Angeles). That "innocent" man mentioned in the article—the one police shot at 66 times—was a suspected burglar and under the influence of cocaine when he stole an idling police car after a foot chase. As a transit officer reached into the driver's side door, the suspect put the car in reverse. Police shot him to prevent the officer from being dragged under the car.

As for the unarmed man who was killed while relieving himself, he was intoxicated and reaching into his waistband after being ordered to show his hands. As an officer, would you have waited to shoot until after he shot you? How can I expect Bovard to understand that? His biggest worry is carpal tunnel syndrome. Mine is dying in a neighborhood I don't live in but risk my life for.

When you tally the number of unarmed people shot by police, are you including the dozens of suspects shot while beating officers into unconsciousness? How about suspects shot after striking officers with vehicles, or those killed after trying to wrestle away an officer's weapon? Put yourself in a cop's shoes. If a man reaches into his waistband after he sees you approaching in uniform, what would you think? Is he going for a gun? For drugs? For a radio? His wallet? Decide! There are no time-outs.

The police are tired of being scapegoats. I know officers who have started "de-policing" because they fear criticism. They do what the radio tells them to do, nothing more, nothing less. De-policing is being practiced in cities across the country, despite what police officials tell you. It will continue until police scrutiny is laid to rest.

H. Simmons
Bowie, Maryland

"Killer Cops" stopped me dead in my tracks. At first I was disgusted. But then I thought about the police officers I know and the ones I have seen on TV digging through the rubble of the World Trade Center. They are good people. So perhaps the police officers in Prince George's County are the victims of circumstance. Maybe the man they shot outside a fast-food restaurant wasn't all that innocent. Maybe *The Washington Post* put a spin on the truth. Police, like other citizens, are innocent until proved guilty. Right?

Jose Manning
Evansville, Indiana

FOR THE RECORD

DOPEY AGENDA

"The recent enforcement is indicative that we have not lost our priorities in other areas since September 11."

—a spokeswoman for the Justice Department on the first federal crackdown on medical marijuana clubs in three years. During the month following the September 11 terrorist attacks, U.S. agents destroyed a garden used to grow medical marijuana, seized documents from a lawyer who defends users and a doctor who sympathizes with them and raided a Los Angeles club that served more than 900 patients.

RESPONSE

Sure. They're just rarely brought to trial. We wouldn't want to be in a police officer's shoes. It's a tough job. But that doesn't mean cops have a mandate to shoot first and justify later. What we'd like to see is accountability and some acknowledgment (at least in Prince George's County) that the police sometimes screw up.

SHAME, SHAME

"The Shame Game" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) strikes a chord. I live in a small town in the buckle of the Bible Belt. Last fall, a couple with two daughters separated. During a subsequent custody hearing, the wife admitted that after she and her husband had separated, she had moved in with her boyfriend.

All hell broke loose. The judge ordered a magistrate to draw up charges of adultery based on an 1805 state law that punishes unmarried couples who "lewdly and lasciviously associate, bed and cohabit together." The sinful partners were tried separately. The district attorney introduced as evidence the transcript from the custody hearing, indicating that the wife never stated that she and her boyfriend had had sex—only that they had lived together. She was acquitted. The boyfriend, however, admitted to having sex with the wife. (Specifically, the husband's lawyer asked him at the custody hearing, "So, y'all had sex?" and the man answered, "Yes.") He was found guilty and was ordered to pay a $90 fine. The husband eventually gained custody of the two girls.

According to the 2000 census, more than 143,000 people in North Carolina are "living in sin." Some judges need more to do.

(Name withheld by request)
Taylorsville, North Carolina

Here's another shameful sentence. A judge in Fort Worth ordered a man to post a sign on his door that read A PERSON ON BOND FOR A CHILD SEX OFFENSE LIVES HERE—before the man's trial had even begun.

Frank Edwards
Dallas, Texas

MORE ON CENSORWARE

"Access Denied" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) discusses an issue that is a double-edged sword—using censorware on library computers. I have a story that might make PLAYBOY change its position.

A few years ago, a friend asked me to show him how to surf the Internet. One Saturday morning, we went to the public library. Two teenagers, a boy and a girl, occupied both of the computers. They kept giggling and making faces at each other.

When they left, my friend and I took a seat at one computer. The screen was covered with adult material. When I closed the browser page, another page of porn appeared. This kept happening. I was trapped. I had to close out 10 pages of porn before I returned to a blank window. Two men sitting at a library computer in a Southern town with porn on the screen is not the best situation to find yourself in.

Before leaving that day, I told the library director about the incident. She put this rule into effect: No one under the age of 18 may surf at the library without the permission of a parent or legal guardian. That's as good a measure as I know to guarantee the rights afforded by the Constitution while ensuring the well-being of those who have not yet reached maturity.

Mike Vinson
McMinnville, Tennessee

Many libraries have adopted similar rules or posted "acceptable use" policies. Leaving porn sites on-screen for the next user is not an acceptable use.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM F.Y.I.

Playboy Germany has introduced the latest innovation in outdoor advertising—a model whose T-shirt becomes transparent when wet. The headline on the billboard, which promotes the Playboy.de website, translates as "Guys, pray for rain."

THINKING ABOUT TORTURE

is it time to get out the rubber hoses?

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Within weeks of the September 11 attacks, pundits began discussing the possibility of torturing suspects. Reporters introduced the idea with serene detachment. "Methods of interrogation vary from country to country, and what constitutes inhumanity in one place might be considered effectiveness in another," *The Baltimore Sun* reported. The story described the harrowing tale of a man who has become the poster child for effective torture, Abdul Hakim Murad, convicted for his role in the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. Murad's arrest was not the result of stellar police work—he and his roommate had set fire to their apartment in the Philippines while building a bomb, and he was arrested when he returned to clean out the flat. According to the *Sun*, Philippine intelligence officers subsequently "threw a chair at Murad's head, broke his ribs and put out cigarettes on his body. He cracked only when agents masquerading as the Mossad threatened to take him back to Israel for questioning."

In a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed piece titled "Security Comes Before Liberty," historian Jay Winik provided more detail. He reported that Murad had taunted the agents, and in retaliation they had forced water into his mouth and crushed lighted cigarettes into his genitals. When the officers threatened to send him to Israel, Murad named his roommate, Ramzi Yousef, as the mastermind of the bombing. He also babbled about plans to assassinate the Pope, blow up 11 airplanes simultaneously and crash a plane loaded with nerve gas into the CIA headquarters in Virginia.

"One wonders," Winik wrote, "what would have happened if Murad had been in American custody." (Presumably, he would have invoked his right to counsel, his right to remain silent and his right to be considered innocent until proven guilty.)

After September 11, the FBI reported that it had rounded up more than 1000 people and kept hundreds in custody. "Nobody is talking," said an official. "Frustration has begun to appear." The holdouts were not responding to the usual bribes—lighter sentences, cash, jobs, new identities and life in the U.S. Government officials contemplated the options: truth serum, pressure tactics, transporting suspects to countries that sanction torture. Some justified the idea of torture-by-proxy, arguing that in limited situations the need to get critical information trumped the Bill of Rights. Although evidence obtained through torture is not admissible in U.S. courts, officials said that extraordinary times called for extraordinary tactics.

Newsweek's Jonathan Alter caused a ruckus when he seemed to endorse that view. "It's a new world, and survival may well require old techniques that seemed out of the question," he wrote. Alter said he opposed legalizing physical torture, but he wondered about mind games. Could we at least subject terror suspects to psychological torture, such as tapes of dying rabbits or high-decibel rap? How about the outlawed Israeli technique called shaking? "Shaking entailed placing a smelly bag over a suspect's head in a dark room, then applying scary psychological torment," Alter began. But he bailed before the money shot: "To avoid lessening the potential impact on terrorists, I won't specify exactly what kind." Our old assumptions about law enforcement, Alter wrote, are "hopelessly September 10."

The intellectuals next weighed in with their thoughts on the ethical basis of the third degree. Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz suggested that a torture warrant could allow authorities to use extreme interrogation. Michael Levin, who two decades ago wrote an essay called *The Case for Torture*, argued that "the right of innocents not to be murdered outweighed the right of terrorists not to be tortured." (Make that *suspected* terrorists.)

The chief problem with the idea of torture is that while it's an efficient way to degrade human beings, silence dissent and create martyrs, it sucks as an investigative tool. It's often not even necessary. Let's reexamine the case of

Abdul Murad. When police responded to the fire in his apartment, they found dangerous chemicals, a pipe bomb, a timer, a handwritten bomb manual, ecclesiastical robes intended as disguises and a map of the Pope's route during a proposed visit to Manila. They retrieved deleted files from a laptop computer of a plot to plant bombs aboard U.S. airliners. The files included flight schedules as well as bogus identification cards with photographs of Murad, Yousef and an accomplice. They found a copy of a chemistry textbook from the library of the Swansea Institute, where Yousef had studied. An associate tipped off police to Yousef's whereabouts so that he could collect a $2 million reward. During questioning, Yousef supposedly bragged about plans for a kamikaze attack on the CIA, a plot to assassinate Bill Clinton and his

own ability to turn Casio watches into time bombs.

Who needs Murad? His torture did not produce anything crucial to foiling the plots. More disturbing, perhaps, is that it was considered business as usual—part of a culture that had come to accept torture as standard investigative technique. If the experience of other countries is any indication, once you allow the torture of terrorists, the definition of terrorist slowly expands. (Steve Chapman, a columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*, noted a practical objection: "It's impossible to write a law that restricts the use of torture to cases where a considerable number of lives are in peril, and police are sure they have a guilty party who can provide the information needed to avert the catastrophe.") Philippine intelligence, which has a reputation for extrajudicial executions, tortures not only terrorists but also citizens suspected of links to communist or Muslim opposition groups. Even small-time crooks have received the treatment. According to Amnesty International, common methods include fists, gun butts, electroshocks, rape, sexual abuse and partial suffocation. Certainly, torture appears to work: Six of nine suspects arrested for the murder of an intelligence officer confessed after police held plastic bags over their heads.

Were they guilty? Who knows. As shown by 17th century witch trials, torture elicits confessions but not necessarily the truth. It reflects the lack of imagination, paranoia and insecurity of the inquisitor. A 19th century civil servant described the techniques of Indian police this way: "There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence."

For his book *Unspeakable Acts, Ordinary People*, John Conroy interviewed a Vietnam vet who admitted using torture (hooking a field telephone to a potential informant, putting a hood over someone's head and taking him for a helicopter ride). The soldier was not confident that he ever got the truth. He explained that torture generated reports, and that reports pleased the chain of command: "We developed information about a Viet Cong political school and we went in there to bomb the piss out of it. But you don't know if anybody is there or not. You don't know if the information is accurate, but there is information and there is action based on it, so everybody is happy."

The 20th century has introduced its own novel forms of interrogation. According to one history of torture, in Russia, the Cheka would place "one open end of a metal cylinder against the prisoner's chest, placing a rat in the other end and sealing the outer end with wire mesh. When the tube was heated, the rat, in a frenzy to escape, ate its way into the prisoner's flesh. Mussolini's OVRA pumped their victim's stomach full of castor oil. The Nazis appear to have been the first to use electrical devices, although Argentine police officers proudly claimed to have invented the *picana electrica*, a thin metal rod attached to a source of electric current and then applied to different parts of the body." Argentinians gave the machine they used a nickname, Susan, and told prisoners that they were about to have "a chat with Susan." South Africans called the dance with electricity "telephoning" or "playing the radio." In Dubai, the people who installed a modern torture chamber called it "the House of Fun." Do we really want to be part of this jovial march of progress?

Israel may make the claim that "high-pressure" interrogation has uncovered bomb plots, but at what cost? The Israeli Supreme Court recently declared the much vaunted shaking technique to be unconstitutional, in part because of indiscriminate use. In Israel, 85 percent of the 1000 Arabs arrested in 1998 by the General Security Service were subjected to some degree of torture. Threats to the state of Israel have included children throwing rocks, graffiti artists painting PLO slogans and musicians singing nationalist songs. Some of those arrested were simply standing in the wrong place.

In *Unspeakable Acts, Ordinary People*, Conroy details the British use of "the five techniques" on suspected IRA sympathizers: putting hoods over victims, forcing them to stand for hours, bombarding them with noise and depriving them of food and sleep. When the public learned in the Seventies that British authorities were using such techniques, some newspapers defended the practice, saying that the security forces were "not dealing with normally law-abiding citizens but with fanatics" and that the techniques were less evil than "the rack, water torture, electric torture, beating and such brutality."

According to a survey on torture, one in three nations condones it—and the others often look the other way. Conroy compiled a list, dating to the Thirties, of tortures used in the U.S.: Police have deprived suspects of food and sleep, beaten them with clubs, blackjacks, rubber hoses, telephone books and whips, inserted needles under their fingernails, crushed their knuckles and testicles with pliers and applied electric shocks to their genitals. They have exposed prisoners to tear gas, hung them headfirst from windows, lifted them off the ground by their handcuffed arms or by their genitals, beaten the soles of their feet, set police dogs on them and suffocated them with plastic bags.

What sets the U.S. apart is that when we discover such abuses, we usually try to correct them. Judges at least consider the appeals of prisoners who claim their confessions were a result of torture. Yet even when the charges are true, we show little outrage. Jon Burge, the Chicago police lieutenant accused by suspects of wiring them to a little black box, beating them and putting the barrel of a gun into their mouths, lives on a full pension in Florida. Many of the confessions he solicited came from innocent men, while those who had committed the crimes walked free.

A historian who looked at the French experience in Algeria concluded that the problem was not the torture itself but the public's indifference to it. Is that where we're headed? Or are we already there?

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

A WIGGLE TOO FAR

KEANSBURG, NEW JERSEY—*Police arrested a man for wiggling his tongue at two women and a 12-year-old girl. The man first wiggled his tongue at the women, who alerted a patrolman. A few minutes later, police say, the man wiggled his tongue at the girl. The deputy police chief said the wiggling constituted harassment. "He crossed the line, especially with the juvenile," the officer explained. "It wasn't like when a little kid does it."*

FAKE HITS

STOCKHOLM—*Annoyed by the proliferation of sex sites online, a fashion magazine and an advertising agency teamed up at getsomereal.com in a novel bait and switch. The group and its supporters have posted more than 25,000 fake porn sites, each seeded with hard-core slang to grab top placements in Internet search engine results.*

WATCH YOUR MOUTH

MAZABUKA, ZAMBIA—*A court sentenced a German tourist to six years of hard labor for having oral sex. Police arrested the man and a local woman as they came out from behind a bush. She admitted to the crime and was not charged. A judge told the tourist he should have known Zambia bans "unnatural" sex but that he would go easy on him since it was a first offense (the maximum sentence is 14 years).*

DISTANT LIFE

SAN FRANCISCO—*An inmate serving a 111-year sentence wanted a child. When officials refused to let the prisoner ship his semen to his wife, the man sued. A federal court ruled 2–1 in his favor, stating that male prisoners have a fundamental right to father children. The dissenting judge scoffed at the idea that inmates should be allowed to "procreate from prison via Fed Ex." The court said its ruling does not apply to female prisoners because their pregnancies raise different issues for correction officials.*

NEW YORK—*A study found that women undergoing in vitro fertilization who had strangers praying for them had a higher pregnancy rate. The researchers, led by a team from Columbia University, gave Christian prayer groups in North America and Australia the names and photos of 169 women in Korea who were attempting to get pregnant. Over four months, the women being prayed for, who did not know that God was being asked to intercede, had twice as much success getting pregnant. The researchers initially balked at publishing the study because its results seemed improbable.*

LIFETIME COMMITMENT

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—*In the mid-Eighties, lawyer David Culp began to fall apart. He became abusive to judges and other counsel and once shook a judge's desk in a blind rage. His condition was diagnosed as depression and bipolar disorder. When Culp closed his practice and his monthly income dropped to $1049 in disability payments, he did what seemed natural: He sued his parents. A county judge ordered the retirees to pay their 50-year-old son $3500 a month indefinitely. She cited a state law that says "the father and mother have an equal responsibility to maintain a child of whatever age who is incapacitated." She also said she considered the possibility that Culp's problems were hereditary or resulted from abuse.*

WEED FREED

ORILLIA, ONTARIO—*Last fall, police seized 20,000 marijuana plants, worth about $20 million. The cops buried the plants, which filled 50 truckloads, in the city landfill. Two days later, residents began sneaking into the facility to unearth the weed. "The first night, there were 35 guys out there," said the manager of a local head shop. Police got wise when dirt-cheap "dump weed" began circulating on the street. Less than a week after the raid, cops caught six men at the fill stuffing their pockets with rotting plants.*

LONDON—*The British government announced plans to relax marijuana laws. The proposal, which must be approved by Parliament, would move pot to the lowest class of illegal drugs. Police who encounter a person with reefer would issue a warning or, in rare cases, a court summons. Police hope that by eliminating marijuana arrests (which currently make up almost 70 percent of all drug busts) they will have more time to go after the users of other narcotics.*

NICE VAGINA

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*Christian Silbereis dressed as a big pussy for Halloween, and officials at his high school were not happy about it. The senior's full-length costume resembled a vulva, including folds of pink satin and puffs of wig hair. Underneath, he wore a T-shirt with an image of a fetus. The teenager had borrowed the homemade getup from his mother, a midwife who had worn it to a party the previous Halloween. "It's just another body part," he said. "They teach us about it in school." Silbereis' classmates voted it best costume, but the assistant dean said she and other staff members felt that it was demeaning. The teenager was suspended for two and a half days.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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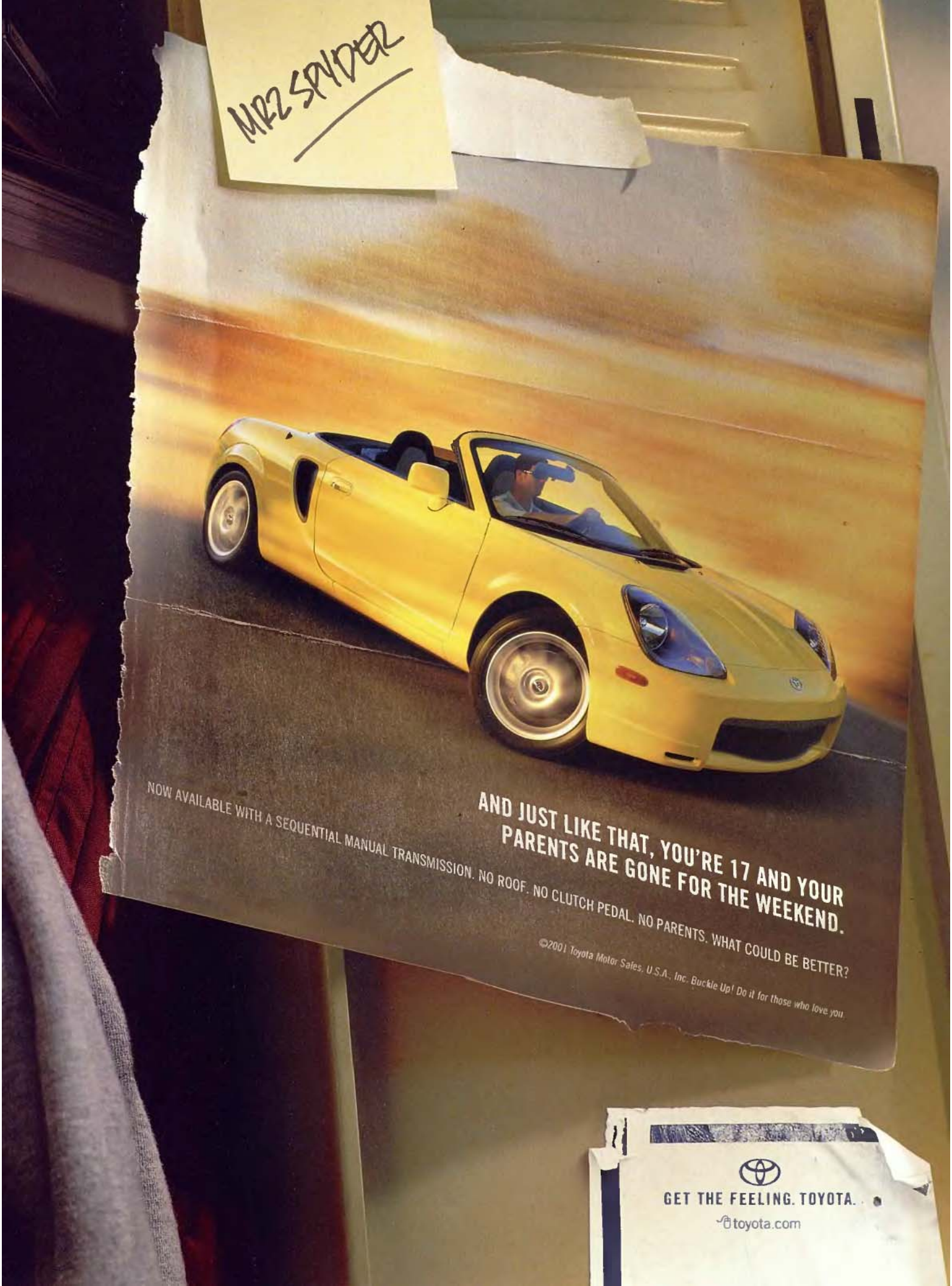
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALLEN IVERSON

a candid conversation with the nba's dervish mvp about life in the hood, his tattoo addiction, his battles with the press and learning to love larry brown

When Allen Iverson was named most valuable player of the National Basketball Association last season and subsequently led the Philadelphia 76ers to the NBA Finals against the mighty Los Angeles Lakers, his turbulent career suddenly took on an air of redemption. Five years earlier, the six-foot guard had exploded onto the NBA scene, just three years removed from a jail sentence on a "maiming by mob" charge that would later be overturned. He was viewed as a threat to the establishment—an establishment that had embraced the nonthreatening image of Michael Jordan.

Iverson was the anti-Jordan. He quickly sparked two in-your-face style trends that transcended the insular world of professional sports: He began to adorn himself with tattoos, and he wore his hair in cornrows, one of the first athletes to adopt a style already fashionable among rappers. While a prodigy on the basketball court, his breathtakingly quick game was overshadowed by a series of off-court controversies. There were his friends from back home who were arrested for drug dealing while driving his car. There was the night in 1997 when he was charged with carrying a concealed weapon and possession of marijuana. There were the rebellious run-ins with his traditionalist coach, Larry Brown, and a controversy sparked by the promotion of a rap CD he'd cut. His lyrics offended gay and women's groups, and he subsequently shelved the CD's release.

After the CD imbroglio in the fall of 2000, a Philadelphia columnist went so far as to call Iverson "nothing but a thug with money." But then something happened. His tempestuous relationship with Brown achieved a sort of détente, and his team jumped out to a 10–0 start and went on to post the best record in the NBA's Eastern Conference. Suddenly, Iverson was being seen for what he was on the court: the littlest player with the biggest heart, a fiery competitor who willed a perpetually undermanned team to victory after victory. Those who had criticized him embraced him and began to see past the macho pose and swaggering street persona. For his part, Iverson didn't view his story as one of redemption so much as vindication of his hip-hop-inspired creed to "keep it real."

Iverson was born on June 7, 1975 in Hampton, Virginia to his single 15-year-old mother, Ann. His biological father, with whom he has no contact, is in jail. The man who raised him, Michael Freeman, has spent much of the past 10 years in and out of correctional facilities. These days, Ann can be seen courtside at Sixers games, wearing an Iverson jersey and holding aloft a sign that reads THAT'S MY BOY! *Growing up, Iverson says, Ann was his one and only role model, someone who "did what she had to do to put food on the table."*

It was on the playgrounds of Hampton that Iverson's famed crossover dribble had its roots. The basketball court and football field (Iverson was an all-state high school quarterback) were escapes from a perilous world where chalk outlines and yellow police tape were a common sight, and from a home that often would have no plumbing or electricity. As a senior in high school, Iverson was charged with taking part in a racially motivated brawl. Despite having no record, he was tried as an adult and sentenced to five years in jail. Former Virginia governor Douglas Wilder granted him clemency and the conviction was later overturned for lack of evidence, but Iverson still feels the effects of four months of incarceration. "It made him harder," says his mother. It was she who approached then Georgetown coach John Thompson and implored him to help her son.

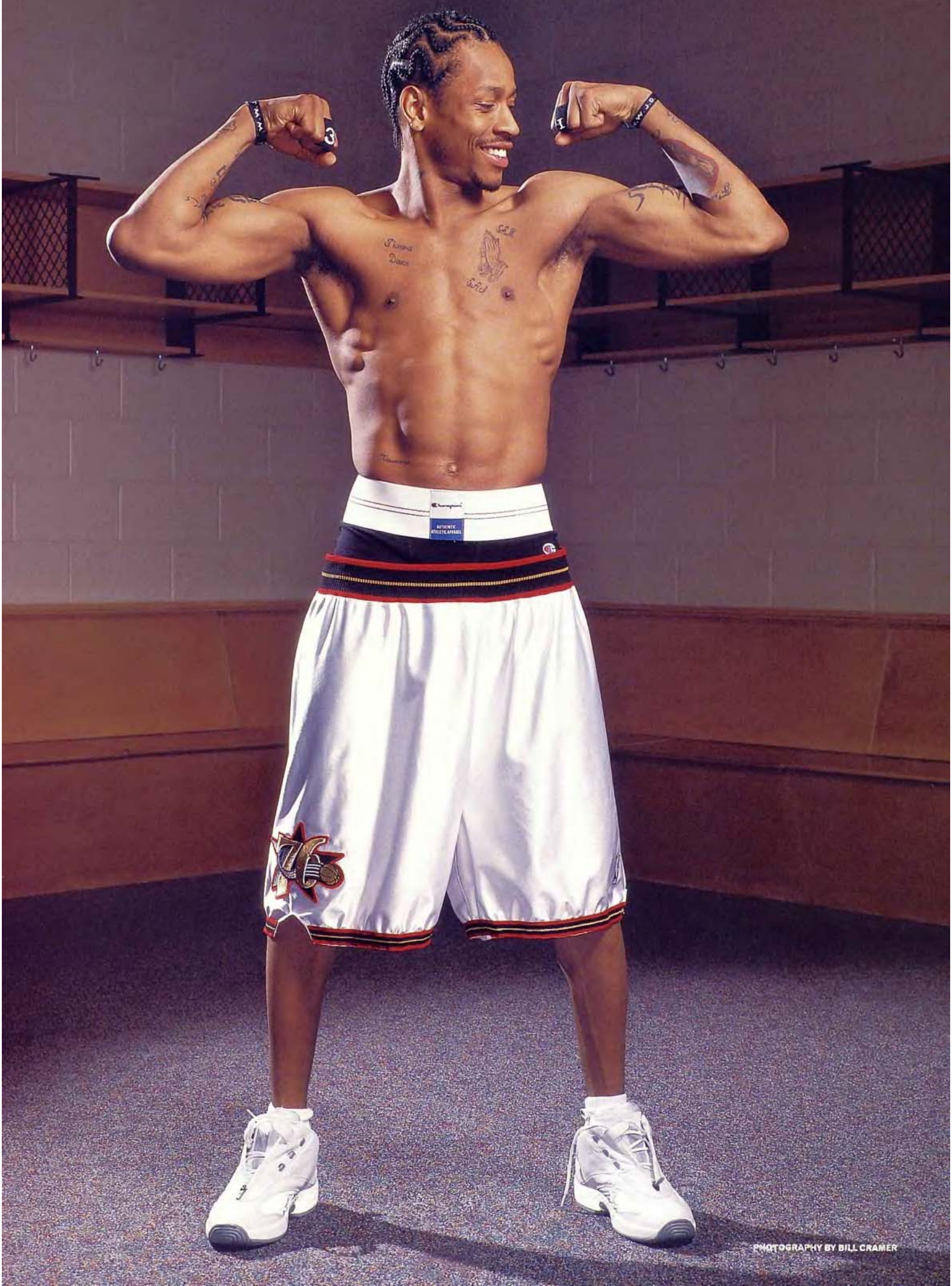
Once Iverson was released, he starred for two seasons under Thompson, who was demanding off the court and indulgent on it. Thompson was known for a predictable and heavily choreographed offense, but he let Iverson run wild. "Think about what's happened in that child's life," Thompson said at

"Once I got my first tattoo, I just got addicted. And then the NBA airbrushed my tattoos off the cover of some magazine, and that upset me. They didn't look at the meaning of my tattoos. They're a part of me."

"It's hard to think when you're scared. I'd rather be smart. I've never been scared of anything, just being where I'm from. After all the shit I've seen, you think I'm going to feel pressure from a game?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL SMITH

"I'm not that guy who's rapping. It's an art form, you're just talking smack. It's like a movie. Bruce Willis don't do the things he do in a movie, right? It's just a movie. Everyone took it all out of proportion."


PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL CRAMER

the time, in response to those who were surprised by his tolerance of Iverson's freewheeling style of play. "The last thing he needs is structure. He needs to be free as a bird. He needs to fly."

In two seasons under Thompson, Iverson averaged more than 20 points per game and started to develop his crossover dribble, an in-your-face move that has done for ballhandling what Jordan and Julius Erving did for the slam dunk: turn it into a weapon of intimidation. Iverson led Georgetown to within a game of the Final Four as a sophomore, just before making himself eligible for the 1996 NBA draft. The 76ers chose him with the first overall pick, and Iverson went on to average over 23 points per game and earned Rookie of the Year honors.

But Iverson's entry into the pro ranks was stormy. On the court, his selflessness was questioned after he scored an NBA record 40 or more points in five consecutive games—and his team lost each and every one. Off the court, his friends were widely dismissed as his "posse," and he seemed to become sullen and uncommunicative. Even today, Iverson is distrustful of those outside his inner circle, and he rarely grants in-depth interviews.

Playboy sent **Larry Platt,** *editor-at-large at Philadelphia Magazine and the author of 1999's Keepin' It Real: A Turbulent Season at the Crossroads With the NBA, on the road with Iverson for a series of conversations. He found a defiant yet introspective superstar still intent on remaining true to those who have been true to him. Platt reports: "People don't live their lives by moral codes anymore—but Iverson does. He has his code branded on his neck, where he wears a tattoo of the Chinese symbol for loyalty.*

"I found a newly wedded Iverson still grieving over the October murder of one of his best friends. Rashan "Rah" Langeford died after being shot seven times following an argument in his hometown of Newport News, Virginia. Iverson, who has seen more than his share of death on the streets of his youth, kept returning to the subject of the lost friend, getting choked up at one point. Our conversation began with Iverson's decision to emblazon on his skin his form of self-definition."

PLAYBOY: People are curious about you, maybe because you've been so inaccessible to the media. When we're asked what you're like, what should we tell them?

IVERSON: Tell them not to believe what they read or hear. Tell them to read my body. I wear my story every day, man.

PLAYBOY: What do your tattoos mean?

IVERSON: I got 21 of them. I got CRU THIK in four places—that's my crew, that's what we call ourselves, me and the guys I grew up with, the guys I'm loyal to. I got my kids' names, Tiaura and Deuce [Allen II], 'cause they're everything to me. They make me want to make better decisions every day. I got my wife's name, Tawanna, on my stomach. A set of praying hands between my grandma's initials—she died when I was real young—and my mom's initials, Ethel Ann Iverson. I put shit on my body that means something to me. Here, on my left shoulder, I got a cross of daggers knitted together that says ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE, because that's the one true thing I've learned in this life. On the other arm, I got a soldier's head. I feel like my life has been a war and I'm a soldier in it. Here, on my left forearm, it says NBN—for "Newport Bad News." That's what we call our hometown of Newport News, Virginia, because a lot of bad shit happens there. On the other arm, I got the Chinese symbol for respect, because I feel that where I come from deserves respect—being from there, surviving from there and staying true to everybody back there. I got one that says FEAR NO ONE, a screaming skull with a red line through it—'cause you'll never catch me looking scared. This one here, on my right forearm, used to be a grim reaper holding a basketball, 'cause that's who I am to other guards in this league. But I changed it to a panther after my friends teased me and said it looked like a damned flying monkey.

PLAYBOY: When you first came into the NBA, you had only two tattoos, THE ANSWER, your nickname, and a rendering of a bulldog, the Georgetown mascot. Then, during your rookie year, you got

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more tattoos and started braiding your hair. Was that in response to all the negative publicity you got that year, all the speculation that you were a thug and a hood?

IVERSON: Once I got my first tattoo I was addicted. It was stuff I really meant and really felt, and I just put it on my body. And then the NBA airbrushed my tattoos off the cover of some magazine, and that upset me. I have my mom's name on my body, my kids', my grandmother's who passed away. Things that mean something to me. And for that to happen, it was kind of tough. But they didn't look at the meaning of my tattoos—they just saw that they were tattoos, and they airbrushed them off. But they're a part of me.

PLAYBOY: Was that the kind of thing you were talking about at your MVP press conference last season, when you looked right at your boys standing in the back and said, "I did this my way." Did you mean you resisted the advice to, as you see it, sell out by consciously trying to "cross over"?

IVERSON: Exactly. People used to always tell me to wear a suit, look this way, look that way, cut my hair, stuff like that. But those things don't make you the person you are—the person inside does. I've never been any bad type of person—it's just that people didn't want to even try to understand me. They looked at the tattoos, the baggy clothes and the jewelry and judged me on all that. But, I mean, I was 20, 21, 22 years old, going through a phase in my life. I wanted to grow as a person, but having this talent, they expected me to act like I was 30 or 35 years old. I was in this learning process, and they were rushing me. I had to grow up fast, and when I made mistakes people acted like it was such a big thing. But I was young and I made mistakes. I still make mistakes. When I said I did it my way, I meant I was just being real to myself. I hadn't changed the type of person I am, I just got smarter. I made smarter decisions and tried to do what was right for Allen Iverson and his family.

PLAYBOY: The media take on you by the end of last season, though, was that you'd changed, you'd matured——

IVERSON: Nah, I'm just getting older. I mean, when you're 26 you're not the same as when you were 21. People find that hard to believe, and I don't know why. It happens automatically. You were probably in college at 21 and then five years later you're working at your newspaper and going to bed earlier.

PLAYBOY: Hell, we were frantically trying to stay in school so we'd have an excuse to still be immature——

IVERSON: [*Laughs*] Bet nobody was writing about how immature you were. It's funny, no one's saying they were wrong about me back then. They're saying I've changed. I ain't no saint all of a sudden. The saddest part is that it took winning for those people to even try to understand who I am.

PLAYBOY: So the next storyline is "He's changed, he's grown up"?

IVERSON: Yeah, yeah. It's like, "Let's write about that so we can sell some more papers," even though they don't know if I've changed, because they never tried to understand me five years ago.

PLAYBOY: Another example of that took place at the beginning of last season, with the promotional release of a single from your rap CD, which you've now decided not to release. On the first day of training camp, you told reporters you wouldn't talk about it, because you knew they weren't there to honestly try to understand rap music.

IVERSON: Man, they were there to judge me. I've gone through it with the media since I was 17, when I got thrown in jail. I'll never be able to understand the media, but I think I can put up with them, I can deal with them, I can accept anything they say about me or write about me, because they've said so many things. I've just got used to it and I try not to give them anything negative to write about me.

I've struggled all my life. Even when things were good, they weren't that good. That all made me harder.

PLAYBOY: In last season's playoff series against Toronto, you dropped the first game at home and were in a tight game two. The whole season was basically on the line, and you came up with 54 points, including your team's final 19 points in the game's last eight minutes. Afterward you were asked where such a performance came from and you said just two words: "Life. Poverty." Can you elaborate on that?

IVERSON: It came from struggle. I struggled all my life. Even when things were good, they weren't that good. That all made me harder. And now I look at this as just a game. That's what it is, just a game. There are a lot more serious things going on in the world than basketball. But basketball has always been a time when I can get my mind off everything that's going on around me and concentrate for two hours on just this.

PLAYBOY: So basketball is actually a release for you?

IVERSON: Exactly. You just put that in perspective and know it's just a game. Win or lose, it's a game. Yeah, you want to win, so you play as hard as you can and try to win, but if you lose, you know when you look in the mirror that you gave the effort.

PLAYBOY: Was basketball always an escape for you?

IVERSON: Growing up was hard, man. We had busted plumbing, so there was sewage shit floating around our floors. Sometimes we had no lights, because it was a question of food or the light bill, and my mom wasn't about to let us go hungry. So I'd hit the playground morning, noon and night.

PLAYBOY: What about now? Your friend Rah was murdered in October, just after you had elbow surgery. Did not being able to play make that tougher to deal with?

IVERSON: That was the hardest thing. I couldn't even get on the court to try to take my mind off it for a couple of hours. It just stayed on my mind, and it still does, except when I'm on the court. I think about the good times we had, the things we went through. Most of all, I keep telling myself that he did his job with helping somebody—me. He helped me so much just by being a real friend and always telling me when he thought I was wrong. When he thought I was right, he stuck up for me. And I needed that in a friend, instead of a bunch of people telling me everything I want to hear. That's not going to help. But losing Rah has helped me realize a lot of other things that I wouldn't have paid attention to, so I use that as a positive.

PLAYBOY: What other things?

IVERSON: A lot of things dealing with my life and how I live. How I go through life. The responsibility. Rah had three kids, you know? And now I have to take care of those kids. So when I leave this place and God calls me, I want my wife and my kids and my mother and my sisters to be taken care of. I want there to be enough there for all those kids to go to college and do something with their lives. That's what I'm concentrating on every day. How to be the best father, best husband, best teammate, best son, best cousin, best brother I can.

PLAYBOY: You really looked up to Rah as a rapper, didn't you?

IVERSON: Him and E [Iverson's friend Eric Jackson], they were the best I ever heard. Now it's important for E to do his rap thing, because we know Rah would have wanted him to go ahead. It was hard for me not to do the rap thing, because I know how much Rah wanted it. We used to talk about it when we were younger, how if one of us got the opportunity to get enough money, we'd start our own record company. So once I could do it for them, I didn't want them going out there in the music world and getting jerked around. I was like, "Let's do this ourselves." But once I had a deal

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and everything went down, the controversy was just too much. People took it the wrong way. It's like when you see Bruce Willis or Samuel L. Jackson in a movie and they got guns and they're shooting people. It's just an art form. I'm not that guy rapping. I'm just talking smack. It's like a movie. You know Bruce Willis don't do the things he do in the movies, right? It's just a movie. Everyone took it all out of proportion and I got so much flak about it, and I don't think I would have if I wasn't a basketball player.

PLAYBOY: Your raps were tame compared with, say, Eminem's.

IVERSON: I don't knock Eminem. I mean, he's trying to feed himself and his family and he's expressing himself. You don't know what that guy's been through in his life, and that's a talent he was given. God gave him that talent. And he's just using it to the best of his ability. I don't think he's out there shooting anybody or provoking violence or anything like that. He's trying to sell records. My hat's off to anybody trying to do something positive with their life instead of being out there getting in trouble. But it was tough not being able to do that rap thing.

PLAYBOY: You can revisit it at some point, though, right?

IVERSON: Nah, I want to leave that chapter in my life because the people in the media took the fun out of it. It used to be fun. I remember doing it when I was in high school, elementary school, just standing on the corner, rapping. Talking trash, you know. I just wanted to give my friends the opportunity to realize their dream. But it didn't fit right with people—all these people were getting a negative vibe from it—so then it didn't fit right with me. I didn't want people drilling into kids' heads that I was some negative bad guy who walks around looking for trouble. So rather than paint that picture of me, I'll leave it alone and won't do it again. I never wanted to do it for money, I just wanted to do it because it was special to me.

PLAYBOY: Actually, your aborted rap CD would not have been the first time you laid down some tracks. You appeared on Mase's *Pay Per View*. By the way, Mase gave up the rap game to become a preacher. Is that conversion for real?

IVERSON: [*Smiling*] Must be, he don't go to titty bars no more.

PLAYBOY: Mase was quite a high school ballplayer in New York, too.

IVERSON: Yeah, he talked that shit. I played against him one time. He was just running his mouth a whole lot. I played him one-on-one for $10,000. I told him we were going to play to 20, I'd give him 19 and the ball five times in a row. Then I was gonna score 20 unanswered. So we started playing, and once I stopped him

five times in a row, he started beating me up, fouling me every time. I tied it at 19 and he knew he was in trouble, because I shot a jumper and missed and he grabbed the rebound and put it back in. He didn't take it back or nothing. And then he ran off the court, jumping around like he won. Hell if I was about to pay him [*laughing*].

PLAYBOY: Rappers like Master P, Dr. Dre and Puffy are not only the product, they're also the entrepreneur behind the product. A couple of years ago you fired David Falk as your agent, saying you "felt like the prey." Was that act influenced by the examples of hip-hoppers who were calling the shots in their own careers?

IVERSON: Definitely—I just wanted to be in charge of my own shit. I didn't need an agent anymore, with the new NBA rules and everything. I felt all I needed was a lawyer. I would never say anything bad about David Falk, I would never assassinate his character. Anything we went through was because I put myself in that predicament. I was young and came out of college early into a world of hyenas. I didn't know as much about the business as I know now, or as much as I will know, but I'm learning. I always played like a professional on the basketball court, but I didn't handle myself like a professional. And I'm not going to be tough on myself and feel like I should have been able to do that. I was so young. I had to learn, and I'm happy with my progress and where I'm at right now as a person.

PLAYBOY: We were talking earlier about your struggles growing up. Is it true that when you were 16, eight of your friends were murdered?

IVERSON: Yeah, that was the summer I met Rah. I mean, they were guys in the neighborhood. I call them friends, because I saw them every day. I had dealings with them, at the playground, whatever. It was wild, that summer. Tony Clark was one of them. He was my best friend. He was a real cool guy, about six years older than me, who looked out for me on the streets. He taught me a lot of things about how to survive. And his girlfriend killed him. Stabbed him.

There were a lot of other guys dying that summer in the neighborhood. So my mom said once the school season started, she didn't want me back out in that part of Newport News. My father was living out there. So that's why I was out there, staying with him. She got herself back on her feet and I went and stayed with Gary Moore, who was my football coach when I was a kid. Now he's my personal assistant.

PLAYBOY: Were you scared growing up in that environment?

IVERSON: It was just life, man. You didn't have time to be scared. It's hard to think when you're scared. I'd rather be smart. I've never been scared of anything, being where I'm from, the things I've seen and been through.

PLAYBOY: So that's why there's no pressure in a basketball game?

IVERSON: After all the shit I've seen, you think I'll feel pressure from a game? Seeing how life can end at any second makes me play so hard. I know to play every play like it's my last. Who knows if you'll be around for the next play—you know what I'm saying?

PLAYBOY: You once said God was with you in that jail cell and that you always had faith you'd get out and get back on the road to realizing your hoops dream. Where did you get that faith?

IVERSON: It comes from my grandmom and my mom. They were churchgoing people. Even now, before games, my mom sprinkles holy water on my face and blesses me. They helped me realize it was all because of God that anything positive was happening to me. And the negative things as well. But I never thought He'd put anything on me I couldn't handle. I always just trust in Him and believe in Him. I know there's somebody that wakes me up every morning, I know there's somebody that gave me this talent. A lot of guys around here play basketball, but none of them play it at this level and none of them get a chance to see what I've seen in my life. That's what makes me feel good about the friendship I had with Rah. He saw things he might have never seen, he been to places and he experienced things. I know he had fun, because he was a happy-go-lucky guy. And in one night, all that ended. But I know I'll see him again. We'll have fun like we always had. I just miss laughing with him. I even miss arguing with him, and me and him used to argue damn near every day. That's because we cared about each other.

PLAYBOY: Michael Jordan was cut from his high school team. Julius Erving once said that the first time he picked up a basketball he "couldn't play worth a lick." Was it the same for you, or were you a prodigy from day one?

IVERSON: I remember coming home one day when I was eight years old, and my mom said, "Get ready, you going to basketball practice." And I said, "What? Basketball?" I was crying, saying, "I don't want to play basketball. Basketball's for punks. I don't play basketball, I'm a football player." And she was like, "Well, you're getting out of here and you're going to practice." Man, I cried all the way out the door. And then when I got there, I seen so many people from my football team. I caught on fast, just watching other guys. I seen what a layup was, what a jumper was. And, man, ever since that day, I've been playing basketball. I fell in love with it. Every team I played on, I was the best player, from that day on.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain that?

IVERSON: That's God, man—there's no question about it. And I was strictly a football player before that day. I thought

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basketball was soft.

PLAYBOY: Do you still think that?

IVERSON: Hell, no! [*Laughs*] Hell, no. Look at me, man [*pointing to bulky wrap around his surgically repaired elbow*].

PLAYBOY: Jordan is like a craftsman, known for his work ethic. But your talent seems more creatively inspired. Do you consider yourself more of an artist than a laborer?

IVERSON: Yeah, I'm always creating something. If I'm not creating on the court, I'm coming up with lyrics or I'm drawing cartoons. I'm a caricaturist. I draw and draw and draw, so when my basketball career is over I'll have all this artwork and I'll do something with it. I spend a lot of my time drawing caricatures of my teammates and my family. See, when I play my last game, that's it, I'm done. There will be no comebacks for me. If my daughter or son want to play the game, I'll help them out. After I leave the game, that's when I'm going to concentrate on developing myself as an artist.

PLAYBOY: What's life like at the Iverson household these days?

IVERSON: Man, I got the greatest household. I got the greatest wife, Tawanna. I love her. She's helped me so much, more than you can imagine. Just helping me become the person I am—and the player. Being there for me all the time. She's a great mother, she's a great wife. Words can't even explain how I feel about her. I've been with her 10 years. I met her in high school, 10th grade.

PLAYBOY: What's a typical night like?

IVERSON: Just watching VCR movies.

PLAYBOY: Kids climbing all over you?

IVERSON: Nah, it's, "Y'all gotta get out of here. Go in your own room, we're watching a movie right now." I ain't going to lie to you, there's a whole lot of noise in my house. All these kids do is run around, make noise, tear up the house. Tiaura puts Tawanna through hell when I'm not around. I don't even have to say nothing to her. I just look at her—she knows the look I give her, the "you better calm your ass down" look. But that's the best part of this life, my wife and kids. Like right now, I'm on a long road trip, eight days. To go back home to my family makes me feel good, regardless. If we're playing out in Los Angeles and lose, we have to take that long flight back to Philly, but once you get there, it's all over. You don't even think about the game no more. The game is secondary.

PLAYBOY: As recently as the summer of 2000, it looked like you and coach Larry Brown couldn't co-exist. Your team tried to trade you. In fact, they did, but your then-teammate Matt Geiger nixed the deal by refusing to waive some contract provisions. How did that affect you?

IVERSON: That was a tough learning experience. It showed that people on teams always talk about being family, but this is really a business and they can give up on you. I been through hell in this organization, coming from winning only 22 games, then 31 games, and the way the media treated me and my friends at first. And then gradually I became better and better, and we started to win. I felt, after all that, this was how I was going to be treated? You gonna send me to a worse situation than this one? I'm winning now, and now you're sending me to a loser? I felt bad about that, but I had to look at myself, too. That was the maturing I had done, understanding that many of the things that were going on I had a lot of control over. And I wasn't doing my part.

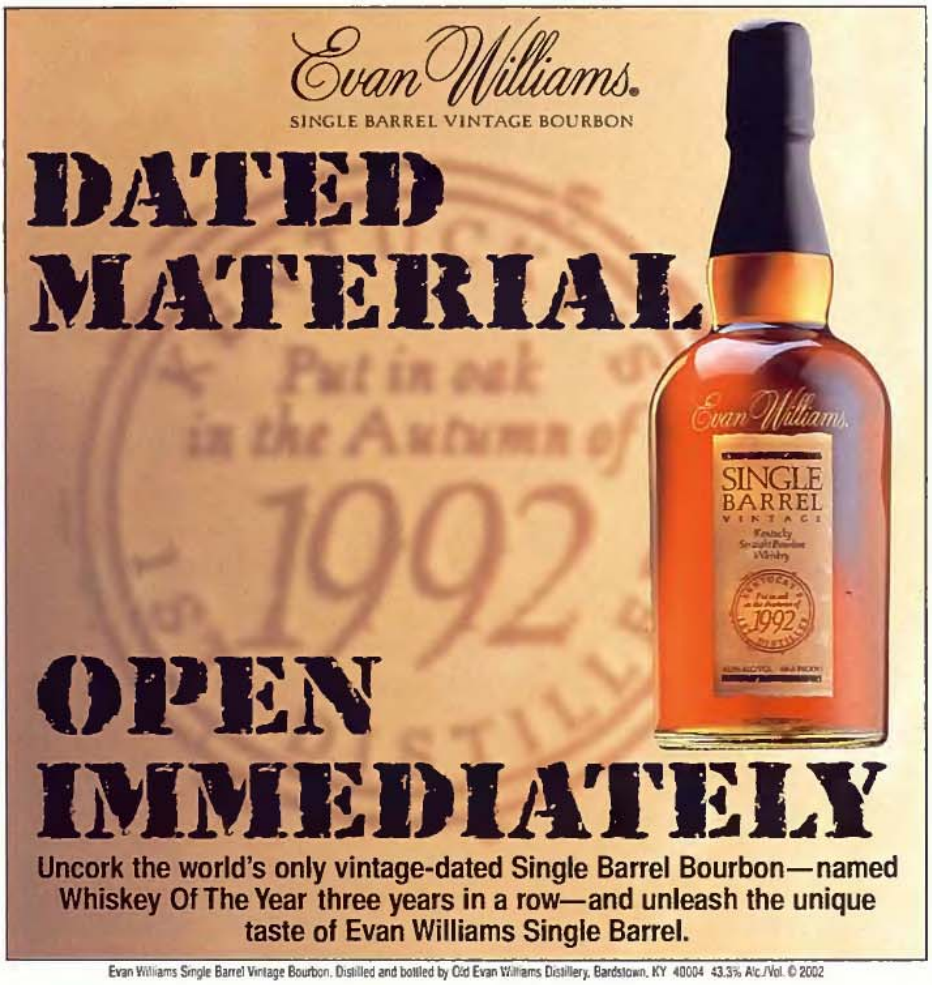
PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

IVERSON: I had to make some changes, but that didn't mean I had to sell out who I am—basically, I just had to get to practice on time. That was the big problem. You never could question anything about my basketball skills. But Coach and myself, we just didn't communicate. We would have a meeting and we would talk and it would be like, "OK, all right, cool." And then the shit would keep on happening. We didn't try to understand each other.

I knew he wanted to win and I knew he knew I wanted to win, but we didn't try to build that best-player-and-best-coach-in-the-world relationship, like Magic had with Pat Riley and Michael had with Phil Jackson. Now I tell him that's the kind of relationship I want with him. Now I look at him and I know he's the best coach in the world. I watch things other coaches do and I've been in wars with this guy and this guy's taken us from the bottom to the top. I know what type of guy he is.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, did you think you'd ever get so close to a 61-year-old Jewish white man?

IVERSON: Aw, man, you kidding? I understand him so much now. I know who he is and vice versa. I don't have nothing to hide from him and he don't have nothing to hide from me. We can talk to each other now. Before, it was like he'd talk to me and I could just tell that he thought I was like, "Man, get out of my face," when I was really paying attention to him. He'd be like, "Why are you looking like that?" I'd be like, "What are you talking about? I'm listening to you. I'm right here with you. I don't want to fight you today." We just had to get to know each other on a better level. Once that happened, the sky was the limit. Honestly, I got a lot of respect for the guy. I love that guy. I love who he is and what he stands for. I can't believe we used to bump heads like we did, but if it got us to where we're at right now, I'm glad we went through all of it.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PLAYBOY: We want to ask you about your game. How do you do it?

IVERSON: [*Pounds chest*] This is all I got. All heart.

PLAYBOY: How do you not get your shot blocked? You're barely six feet tall.

IVERSON: I know how short I am. And I know when I go up against a guy, I have to put it up higher than a regular-sized guy. But I try not to think about what I do out there. I just do it, you know what I'm saying?

PLAYBOY: After all you've been through, do you have a tough time trusting people?

IVERSON: It's hard, man. I don't trust too many people. Just from experience, from going through different things. Just from getting my heart broken. Like different reporters. I'm looking at you and I'm thinking, Here's the coolest reporter in the world. Because you seem that way. You're not talking about the same thing, you've got different questions. It's interesting to me. And then the next day, the article comes out and it's a bunch of bullshit. I just look at it like everybody's trying to make some money, everybody has to try and sell—and negativity sells. It was tough, seeing that a guy would sit down and talk to me and we'd have a great talk, and then the article would be terrible.

And you know, guys come around because they want to hang out with me and just be around me, or they got their eye out for whatever being around me can bring. It's tough. I'd rather just be around the people I know love me and I care about and try and keep it like that. As far as everybody else, wassup, wassup—you know?

PLAYBOY: Do you sense that a lot of the people who say they care about you wouldn't if you weren't a ballplayer?

IVERSON: That's just real life, man. This lifestyle is so unbelievably hard. People think it's all peaches and cream, but it's not. It's not fair when you can't go to a restaurant with your kids and eat without being bothered. It's not right for people to chase your car down, trying to get an autograph.

PLAYBOY: And unlike a lot of other guys, you don't seem that into the whole celebrity thing. You don't do a lot of endorsements, for example. Is it just that you'd rather play ball, hang out with your friends and be left alone?

IVERSON: Yeah, that's all I ever wanted to do, just hang out. But that part of my life has disappeared, because you see where it's headed. A lot of times, I'll go out, and at the end of the night somebody will be fighting, somebody can get shot.

PLAYBOY: Is this what you meant when you said you've learned some things from Rah's death? That going out can get dangerous?

IVERSON: Yeah, and I'm not even talking

about myself getting in fights, or whatever. I'm talking about just being around my peers. It's getting old, going out and all that. I'd rather be in a room with my teammates, playing cards. Or at home with my wife, watching a movie. This life is so hard, and I never knew it was going to be. Everybody is watching every move you make. As soon as you make that one mistake, *boom!* People look at you like you ain't even human, like you need to be caged up or something. In actuality it's a mistake you've probably made a dozen times, or someone in your family has probably made. But you don't hear about those people making mistakes. You just hear about us. The media talk so good about us, and then once they get a chance to talk bad about us, that's when they take those shots.

I always think God is going to look out for me, but I also think he's going to look out for the people who throw dirt. I don't wish nothing bad on anybody at all. I ain't never been a guy to assassinate anybody's character. How can I feel bad about somebody doing it to me if I run around doing the same thing? I'd rather die the way I am, like this, being true to people. I don't want to go around assassinating people's character, because then I'm the media.

PLAYBOY: For your MVP press conference, you wore a black T-shirt that said NEWPORT NEWS HOOD CHECK and listed on the back the toughest neighborhoods from back home. You said you wanted the guys back there to see you were thinking of them. How important is it to you to represent your hometown?

IVERSON: It's everything, man. I like paying props to where I come from. I ain't going to forget where I came from. I dress like the people of my time. I'm a skinny guy, so I like baggy clothes. And I like Timberlands. I like jewelry. That's what helps kids, where I'm from and from all over the world. They see that I'm older than them, but I'm just like them. I come from where they come from. I'm living proof that you can do something positive with your life. Whatever you want to be, anything. You want to be a doctor? A lawyer? An athlete? You can do anything you want to do. But it's gonna take something. You have to give something to get something.

People always used to tell Gary Moore, "Man, AI's got it easy." And he always used to tell them, "Do you know that guy has to wake up every morning and run up and down that court for three hours? You think that's easy?" Yeah, I love to play basketball, but I don't like getting up every morning and running around and going to this place and that place. I mean, I don't want to do that all the time. But I do have a job. My job is hard because I have to be focused and play as hard as I can, with the whole world watching me.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us: You've been walking around singing that Tupac Shakur song, *All Eyez on Me*.

IVERSON: Yeah, it's always like that, all eyes on me. But I accept it and I know who I am and I know God put me on this earth to do something special—and I'm not talking about playing basketball. I'm going to do something special that will help a lot of people. I want to build a hospital. I told my mom when I was little, that's what I wanted to do. A hospital for my people. If not that, I'll do something to help young inner-city kids—and that's besides the softball charity game I do back home. I want to do something to help other people not as fortunate as I am.

PLAYBOY: Yet, whenever you have done something charitable, you've always insisted it not be publicized. Why?

IVERSON: I'm not shouting, trying to show people I do things with kids. I'd be happy if every time I went to a hospital to visit the kids, there'd be no media there. It makes it look like the only reason I'm doing this is for the media. Me and my teammates care about kids, seeing sick kids who will probably never be able to come to a ball game. But I don't need media attention for that. I don't think it's fair to go see a sick kid and then the kid has to look into the cameras and have that whole circus around him.

I know God put me on this earth to do something special—and I'm not talking about playing basketball.

PLAYBOY: You are always telling kids, "Be strong." What message are you trying to get across to them?

IVERSON: To fight, man. This life is hard, and you just have to fight for everything. That's what I did. I even got incarcerated. Then I got out of jail and kept fighting. I was able to get back to where I wanted to be. And I was incarcerated for something I didn't do. I could have easily been bitter and stayed out of Hampton and never did anything for that community. But I didn't. I was the bigger man in that situation, and it meant something to me to do that. For what y'all did to me, I'm coming right back to the same place and I'm going to raise some money for the boys' and girls' clubs. I'm going to do something for these kids and this community, whether you like it or not.

PLAYBOY: [Former Georgetown] Coach John Thompson said that he never once heard you complain about your time in prison. By all accounts, you were a victim. How was it that you didn't act like one, that you didn't complain?

IVERSON: Complain for what? The minister at Rah's funeral said to look at your life as a book and stop wasting pages complaining, worrying and gossiping. That's some deep shit right there.

PLAYBOY: But you knew this at 17?

IVERSON: Man, I knew how to survive, that's it. I had a whole lot of faults, and I did some things wrong, but I tried to never make the same mistake twice. And I just tried to get better. Man, I'm human. That's what makes me feel good about myself. I realize that I'm not any better than you. It's hard enough, man. There are people flying into buildings. That right there shows you how hard it is in this life. Them innocent people that died. I'm not going to complain about anything.

PLAYBOY: Where were you on the morning of September 11?

IVERSON: I was in bed, in my house in Philly. And my wife came in and said, "I cannot believe what just happened." We turned the TV on and I got up and went, "Oh, my God." I just had this empty feeling, man. It was a bad feeling. For something like that to happen, that means anything can happen. All those innocent people who woke up that morning just like me and went to work like any other day, for them to just die like that? I didn't know anybody in there, but it hurt so bad thinking about those people's families. After I seen both buildings go down, I couldn't watch it anymore. It was so sad, man. And now that this has happened with my man Rah, I really know how those families feel. You know, because it's just like that [*snaps fingers*], and you never see him again. It's crazy, man. I cherish life, I'm just glad to be alive. I don't want no negative pictures painted about me, because my kids are getting to the age where they hear stuff like that. So I'm thrilled about the way people look at me now. I just wish they would have looked at me like that all along.

It's because of the winning, but all you have to do is listen to somebody. If you're a smart person, you can tell if somebody is sincere. I just let my actions do the talking. Watch me on the court, and you tell me if that guy is good or bad. I think you can tell who I am. I think you can tell I'm trying to get better as a person, that I'm trying to be better as a person than I am as a basketball player. Believe that. Because I want to go to heaven. When I die, I want to go see Rah, man. I know he's in heaven, and before I die I want to know that's where I'm going. I don't want to have to guess. I want to know that's where I'm going.

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hijacked jets destroy twin towers and hit pentagon in day of terror

Germany, Under New Antiterrorist Law, Bans a Radical Muslim Group

SLEEPERS

the german connection

Buildings Burn and Fall as Onlookers Search for Elusive Safety

Exact Punishment for Evil

BY YARON SVORAY

IT WAS EASY FOR TERRORISTS TO AVOID OFFICIAL SCRUTINY BEFORE LAST SEPTEMBER'S ATTACKS. IT STILL IS. AN INSIDE REPORT

I'm an Israeli Jew, an army paratrooper veteran of the 1973 Yom Kippur war and other combat. For three years in the late Seventies and early Eighties, I was a detective in Israel's equivalent of the FBI. Mani (his real name doesn't matter) is an Arab, born in Morocco in 1975, who moved to Germany with his family when he was four. He is, among many other things, a devout Muslim. His family and I have been good friends for some time, and Mani and I trust each other despite the gulf between our backgrounds. It's not complicated. When I was a cop, I helped one of Mani's relatives, an Arab Israeli who had been framed and was in serious trouble. The man and I became friends. He told Mani he could trust me—and told me I could trust Mani. I knew Mani was doing well enough in the Ruhr town of Leverkusen to support his mother and to set up his brother in the restaurant business. Beyond "entrepreneur," however, I was not sure how to

president bush vows to exact punishment for evildoers

ground units deployed, joining bombers and supporting planes

WTC pilot al-Shehhi's German language ID; R&R; Atta, whose Hamburg cell juggled mosques with mugs; vacationing with sister.

describe his occupation. When I talked to him a few weeks after September 11, he told me about his latest project. He had managed to obtain 1000 T-shirts cheap and planned to adorn them with an image of Osama bin Laden. He said he planned to export the shirts to Morocco and other Arab countries. Some of his friends in Germany were eager to wear them, Mani told me, but to do so would be dangerous, for obvious reasons.

I knew from the media that the Muslim community in Germany—past and present—was a major focus of the terror investigation. (See "Following the Leads," page 68.) I recalled that at least one of the hijackers, Mohamed Atta, had been a regular at a gym in Germany and that he liked action movies. Ditto for Mani. I was confident, however, that Mani's similarities to a terrorist hijacker ended there.

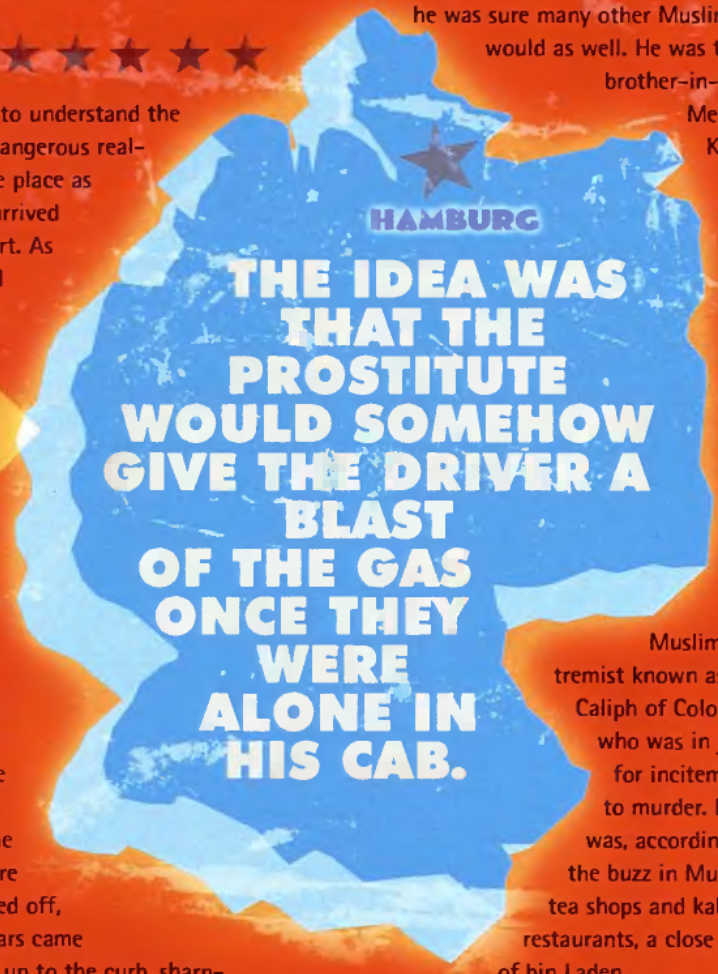
But why was Germany so prominent in the unfolding terror story, I wondered. Why had the three hijackers (and perhaps accomplices, still at large) chosen Germany as a base? Would it be difficult for police and intelligence services to penetrate the terrorist underground, which, while surely a minority, lived within a sprawling, 3 million-strong Muslim community? What were Muslims in Germany thinking and doing in the wake of the events of September 11?

HE OPENED THE TOWEL AND HANDED THE MAN A GLOCK WITH THE MAGAZINE IN PLACE.

I decided to go to Germany to see whether Mani could help me answer these questions.

★★★★★★★

I began to understand the new and dangerous realities of the place as soon as I arrived in Frankfurt. As Mani and I hurried out of the airport, German police and television crews were racing in. Parts of the airport were being sealed off, armored cars came screaming up to the curb, sharpshooters were running toward spots on the roof. Mani's car radio reported the basic facts: A Turkish student named Harun Aydin had been arrested as he was about to board a flight for Tehran. In his luggage, according to the early reports, were terror manuals (whatever those are), unspecified materials that might be involved in the manufacture of detonators, a chemical-biological warfare protective suit and, as if it were further incriminating evidence, a Koran.



Mani recognized the man's name, and he was sure many other Muslims would as well. He was the brother-in-law of Metin Kaplan, a Muslim extremist known as the Caliph of Cologne, who was in jail for incitement to murder. He was, according to the buzz in Muslim tea shops and kabob restaurants, a close ally of bin Laden.

"Let's go see where he lives," Mani said. We drove from Frankfurt to Cologne, a trip of several hours even on the autobahn. We reached a quiet residential neighborhood where everyone we saw was Muslim. A few women in traditional headdress hurried along with packages, and young men, like Mani, in fashionable Western (text continued on page 140)

the president vows a clear message: i will not relent

Osama bin Laden acknowledges role in planning of 9/11 attacks

Foreigners in Germany: 7.35 million

Following The Leads

forget the desert. germany is the staging area for islamist terror

Soon after September 11, a steady stream of material in American and European newspapers pointed to Germany. Mohamed Atta, the Egyptian who flew the plane into the World Trade Center's north tower, had studied since 1992 at the Technical University in Harburg, a suburb of Hamburg. Marwan al-Shehhi, from the United Arab Emirates and pilot of the plane that hit the south tower, and Ziad Samir Jarrah, a Lebanese national who took part in the hijacking of the plane that crashed in Pennsylvania, also studied at the university in Harburg.

Arrest warrants were issued for more fugitives in Germany with connections to the Hamburg terrorist cell. Some 26,000 wanted posters went up around the country. Among the suspects sought was Ramzi Binalshibh, who was named in the December indictment of the so-called 20th hijacker, Zacarias Moussaoui. The continuing court proceedings against Islamic radical Metin Kaplan, the "Caliph of Cologne," began to take on new significance. When a German antiterrorism bill was discussed, a proponent said being able to deport Kaplan would be a test of the bill. And when the bill came into effect in early December, among the first actions were nationwide raids on followers of the Caliphate, including arrests and seizures.

Slowly, other details emerged. The "Dresdner Morgenpost" snggested bin Laden had helpers in Saxony who were still at large. The "Hamburger Abendblatt" said Atta had founded an Islamic student union. "The New York Times" later reported that German police suspected the union served as a front for terror meetings—prior to the antiterror bill, religious organizations were shielded from a legal ban on hate speech. Italian authorities turned over tapes of phone conversations implicating figures in Munich and Milan. Lased bin Heni, a Libyan thought to have trained with bin Laden in Afghanistan, was arrested in front of his Munich apartment. An Egyptian doctor in Bavaria, Adly el-Attar, came under scrutiny as a possible link in the investigation. Attar had a practice in Neu-Ulm that was virtually never open, and he spent most of his time shuttling back and forth to Sudan. He is also a known associate of Mamdouh Mahmud Salim, an alleged financier for bin Laden who is awaiting trial in the U.S. for his role in the embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania in 1998. Reports had Atta taking a cab from a meeting with Attar in Munich all the way back to Hamburg in the middle of the night—Atta paid the $700 cab fare in cash. (Attar has denied ever meeting any of the hijackers.) Also, early last August, Binalshibh wired two large money transfers to Moussaoui from rail stations in Hamburg and Dusseldorf.

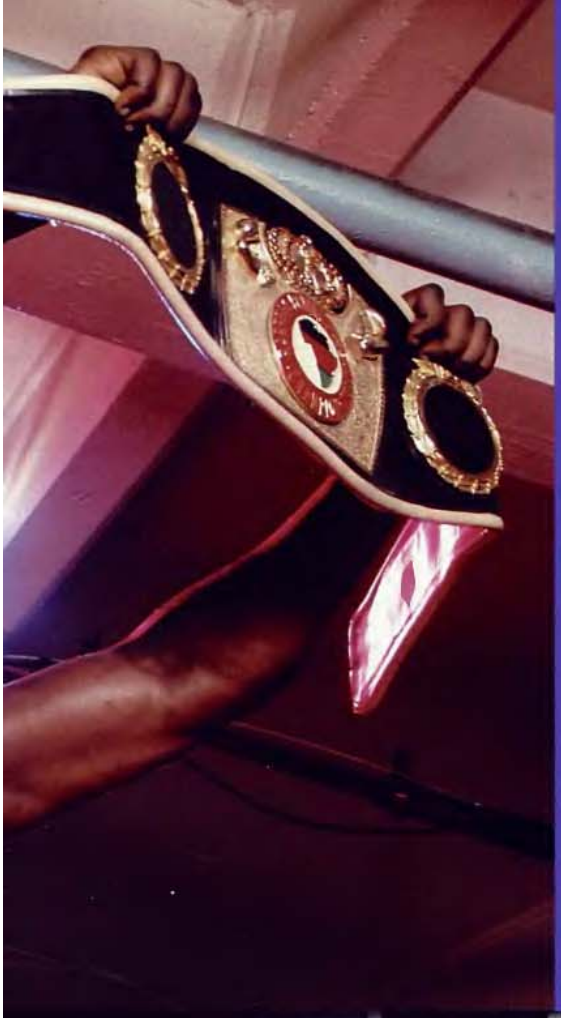
—TIMOTHY MOHR

Muslims in Germany: 3 million

"I'm here to continue my father's work."

Lady of the Rings!

fight announcer amy hayes is boxing's undisputed knockout



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO

Amy Hayes doesn't pull any punches as the best female ring announcer in boxing. "I remember being 17 and working as a ring-card girl in Detroit," she says. "I looked at the ring announcer and thought, I want to be that. Screw carrying this card around!" The 28-year-old athlete worked as a Hawaiian Tropic girl and modeled for 10 years while breaking into broadcasting. "My father did talk radio in Detroit," she says. "When I was little, we would pretend we were doing the nightly news together. Now I live with my parents in Lexington, Kentucky." The self-proclaimed new Mouth From the South has announced fights on ESPN and Showtime. "I want to be the first woman to announce a major title fight," she says. Her favorite boxer is Shane Mosley, but the person she'd like to KO is announcer Michael Buffer. "One time before a fight he threatened to walk if I went out there," she says. "I know he's the best, and I was nervous. I think he felt the heat, knowing that a young woman could actually go up there and carry off the announcing duties without it being a joke." Although Amy's career is gearing up with new radio projects, sportswriting and her 2002 calendar, moving to Lexington has helped her get back to her roots. "Basketball is like religion here," she says. "I'm dating a former University of Kentucky basketball player and we're a great match—we play hoops all the time. If he gets serious on me, he has to buy me a horse. I have dogs and cats, and I've persuaded my dad to let me get a goat. I'll name him Cassius Clay."

Six New York City firefighters popped in to see Amy pose for this photo session at Gleason's Gym in Brooklyn. Three of them died doing rescue work on September 11. "I'm auctioning my wardrobe from this shoot to benefit their families," she says.

Amy recently started training with a former Golden Gloves fighter. "Female boxing is a great competitive sport," she says. "I was scrappy and intense when I was younger, and I wish someone had taken me under his wing and taught me the discipline," she says. "I practice by hitting the bags and doing combinations in the ring. My best move is a left hook."

THERE ARE MORE KNOCKOUT PHOTOS OF AMY AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

SUM SEEKS SEX

By Rob Tannenbaum In one regard, at least, I'm probably a lot like you: I'm usually happy to come across photos of beautiful, naked lesbians. On this particular evening, however, while surfing the web, beautiful, naked lesbians are a distraction. Now, I have a lot in common with lesbians. For instance, we both really like to have sex with women. I have a good idea what lesbians like to do and why, because I like it, too. Sometimes I'm not in the mood to eat ice cream, or to be nice to strangers, but I can usually make time for beautiful, naked lesbians.

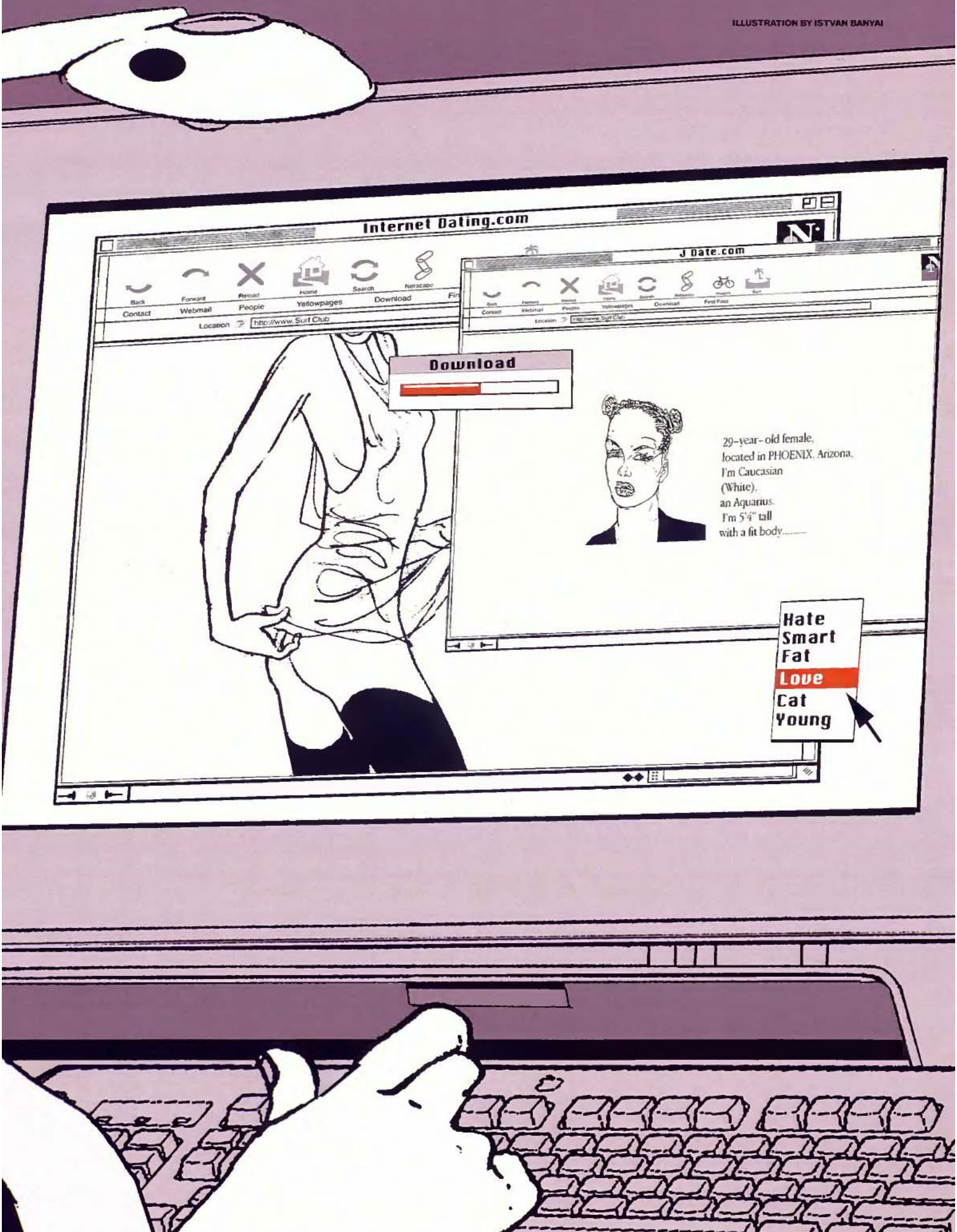
But tonight—and this is unusual for my web use—I'm not scouting for porn. I'm looking for a beautiful, smart, heterosexual woman who is single, lives in or at least near New York, and might want to date me. Last spring, my good friend Sean, a tall, exuberant songwriter, joined two online dating services. He regularly went on three dates a day, scheduling them like errands or job interviews, while I mocked him for his desperate antics. Then I saw the girlfriend he'd met online, a rosy young opera singer who looks like an ingenue from a Chekhov story. Suddenly, desperation didn't seem so awful.

And in a way, I am desperate. In a few months I'll turn 40, and though I haven't lost any hair or gained any weight, and strangers often think I'm at least 10 years younger, the change in age is a problem. Women look at bachelors over 40 the way men regard nuns: lost causes. I've had long relationships, as long as four and a half years. I've had short relationships, as short as, well, one night. But I'm still single and still trying to find someone to love.

In New York, where three out of every four people are single, that should be as easy as hailing a cab. According to the latest census, there are 113.7 women to every 100 men in New York. And when you factor in a disproportionate number of gay men, there are likely five straight women for every four straight men. This is the greatest North American city to live in if you like beautiful, smart, stylish women whose breasts aren't elevated by silicone, a

GO TO ONLINE DATING SERVICES. FIND EVERYTHING BUT LOVE

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI



distinction that rules out LA and Miami.

Yet, for New Yorkers, relationships lag in priority behind work, exercise, shopping, reading the newspaper and learning Swedish. A local dermatologist recently spent $3000 on a magazine ad to search for a wife and offered a $200,000 bounty for the right match. Though he was reportedly deluged with offers, he remains single, maybe because he still lives with his 91-year-old mom. If a rich doctor can't hook up, what are my odds?

My search begins at Love on the Web (loveontheweb.net), which, thanks to loose standards, is one of the few sites where you can see nude pictures for free. After a few visits, I notice a puzzling disparity: The straight women are plain, and the lesbians are gorgeous. In my experience, lesbians usually look like the Indigo Girls. So I'm suspicious, not only of the photos but also of the bios posted by Gabriela (future plans: "eat pussy the rest of my life"), Sweetlove (the first thing people notice about her: "my sweet ass") and Monique71 ("I love to be raped"). Women don't talk like this—not even lesbians. The only people who talk like this are men who go online pretending to be lesbians to solicit nude photos of other lesbians, who may or may not also be guys. I suspect that many of the Love on the Web ads are frauds. And yet, I still write to Tori, a bisexual securities analyst who loves to give head and posts two close-up photos of her sweet ass. Until she writes back, I won't believe she exists.

When discouragement visits, I usually call a friend for consolation. Well, first I drink a large glass of bourbon, then I call a friend. In this case, I phone Sean, who'd prospered online. He advises me to persevere and says he got responses from only about 10 percent of the 140 women he contacted. The ratio seems pitifully low, and I'm confident my percentage will be higher. He also advises skepticism. "Read the ads carefully, especially how they describe their body type. Anything other than 'thin' is a warning. 'Athletic' means 'fat.' 'Shapely' means 'fat.' If they don't mention an age, they're 45."

So I sign up for JDate (jdate.com), a Jewish singles network founded in 1997 that claims 200,000 members. As I submit a photo to run alongside my bio, I decide to distinguish myself with sarcasm:

ME: Age—39 but looks 29. Freelance writer, which is not a euphemism for "unemployed" or "indigent," thanks. Ivy League grad (one of the eight real Ivys, not a fake one). A medically certified 5'10". Fit (my best time for a half marathon is 1:42:02). Things I like more than most people do: running, reading, blue cheese, any record by Brian Eno, tennis, my friends. Things I like less than most people do: *Friends*, *Seinfeld*, or nearly any other TV sitcom, inarticulateness, littering and pleated pants.

YOU: Sherilyn Fenn with a master's in semiotics. Failing that: funny, patient, kind, smart, beautiful, sexy, adventurous and active, but not meek or passive—docility is for dogs, not women.

I search the JDate database, enter the age range I prefer and a few other parameters, and for the next few hours browse 500 bios. I don't like patchouli, yoga or people who tape *Oprah*, so I devise a few rules. (1) Anyone who uses the term soul mate is disqualified. (2) Anyone who posts a photo with her cat is disqualified. (3) Anyone who uses the word spirituality in a positive way is disqualified. Out of 500 I find 15 who are gorgeous and don't seem inappropriately fond of cats. Taking Sean's advice to keep the introductory e-mails brief, I send each a note that begins, "I found your bio intriguing," and try to elicit a response.

Two hours later, I get a form rejection note from Abby (at various times, I do or do not change identifying details about women, depending entirely on whether or not they pissed me off), a 30-year-old jewelry designer who looks like Christy Turlington: "I read your profile, and I don't think we'd make a good fit." My consolation: She likes New Age music, which is the musical version of the term soul mate. A week later, none of the original 15 has written back. This calls for more bourbon.

To increase my odds, I sign up for two more websites: Match.com (match.com), where "you can date, relate and find your soul mate among the web's largest community of discriminating, eligible singles," and Matchmaker (matchmaker.com), "the most entertaining place to meet new people." I don't want a soul mate. I don't want entertainment. I just want someone to answer my goddamn e-mail.

Earlier this year, Match.com claimed to be registering nearly 11,000 new members every day. Online dating, which was estimated as a billion-dollar business in 1998, is projected to gross $1.5 billion by 2003. But the singles-bar paradigm still applies: The men outnumber the women, constituting anywhere from 51 percent to 70 percent of memberships, depending on which study you believe. (One survey also showed that 63 percent of users have sex with someone they met online, 25 percent lie about their age, marital status or appearance and three percent marry.) So most women sit on a metaphorical bar stool, waiting and choosing the best candidates. For example: In her bio, a Match member who mentions she's a part-time model says she gets up to 100 e-mails a day.

Each site has a different design: Matchmaker is harder to navigate than Match, where each ad has a short headline. A few catch my eye: YES, ALL OF MY BODY PARTS ARE REAL, TRIPLE-X GIRL ("X-citing, X-quisite and X-otic," it turns out), BIKINI WAX ANYONE? and IDRIVE-TOPLESS, who owns a convertible and does look cute, though in one photo she was nuzzling two cats.

Some people post photos, others don't, but each writes a bio that strives to demonstrate intelligence and wit and uniqueness, though everyone ends up sounding blandly identical, a vague synthesis of opposites: "I like the city and the country, Republicans and Democrats, vanilla and chocolate." I read the cheery phrase "I love to laugh" so many times, it makes me want to strangle a kitten.

But there are a few people willing to distinguish their bios with obnoxious candor. "Do you belong to any organizations, clubs, teams or special interest groups?" asks the Matchmaker questionnaire, to which one spendthrift answers Bloomingdale's. "You'll need a strong family upbringing, integrity and financial wealth, too," Krishka writes bluntly. "Extra points if you have a convertible (or chauffeur) for road-tripping." A thin, elegant singer on the site wants to find a lawyer, doctor or musician who is tall and has a full head of hair and a great body. "However, if you are totally horrific-looking yet are insanely nice, fun, friendly and super-rich, we'll see what can develop." Reading bios is like stealing people's diaries. I can spend hours browsing them.

"I am very picky about the men I date," warns Emerald. "You need to be able to change a lightbulb, hang a picture and be handy around the house. I shouldn't have to teach you everything." She doesn't want a boyfriend, she wants a contractor. Thank God she didn't write me back. Others are quite specific: "Must have good teeth and wear decent shoes. Must know who the Smiths and the Cure are." Also: "No liars, cheaters, short or bald men. No on-call doctors. Someone who owns matching sheets, someone I don't have to support." And an actress says this about her ideal date: "For starters, I'd like the man in my life to be straight. If you've spent much time with actresses, you know that request is not as ridiculous as it might seem." Finally, a standard I can live up to.

One Monday morning, I find five messages in my Matchmaker mailbox, each from an older woman. "You truly are adorable. I'm probably too old for

(continued on page 159)

"I had over 1000 hits last month and I don't even have a website."

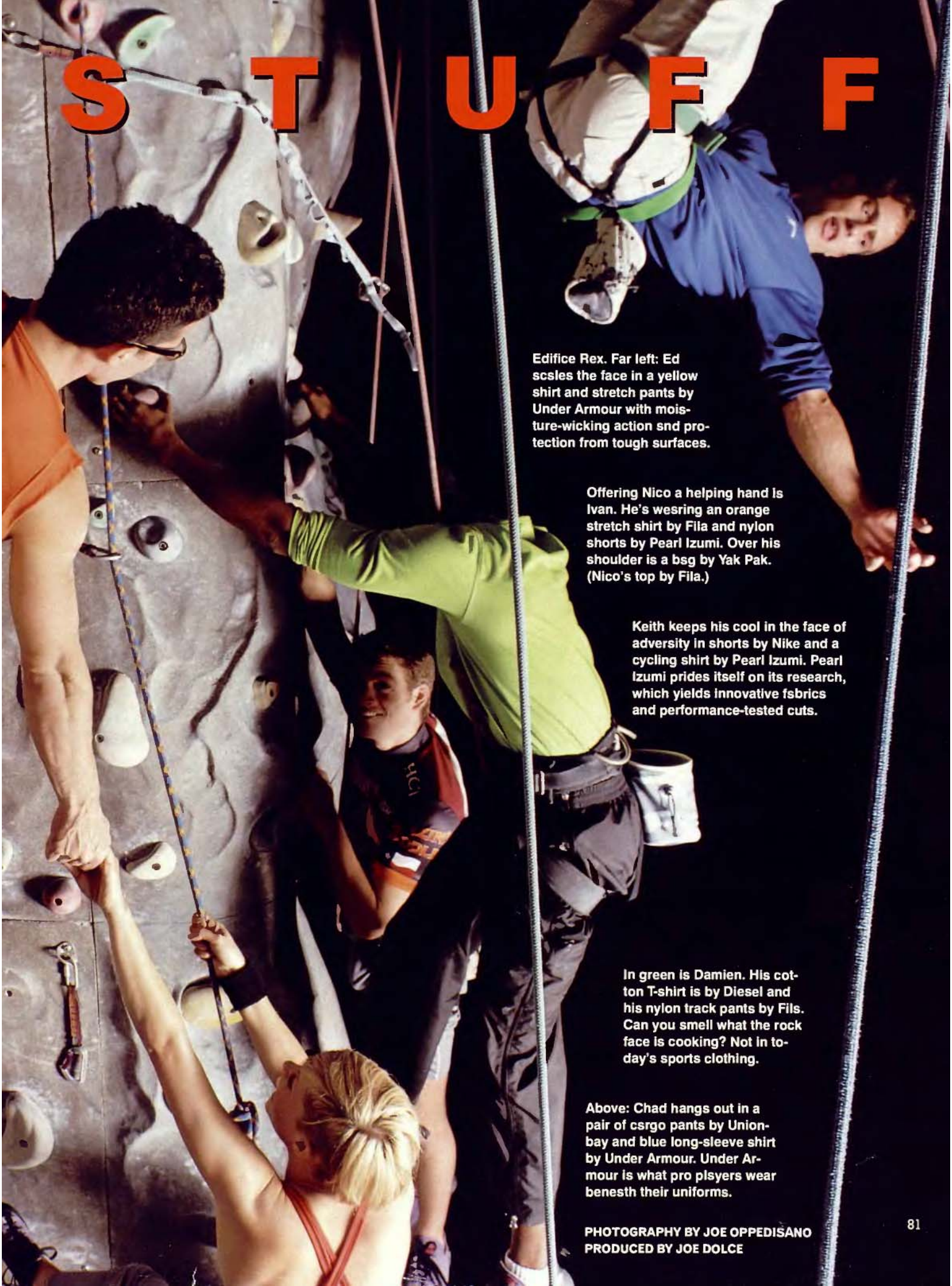
TOUGH

LIFE IS A CONTACT SPORT—GET YOUR CLOSET IN SHAPE

Fashion By JOSEPH DE ACETIS

We live in a sports-crazed world. If you're the type of person who likes to drop out of a helicopter with a snowboard strapped to your feet, you damn well want people to know about your interests. Ditto for guys who buy trucks to get them to deadly rock faces—for a bit of fun. Naturally, athletic clothing has taken on new aesthetic significance, too. Sure, workout wear is tough and plenty flexible for all sorts of motion. But it's as good for hanging out as it is for hanging from a cliff. Comfort and flexibility are the new standards for everyday settings. And when it comes to breaking a sweat, athletic clothing is crucial—like in that pick-up joint called a gym. So clean out your locker and get ready to rock.

STUFF



Edifice Rex. Far left: Ed scsles the face in a yellow shirt and stretch pants by Under Armour with mois-ture-wicking action snd pro-tection from tough surfaces.

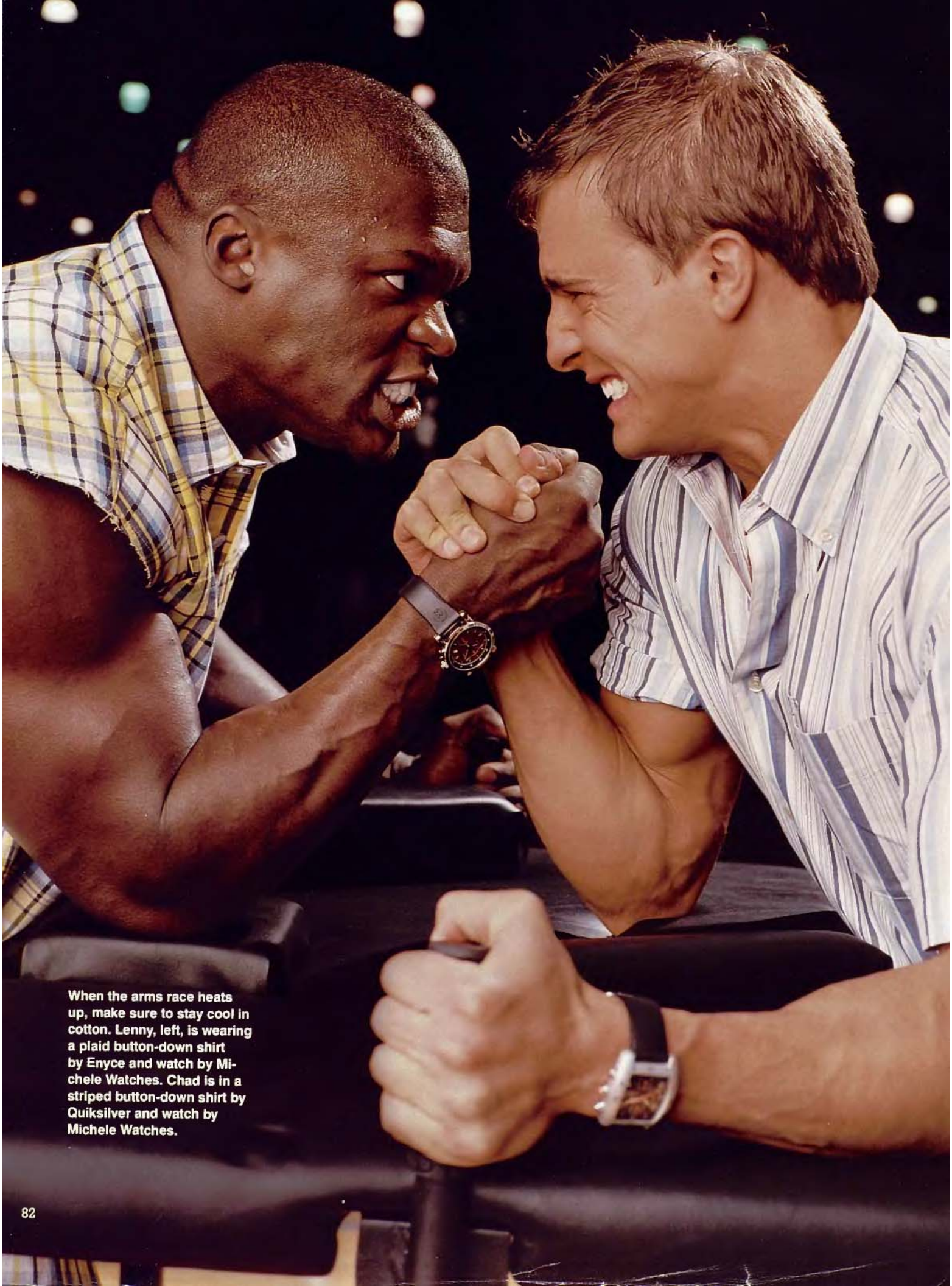
Offering Nico a helping hand Is Ivan. He's wesring an orange stretch shirt by Fila and nylon shorts by Pearl Izumi. Over his shoulder is a bsg by Yak Pak. (Nico's top by Fila.)

Keith keeps his cool in the face of adversity in shorts by Nike and a cycling shirt by Pearl Izumi. Pearl Izumi prides itself on its research, which yields innovative fsbrics and performance-tested cuts.

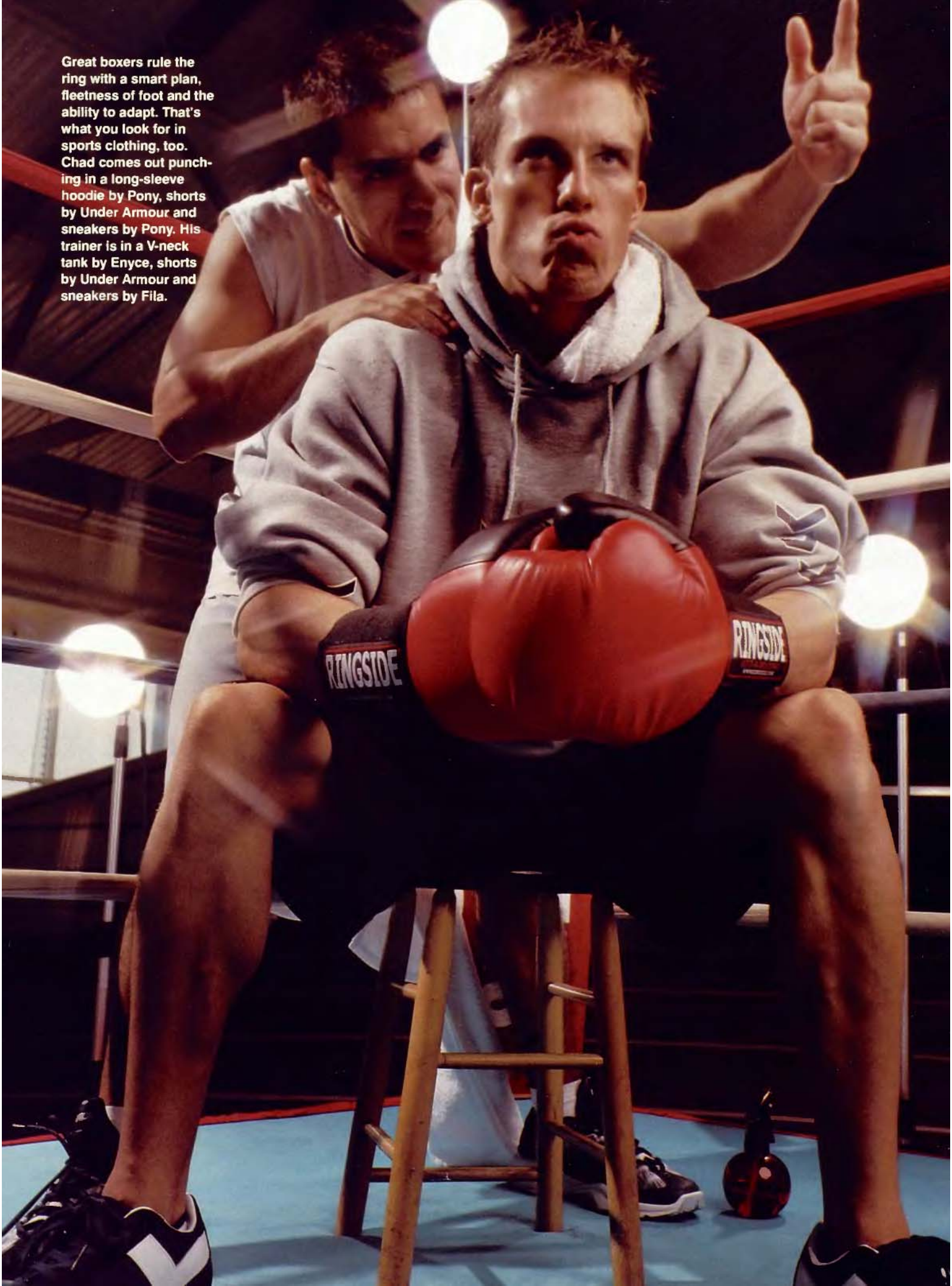
In green is Damien. His cot-ton T-shirt is by Diesel and his nylon track pants by Fils. Can you smell what the rock face is cooking? Not in to-day's sports clothing.

Above: Chad hangs out in a pair of csrgo pants by Union-bay and blue long-sleeve shirt by Under Armour. Under Ar-mour is what pro plsyers wear benesth their uniforms.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE OPPEDISANO
PRODUCED BY JOE DOLCE



When the arms race heats up, make sure to stay cool in cotton. Lenny, left, is wearing a plaid button-down shirt by Enyce and watch by Michele Watches. Chad is in a striped button-down shirt by Quiksilver and watch by Michele Watches.



Great boxers rule the ring with a smart plan, fleetness of foot and the ability to adapt. That's what you look for in sports clothing, too. Chad comes out punching in a long-sleeve hoodie by Pony, shorts by Under Armour and sneakers by Pony. His trainer is in a V-neck tank by Enyce, shorts by Under Armour and sneakers by Fila.

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IRON GRIP

Opposite page: Heavy metal rules. But these days it's not about getting jacked to Ozzy. It's about getting ripped by working with weights. Chad, left, gets a full range of motion in a microfiber vest by Paul and Shark and a pair of cotton sweats by Everlast. Keith wears a mesh tank and shorts by Kik Wear.

This page, left to right: Damien wears a sweatshirt by Ralph Lauren, T-shirt by Nike, side-zip pants by Fila, sneakers by Kik Wear and watch by Michele Watches. Keith is in a sweatshirt by Diesel, T-shirt by Enyce, jersey shorts by Reebok, sneakers by Fila and watch by Michele Watches. Edward is in a sweatshirt by Triple Five Soul, shorts by Under Armour and Air Jordan I Retro sneakers by Nike.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

BROKEN PROMISES

THE TROUBLE WITH REHAB

ARTICLE BY
CHRISTOPHER NOXON

whether you're a hollywood star or a hard-core junkie, treatment programs don't always work. here's why

When he got out of rehab for the seventh time, Bob Forrest felt beaten down, talked out and uncertain about how to find his way back to a normal life. Front man of the LA alternative band Thelonious Monster, Forrest had been an addict since high school, interrupting furious binges of booze, coke and heroin with layovers in all manner of residential treatment programs, from cushy retreats to court-ordered lockups.

But even the best rehab RCA could buy didn't slow down Forrest. Four days into one pit stop, he waltzed out a side door and hit the streets. Soon, he found himself in the back of a cab heading down Sunset Boulevard, a plump mound of brown Persian heroin folded into a magazine on his lap. He remembers rolling up a dollar bill in the dull flicker of passing streetlights, crouched down in his seat, snorting as much powder as his nostrils would hold.

With his system relatively clean after a year of sporadic sobriety, Forrest overdosed. When he slumped over unconscious, the taxi driver pulled over, dragged him into the gutter and peeled away. The next thing Forrest remembers, he was surrounded by a group of friends and drug counselors in the harsh light of the Cedars-Sinai emergency room.

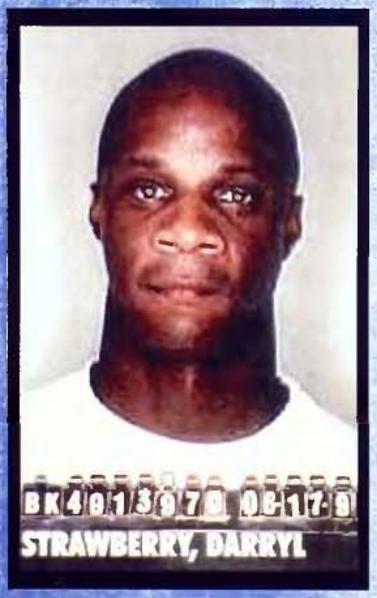
When he realized where he was, Forrest "flipped out." After hopping off a gurney and screaming that he wouldn't go back to rehab, he retreated to a bathroom, rummaged through his belongings and found his packet of heroin stashed in a shirt pocket. As a counselor pounded on the bathroom stall, Forrest took a few deep sniffs. Again he overdosed.

For some addicts, overdosing twice in one night might signal rock bottom—the low point you claw your way out from one day at a time. But Forrest continued to use, bouncing in and out of rehabs, detoxes, jail cells and a state mental ward. When he finally got clean, in 1996—on his own, with help from sober friends and a neighborhood 12-step program—Forrest had rocked up 35 visits to rehab centers.

From hard-core junkies like Forrest to high-profile recidivists Robert Downey Jr., Darryl Strawberry, Matthew Perry and Aaron Sorkin, rehab has not proved to be the cleansing fresh start that their loved ones, employers and publicists had hoped for. Again and again, addicts emerging from intensive, costly antidrug programs waste little time before making their way back to the bottle, needle or pipe.

At the same time, rehabilitation has never been more popular. Hardly a month goes by without news of another

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANNYN RIVERA



THE RELAPSE HALL OF FAME: ROBERT DOWNEY JR. (TOP), ANDY DICK (MIDDLE) AND DARRYL STRAWBERRY. ALL THREE ARE LIVING PROOF THAT FOR SOME PEOPLE, REHABILITATION DOESN'T WORK.

strung-out rocker or a hard-partying star ducking into treatment after an embarrassing flameout or encounter with the cops. Last summer saw the intake of actor Ben Affleck, headbanger James Hetfield, comedian Paula Poundstone and singer Mariah Carey (though her publicists insist that drugs were not a factor in her plate-smashing meltdown). The stigma once associated with residential treatment is long gone—a 28-day hiatus at Promises Malibu or the Betty Ford Center is an almost mandatory pause in the ascent to stardom.

Celebrities aren't alone in reflexively looking to rehab to mop up the messes of addiction. Makers of public policy look to treatment as a better way to fight the drug war. In California, a ballot initiative has mandated that courts direct nonviolent drug offenders to treatment instead of jail. And in New York, drug laws are being rewritten to ease mandatory sentences and allow judges more leeway in sending addicts to rehab.

While rehab has saved numerous lives, for a significant percent of addicts it simply doesn't work—rarely on the first go-around, and often not on the first five or six.

"The cycle seems to be: You do a little rehab, you go back to work, the rehab didn't take, so you go back to drugs, you do a little more rehab," says Bruce Porter, author of *Blow*, which chronicles the rise and fall of the smuggler who brought coke to Hollywood. "So far, no one has asked the obvious question: Why isn't rehab working?"

Depending on who you ask, relapse rates for people who enter residential treatment programs range from 60 to 90 percent. So-called success rates are slippery to calculate because of the difficulties in defining success. How do you account for the many addicts who bolt midway through the treatment? What about the alcoholic who downs a single martini a year later? Or the junkie who now drinks socially? Official data, however, points in the same direction. A 1994 study for the Office of National Drug Control Policy concluded that 87 percent of heavy cocaine users relapse after treatment. The numbers are similar for heroin. And an authoritative 1994 study known as the California Drug and Alcohol Treatment Assessment found that while addicts who went through treatment were less likely to commit crimes or end up in the hospital, most continued to get high—three out of four junkies still shot up after rehab and two of three alcoholics kept drinking.

Defenders of rehab say success cannot be judged by relapse alone. They point to research like a 1997 National Treatment Improvement Evaluation Study that concluded addicts consumed between 45 and 55 percent less cocaine, crack or pot a year after their trips to rehab. Sure, they concede, most addicts continue to get loaded after rehab—but at least they get somewhat less loaded.

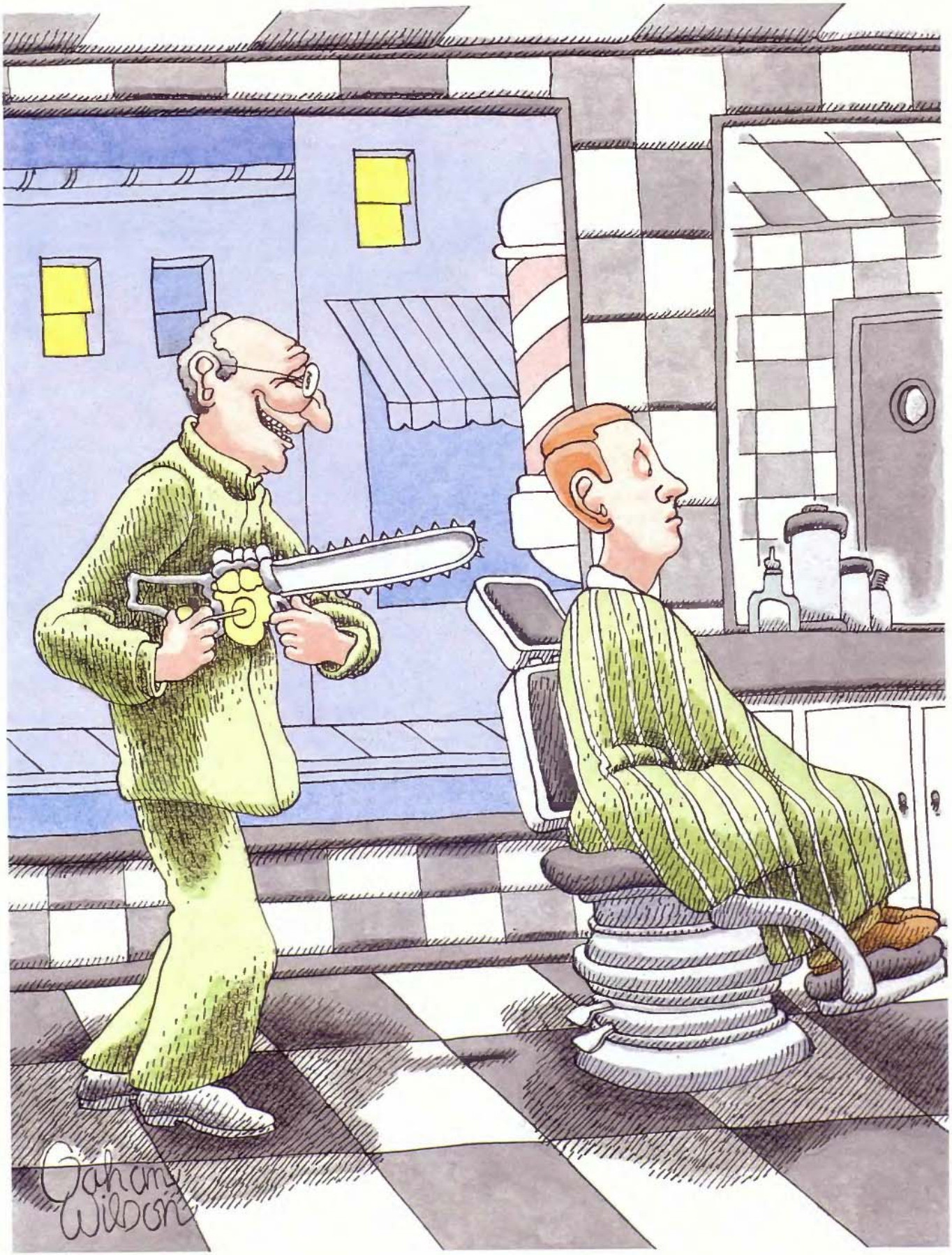
That's cold comfort to those who preach a gospel of total sobriety. Jack Bernstein, president and chief executive officer of the Cri-Help Treatment Center in Los Angeles, says the high rates of relapse frustrate zero-tolerance drug counselors. The problem, of course, is that no one has come up with anything better. "Thirty years from now, people will look back at how drug addicts were treated and they'll be appalled," Bernstein says. "They'll look back, scratch their heads and say what a bunch of idiots we were."

While some claim miraculous results from one-on-one psychotherapy, experimental anticraving drugs or alternative medicines like the root of the Chinese kudzu, there are no data to suggest that any particular treatment works better than another. About the only fact everyone seems to agree on is that the longer you devote to treatment—it doesn't appear to matter which kind—the better your chances are of recovery. And for those with the most-serious problems, the standard 28-day course of rehab, which is covered by most insurance policies, is a joke. Treatment officials say three months is the minimum, with many addicts needing a year or more to kick their habits.

"Everybody's assumption is that we ought to just send these people into rehab to focus on their drug problem," says Dr. Lonny Shavelson, a writer and emergency room physician who spent two years following addicts through the byzantine San Francisco rehab system for his book *Hooked: Five Addicts Challenge Our Misguided Drug Rehab System*. "But before we shift hundreds of thousands of additional addicts into rehab, we better treat the treatment system."

Critics say the most common form of residential treatment—typically a month of intensive 12-step meetings and talk therapy in a highly structured, often militaristic setting, with lapses in abstinence met with immediate expulsion—sets up many users for failure. Others point to the number of people whose underlying psychiatric disorders, histories of childhood abuse or problems with housing and

(continued on page 152)



"Just one last touch!"

miss march comes in like a lamb, but parties like a lion

TINA TIME

MISS MARCH Tina Jordan is a California girl with a serious need for speed. "I grew up in the Los Angeles area and can't imagine living anywhere else," she says. "I have six sisters and two brothers and we were a his, hers and ours family—very *Brady Bunch*. I can be soft, sweet and personable when you meet me, but I have an edgy side, too. I like to go out at night and have serious fun!"

The 29-year-old thrill seeker started her career at a modest pace. "I went to college, business school and cosmetology school," she tells us. "I tried many different jobs and just wasn't happy. I was a loan processor—boring!—for two years and met Hef when I was going to get my real estate license." The two hit it off at LA's Garden of Eden and Tina eventually moved into the Mansion. "Hef just wants to have a good time and be happy," she says. "He's a warm and generous person—a family man—who cares a great deal about me and my three-year-old daughter. My 16-year-old brother thinks I'm so cool now because he got to meet Fred Durst at Hef's birthday party." Tina also goes ape for another longtime Mansion resident. "My favorite animal is Terry, the 30-year-old woolly monkey," she says. "She's the oldest one in captivity, and she doesn't usually like blondes, but she seems to like me just fine." Tina also enjoys going with Hef to Las Vegas. "One time I snuck out and went gambling—I love 21—and he got so mad at me," she says, giggling. "When we got home he made me watch the movie *Lost in America*, which is about a woman who sneaks out, goes gambling and loses all her money." Tina is most interested in modeling and acting. "I took drama classes in college and have modeled for calendars and editorial projects," she says. "My passion is modeling, but I like using my brain and don't want it to go to waste. Beauty fades, but dumb is forever. Right

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Prestone
Edelbrock
JE
PISTONS
NAPA
Filters
Bud
76
CV
Holley
MEMORY

"I like being fast and furious, not slow and curious," Tina says. "I crave adventure and have always wanted to drive a race car. I never thought I'd get to go to a racetrack and be in the middle of it all. I used to take my Wave Runner out to the lake and go really fast, do 360s and spray people. Now I'm ready to go that fast on land! I'm a show-off—the other Playmates call me Ms. Hot Rod."

now, I'm learning about investing—stocks, bonds and dividends." This smart cookie keeps her body beautiful with Tae Bo and kickboxing. "Every ex-boyfriend I have is still my friend and would want to date me again," she says. "I'm very loyal and give everything my best. My guideline in life is to follow your heart. I'm a positive thinker and try to be an outgoing and sharing person. When I first talk with people, they end up feeling connected to me even though they don't know that much about my life. They are surprised to find out that I was born and raised in LA, because I'm not two-faced. I'm all about being real and having no regrets."

SHIFTERS

Tina Jordan

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tina Marie Jordan

BUST: 34DD WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: Aug 21, 1972 BIRTHPLACE: No. Hollywood, Ca

AMBITIONS: To live my life with laughter & lots of love. ♡

TURN-ONS: A tall, dark & handsome Italian man, who smells good! I like Ralph Lauren's Romance!

TURNOFFS: Freeloaders, laziness, negativity, duvelers & arrogance.

MY IDEAL ROMANTIC GETAWAY: Somewhere tropical, so you could make love on the beach. Then it would rain & you'd run inside, soaking wet & make love again by the fireplace during the storm! ♡

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Finish all the books I've started!

MY FAVORITE CD: Ginuwine - The Life & of course, the ones I burned myself!

PEOPLE I REALLY ADMIRE: Oprah Winfrey & my mom!

Me at Pacific Palisades Prom.

She's a-scared! Sophia + me.

Mom & me, livin' it up in Las Vegas!

THERE ARE MANY MORE PHOTOS, PLUS VIDEO,
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The cardinal was doing a crossword puzzle. He asked his assistant, "Can you think of a four-letter word for woman that ends in u-n-t?"

The assistant replied, "Aunt."

The cardinal said, "Of course. What was I thinking? Do you have an eraser?"

Where does virgin wool come from?

Ugly sheep.

How do you spot the blind man at a nudist colony?

It isn't hard.

Why are cowgirls bowlegged?

Because cowboys eat with their hats on.

How can you piss off your wife while you are making love?

Call her from your cell phone.

A lonely man went into the local pet store looking for an unusual pet as a companion. The store owner suggested a centipede. "What sort of a companion would a centipede be?" the man asked.

"This is a most unusual centipede," the store owner said. "He's a great conversationalist and he loves to drink."

The man took the centipede home and put him in a box on the windowsill. That evening the man asked, "Would you like to go out for a beer?"

Receiving no response, the man said, "How about it, would you like to join me for a drink at my favorite bar?"

Again there was no response, so the man fairly shouted, "Hey, in there! How about going out for a drink?"

To which a tiny voice replied, "I heard you the first time. I'm putting on my shoes."

Have you heard about the Dyke, a new running shoe for lesbians?

It has an extra-long tongue and takes only one finger to get off.

What is the difference between a lover, a prostitute and a wife?

A lover says, "Dear, are you done?"

A prostitute looks at her watch and says, "You're done."

A wife says, "Beige. I think I'll paint the ceiling beige."

Why are gypsies so careful when they're making love?

They have crystal balls.

Why did the hard-of-hearing chief of police order the SWAT team to surround the department store?

He heard that they had Summer Bed Linen inside.

On their wedding night, a bride demanded that her husband give her $20 for their first sexual encounter. In his highly aroused state, he readily agreed. For the next 30 years, she demanded $20 every time they made love. Her husband always agreed, thinking it was her clever way to buy new clothes. One day, she returned home and found her husband greatly distraught. "I've been fired," he said. "I have no money. We'll probably wind up in the poorhouse."

"Not likely," she said. "The office building where you worked belongs to you. And the apartment building across the street is yours, too. Every month, I took the money you gave me for sex and invested it."

Whereupon the husband became even more upset and began beating his head against the wall. "What's wrong?" she asked. "I thought you'd be pleased."

"If I had known that's what you were doing," he said, "I would have given you all of my business."

A man went to a therapist and said, "Please, you have to help me. Every night my wife goes to Larry's Bar to pick up men. What should I do?"

"Just relax," his therapist said, "take a deep breath and tell me where Larry's Bar is."

SIGN SEEN AT AN LA CONVENIENCE STORE: Guys: No Shirt, No Service. Girls: No Shirt, No Charge.

An angel appeared at a university faculty meeting and told the dean that in return for his exemplary behavior, the Lord would reward him with his choice of infinite wealth, wisdom or beauty. Without hesitating, the dean selected infinite wisdom. "Done," the angel said, then disappeared.

The other faculty members looked at the dean, who was surrounded by a halo of light. One colleague said, "Say something wise."

The dean sighed and said, "I should have taken the money."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"You remember the minuet? I don't even remember the men I laid."

THE POLYAMORIST

women keep leaving rod the pod. one day he decides he doesn't care. what a turn-on

FICTION BY GARY S. KADET

AT HIS DESK, the LAN terminal switched on, Rod the Pod Porcellian put his eyes to his palms and promptly switched off. He was the acclaimed sales wonk for all the dying dotcoms of Miltown, forever possessed of a childhood-derived nickname taken straight from *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. He had made it safely to work at Netwonks, a scrambling, ever-mutating Internet company that had yet to find a niche amid a multitude of markets. He was suffering the effects of a long night out at a snappy, well-written-up and suspiciously forgiving little retro joint aptly named the Bolt 'n' Screw, downtown in old industrial Coketown. Why he wound up there was because of a midair breakup with a gorgeous model.

Rod had spent all of last night tossing them down with the very best friend money and free drinks could buy on short notice: Roger Ramjet Ourabouros.

He had been tossing them down hard and fast, just as he had been tossed down.

His head ached with remembered resonance:

"You're not dying, buddy!" Roger remonstrated. "You're living!"

"I be dog!" said Rod in agreement.

Chubby, hale, Armani-suited Roger was the guy from his company who'd strip dying dotcoms bare and sell off bits of carcass before they had expired: the servers, the software, any remnant product, lists of addresses—both e-mail and snail—all for pennies on the dollar. Roger had found his calling, that of professional vulture, which was more than Rod the Pod could say about himself at the moment.

Standard story:

She was irrevocably gone. His girlfriend, his fiancée, his intended, his——

Oh, yes.

"Your significant mother," Roger had said. Cute.

Cheers.

Yes, yes, another round, of course—over here!

Now they were playing *As Time Goes By*.

"Stop waving at me, you fucking idiot!" thought Rod, calling out to memory, which called back all the louder.

The drunken fog that Rod had yet to totally lose himself in rippled with visible aggression like a traffic accident seen through car exhaust on a sweltering summer's day. He made for the preserved vintage Rock-Ola jukebox squatting in the corner with all its quaintly dizzying lights.

No big deal.

The loss of his latest and greatest girlfriend ever, a knockout runway model, a catalog favorite who had changed her name to Minot (pronounced "Me?-no!") from the more wholesome and bouncy—and Rod remembered her as being particularly wholesome as well as bouncy in bed—Holly Hominy.

"Homina Hominy!" Roger once joked in badly *(continued on page 134)*

COLLAGE BY WINSTON SMITH

BROADBAND BATTLEGROUND

ONLINE VIDEO GAMES ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS

BY WILL O'NEAL

It's 3:43 A.M. and you, a gnome and a troll are trapped in a cave with a couple of nasty stone giants. No, this isn't the setup for a good joke: It's just you, trying to tear yourself away from a game you swore you'd play for only an hour—and that was sometime yesterday. Like us, you're one of countless people caught up in massively multiplayer online role-playing games. EverQuest, the most popular, is so addictive fans have dubbed it EverCrack. How many are hooked? The game's current active player population is about 400,000, and all of those players can interact simultaneously. Online worlds such as EverQuest and Anarchy Online don't stop when you turn off your PC. Described as persistent worlds, their environments are in a constant state of flux, so the game you left last night will be different when you rejoin it in the morning.

These aren't the only games eating up bandwidth. The newest shooters ensure that college students have something other than porn and MP3s occupying space on their schools' servers. Team-based shooters are the latest trend, and Half-Life: Counter-Strike and Tribes 2 are the most popular. Pacifists can play EA's racing title Motor City Online or the company's Sims series (an online game in which players build a character and live in a city filled with other players).

So what's next? Would-be Jedis are anticipating the launch later this year of Lucas Arts' Star Wars Galaxies, the first such game based on the film series. Expect this game to be huge. For the past year, fans have been piling on message boards to register inane comments, suggestions and criticism, such as "Why can't I be a Jawa?" and "Will I be able to kill Darth Vader?"

Following are six games to get you started in online video games, whether your thrill is slaying necromancers, squashing terrorists or cruising that muscle car you've always wanted.

EVERQUEST: The EverQuest environment encompasses five continents and a newly discovered moon (courtesy of the recently released Shadows of Luclin expansion pack). Build a character from 13 races (such as dwarfs and ogres) and 14 classes (wizards, rogues, etc.), then join parties of other players and begin exploring. Because the world exists on the developer's servers, it can be altered at any point (say, to open a new cave or dungeon), ensuring that the game remains endless. So that your new wizard doesn't get pushed around, we suggest you avoid player combat until you get your spells straight. (Sony, $30, plus $10 monthly fee)

HALF-LIFE: COUNTER-STRIKE: The odds of surviving your first round of Half-Life: Counter-Strike are slim, but once you gun down an opponent with one of the game's many real-world weapons, you'll be hooked. Created as an update for 1999's epic shooter Half-Life, the game consistently has upwards of 10,000 servers running it. To get in on the action, log on and choose a side, as a terrorist or a counterterrorist. The game includes voice-chat, making it easier to let your teammates know where the action is. It's a feature you'll be thankful for when you're pinned under enemy fire. (Sierra, $30)

ANARCHY ONLINE: With more than 75,000 players logged on after its first few months, this game is an obvious hit. Similar in format to EverQuest, Anarchy Online is a science fiction–based game that takes place some 30,000 years in the future. Create a character by picking a profession and a breed (bioengineered from human stock) and then enlist to either help defeat or defend Omni-tek, a corporation that has taken over planet Rubi-Ka. After you build a character, trick it out with some of the thousands of articles of armor, body implants and weapons. (Funcom, $30, plus $13 monthly fee)

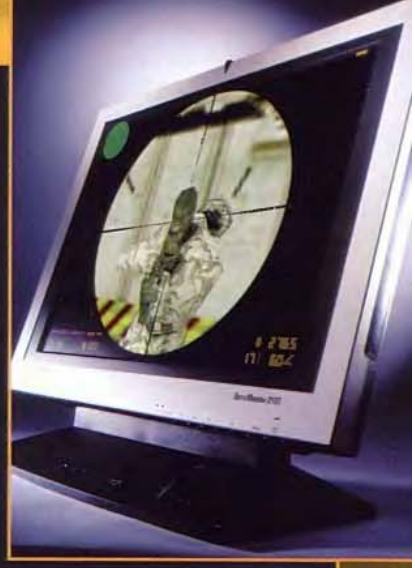
ASHERON'S CALL DARK MAJESTY: Realizing that an early death isn't fun for anyone, especially newbies, the developers of Dark Majesty (the third chapter in the Asheron's Call series) let new players enter the game under the protection of the almighty Asheron. That means you won't be forced to fend for your pathetic life until you're ready. While other role-playing games have you roam aimlessly, in Dark Majesty you'll have the luxury of a house from which to embark on your quests. Kick enough medieval ass and you can eventually upgrade to a castle. (Microsoft, $20, plus $10 monthly fee)

MOTOR CITY ONLINE: If you've ever wanted to drag for pinks but are frightened by the idea of losing your real wheels, this is the ticket. The game's developers describe it as an "online racing and hot-rod community" in which drivers compete in 60 licensed vehicles from the Thirties through the Seventies. Gearheads will enjoy the game's car culture and the ability to build and upgrade their rides with some of the game's 2000 parts. Once your car is ready, run it against other players on one of the game's 24 tracks for cash or, if you're ready, pink slips. (EA Games, $40, plus $10 monthly fee)

TRIBES 2: Odds are good that you won't last five minutes in your first match of Tribes 2. With battles that can include up to 64 players at a time, Tribes offers some of the most frenetic action of any online shooter. The plot? Kill or be killed. Assemble a band of bloodthirsty players and destroy your rivals with weapons such as the Shock Lance and Electron Flux Gun and vehicles like the Thundersword Bomber. If you're a newbie, sign on with a decent team. If you stay alive, it shouldn't take you long to get the hang of "skying" over hillsides and downing jet-packed opponents. (Sierra, $45)

ALIENWARE COMPOTER: In oolioo shooter gnmos soch as Coonter-Strike, n slow computer is tantamonot to wearing a target on your hack. Roplaco your pokey PC with a machioo (left) from Aliooware, a Minmi-hasod compnny that solls computers directly from its woksite. Wa like tho Area-51 pnckago (ahoot $3000, including keyheard, mooso, sponkers nnd n flat-screon monitor net pictered), n 2.0 GHz Pontium machino with 512 MO RAM. The system's NVISIA GoForco 3 Ti 500 vidoo card onsores that graphics run smoothly, nod tho SoondHinstor Audigy 5.1 souod card providos surround souod. Tho packago comos with Microsoft Windows XP installod and is NVNilablo io oioo colors, includiog cyborg greon (pictered).

LCD MONITOR: Yoo'll got n hottor head on onomios with your soipor rifio if you watch thom on n hig-screoo monitor. Samsung's SyncMnster 210T (right, ahout $4000) is a 21" LCO monitor with 1600x1200 resolntion. It includos connoctions for S-vidoo and composito vidoo nnd can docodo TV signals for watchiog "The Simpsoos" or tho hig gamo hotwoon houts of Trihos 2. If yoo can't docido which te do, oso tho remote te nccoss tho picture-in-picture feature.



WIRELESS MOHSE ANH KEYOOARO: A foll night of EvorQuost is suro te loavo your dosk littered with ompty ooorgy-drink caos, potate-chip hngs and work (remomhor thnt?). Yoo don't nood cords adding to tho moss. Sot op yoor system mith tho Logitech Cordloss Freodom Optical keyhoard nnd mouso (holow left, $100). Hoth oporate io a six-foet raogo and areo't affected hy cordloss phooos or ethor opplinncos. Tho keyboard has ono-tuoch huttons thnt instantly laonch your woh hrewser, nccoss your foworitu wohsite nnd fost-forwnrd DVDs.

WIRELESS CONTROLLER: It'll do yoo good te got np and walk nrennd a hit during thoso nll-day sossions of Trihos 2. Yon won't got far with tho cord oo n regolar controllor, so onhook yoursoif with Logitoch's WingMan Cordloss Rumhlepnd (holow middlo, $50). It osos 2.4 GHz froquoncy (as do tuday's cordloss phonos) to givo you 20 foet of froodom. Thnt will onahlo you to get anothor smoke withont having te put dowa yoor guns. Connoct tho RF recoivar te thu USB port on yonr PC and stick four AA hattorios in tho gamo pad—eoough for nhout 50 hours of plny.

SPEAKER SYSTEM: Altoc Lansing's 4100 digital spoakor set (holow right, $200) sopports four audio chanools te pomp op the sound in everything from gnmos te DVDs. Pot it in Gamo modo for four-chnnool sorreuod, or switch to Music + (Stereo x2) modo for stereo soond. Whoo cooplod with tho adaptor, tho 4100 cao connoct te othor oloctrooics, soch ns your PlnyStatioo (1 nnd 2), portahlo MP3 playor aod minidisc playor. Tho system's wired romote control ndjusts lovols nnd volumo and inclodos a headphono jnck so yoor reommato cao get somo sloop.

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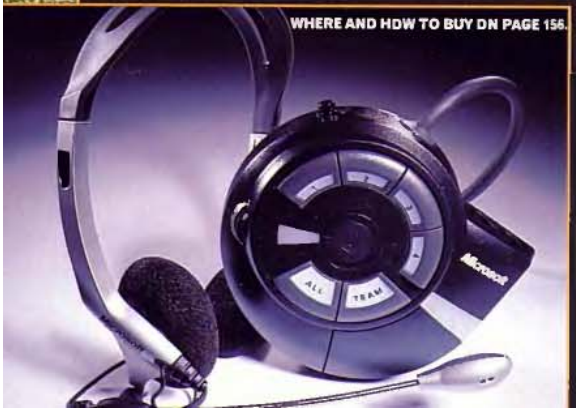
VOICE-CHAT HEADSET: Yoo couldn't typo out n cry for holp to your Counter-Strike teammntes fost ooongh te eawo yoorsolf. Locky for you, many onlino vidoo gamos oow fonturo voico-chnt. Micresoft's SidoWindor Gnmo Voico (holow, $40) connocts to a OSO port aod has n cootrol pad with pregrammahlo huttons for quick commonication to yonr ootire team or soloct momhors.

WHERE AND HDW TO BUY DN PAGE 156.



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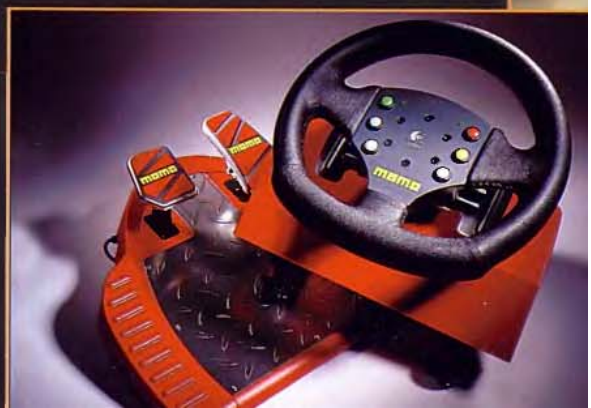


"Did you notice Rex doesn't stick his head out the window anymore like other dogs?"

THE NEW IMPROVED and BUFF! BRET BOONE

how a chubby, underachieving second baseman discovered the lean, mean overachiever within

Last season, a new workout—and ferocious discipline—rescued Bret Boone's career from a path of mediocrity. He'll become a wealthy man this season as one of baseball's most coveted infielders.

The bulked-up Boone slugged 37 home runs, batted .331 and had an American League–high 141 RBI—no second sacker in the American League had ever hit that many homers or driven in that many runs before. Boone helped propel the Seattle Mariners to 116 wins before they were brought down to earth by the Yankees in the ALCS (though Boone had two homers and six RBI). It was a career year, one that rewrote the book on him (that he was a journeyman player who wore down after the All-Star break). Better yet, it made him welcome again at the annual Boone family picnic. The scion of a three-generation baseball legacy, Boone often seemed burdened by following in the cleat marks left by his grandfather, Ray Boone, an infielder for six teams from 1948 to 1960 who once drove in 116 runs in a season, and his father, Bob Boone, a superb catcher for three teams from 1972 to 1990 who played 2225 games behind the plate, second-most in history, and now manages the Cincinnati Reds.

Bret, the legatee, made his debut in 1992 with the Mariners after an all-American career at USC but lasted just two seasons as a part-timer before he was traded. In 1994 he was sent to Cincinnati (where he later played with his younger brother, third baseman Aaron Boone). In 1999 he went to the Atlanta Braves, and in 2000 to the San Diego Padres. After all that moving around, all he had to show for it was a .255 career average, 125 homers over nine seasons and a bum right knee that killed any ideas he had harbored about scoring a fat free-agent deal. When the Padres, too, unloaded him, he signed a one-year deal with the Mariners for $3.25 million. Chump change.

Facing his crossroads, Boone decided he had to buck baseball's noble tradition of not working hard on conditioning. He hired a personal trainer, the former bodybuilder Tim Michaels, who runs a gym called Body Balancing in Apopka, Florida. Boone came in soft and small and came out hard and big, while at the same time leaner and narrower in the waist.

This is a combination so hard to achieve with normal exercise and diet that we asked Boone how he did it. Be warned that his regimen isn't for wusses. His workouts are brutal, his diet spartan, and there isn't much room to cheat with anything other than a pineapple slice or two. The good part is that the movements and techniques are refreshingly different as gym routines go, and are done with light weight (or even no weight). Boone told writer **Mark Ribowsky** how it all works. First step: Trash that devil dog.

PLAYBOY: When did you start this training program?

BOONE: Two off-seasons ago. I had been playing at 182 pounds, a soft 182. I had that chunky body. I wanted to be lighter but in shape and I heard about Tim Michaels, who'd worked with Tim Raines and Lee Janzen, the golfer. I was skeptical because I'd never been a workout guy. I'd go in the gym to lift just to say I'd lifted. I really didn't know what I was doing. But when I looked at Tim Michaels, I was floored. This is a guy who's almost 50 and he's absolutely cut as you can be, a former Mr. Orlando. And when he saw me, he looked at me like, You're a professional athlete and you look like this?

PLAYBOY: What was your body fat percentage then?

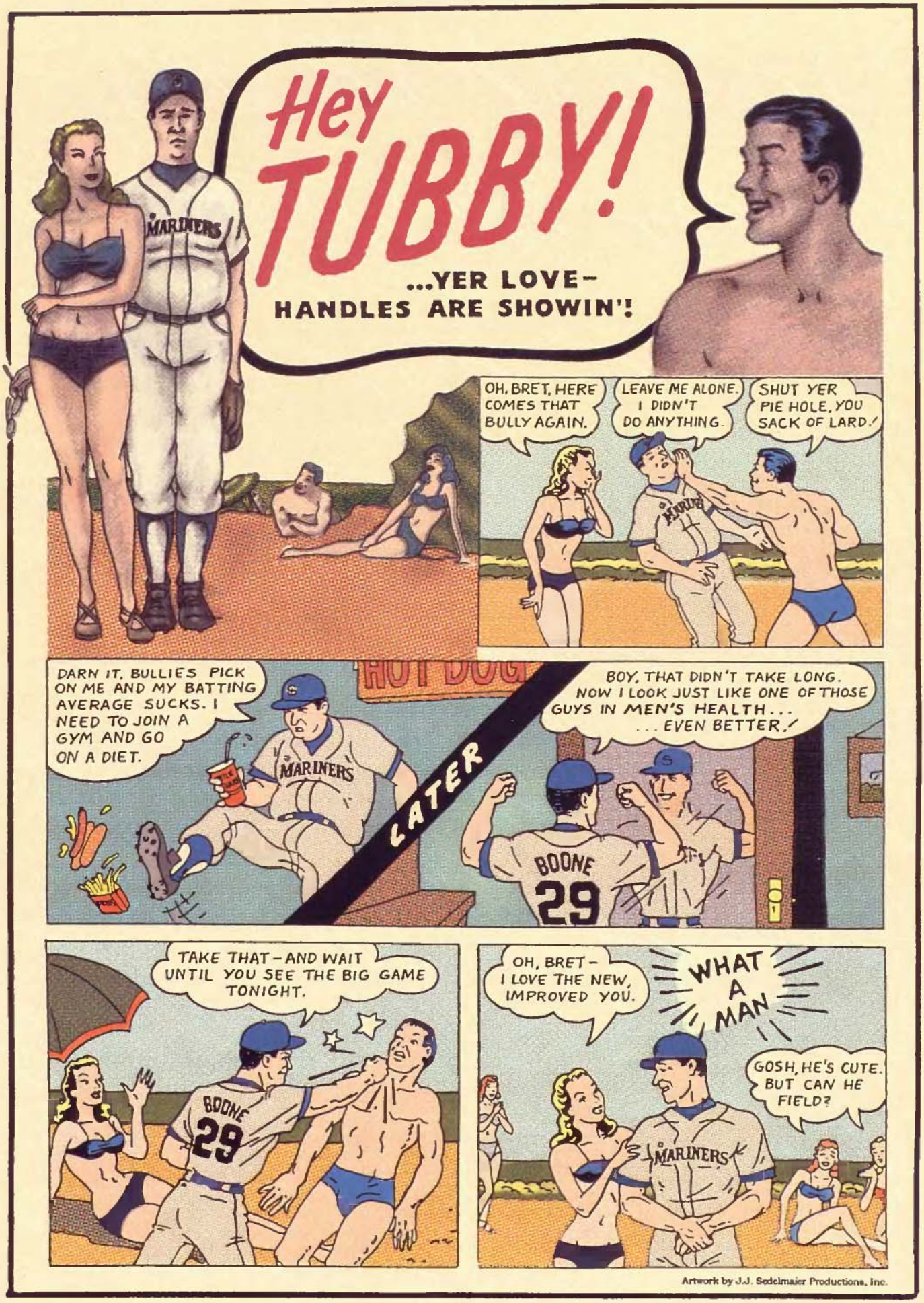
BOONE: Around 17 percent. It was bad. I had no functional strength. The first day, Tim put me on this device he invented that he calls the quad-maker. It's a wooden box with a ramp built at a 17-degree angle, and you sit on the incline with your knees at the top and rise up. The lower legs don't move, you pull yourself up with your quads and it totally isolates those muscles. And I couldn't do one rep.

PLAYBOY: Quad-maker? Sounds like something sold by Suzanne Somers on late-night infomercials.

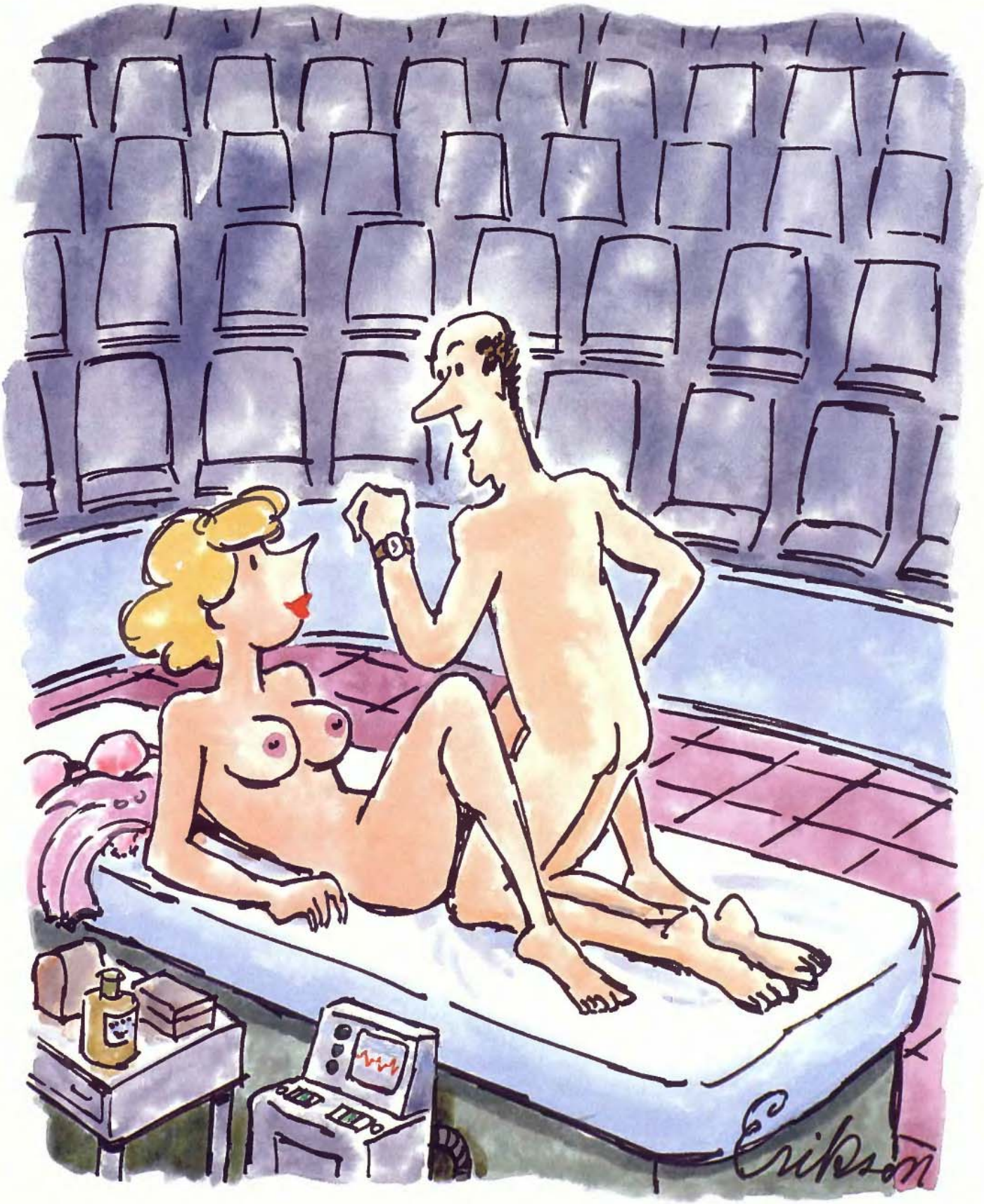
BOONE: And I was real skeptical at first of Tim's methods. But when I saw they worked, I knew I had to reprogram everything I thought I knew about working out. Take the bench press, for example. That's everybody's favorite exercise of all in the gym. But the chest is not a performance muscle. A big chest isn't a contributing factor in hitting or throwing, and in fact interferes with them. The hips are important, the legs, the torso, too. The biceps aren't important, either. They're show muscles. The triceps are important. They're two thirds of the arms. On a baseball swing, the rear delts and the large head of the triceps work the hardest.

PLAYBOY: That's all very interesting, but most of us aren't looking to improve our swing. We just want to look buff.

BOONE: I'll work chest and biceps, too, because I want overall development. But you don't need to overdo it. *(continued on page 148)*


Hey TUBBY!
...YER LOVE-HANDLES ARE SHOWIN'!
MARINERS
OH, BRET, HERE COMES THAT BULLY AGAIN.
LEAVE ME ALONE. I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.
SHUT YER PIE HOLE, YOU SACK OF LARD!
DARN IT, BULLIES PICK ON ME AND MY BATTING AVERAGE SUCKS. I NEED TO JOIN A GYM AND GO ON A DIET.
HOT DOG
LATER
BOY, THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. NOW I LOOK JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS IN MEN'S HEALTH... ... EVEN BETTER!
BOONE 29
TAKE THAT - AND WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE BIG GAME TONIGHT.
OH, BRET - I LOVE THE NEW, IMPROVED YOU.
WHAT A MAN
GOSH, HE'S CUTE. BUT CAN HE FIELD?

Artwork by J.J. Sedelmaier Productions, Inc.



"This will have to be a quickie. I've got a heart transplant in 14 minutes."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

TISHARA COUSINO

I'm really uninhibited. I feel that life's too short, so dive in and indulge. If I have chemistry with a man, if the sexual energy is there and we know we're going to be together, I go for it. For example, after a party we might start touching and kissing in the car. He would probably have to pull over to the side of the road because we would be so hot for each other that I would give him a blow job. We'd continue our passion into his house. It's the kind of intense energy where we'd want to rip each other's clothes off and just go at it. Who knows if we'd even make it inside the house. It's like, take me now!

MY HOT SPOT

It's a spot near my ass. It's right by my pussy and before my anal area. If it's taking a long time for me to come, he can press against it and I'll come almost right away. And I like to massage his perineum, too. I like to put my finger between his balls and his anus and stroke gently. He loves it.

Oral Sex Tips

I always hold the balls: one hand on his penis and one on his balls, always loving on him, massaging them and making sure he feels like he's being totally paid attention to. Every blow job is different, but I use my tongue and lick the penis up and down and then fully take it into my mouth. Then as I'm taking him into my mouth and doing that motion, I'm always holding his balls, maybe cupping them or massaging them. It's always different. When I'm with a guy I can feel his energy. I can feel what he wants, his style and his boundaries. I don't just focus on the shaft. I kiss all of him—all around his thighs, between his legs, his cock and balls, his butt, his ass. When I'm in love, I'm totally into my man; I get lost in him.

SEE SOME OF TISHARA'S SEXY MOVES IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY 482 2.5

BACK TO ANALOG

CRASHPROOF GEAR FOR THE DIGITALLY CHALLENGED

What did it? The time your PDA batteries went dead just when the barmaid beamed you her number? Or when your laptop crashed and you lost a week's work? Every electronics addict has endured digital disasters that leave him longing for simpler devices. Instead of a personal organizer, carry Mont Blanc's address book and pen. It's easier to use in a smoky bar anyway. The next time your laptop acts up consider Olivetti's portable manual typewriter. Critics fault CDs, MP3s and other forms of digital music for being too sterile compared to the rich sound of vinyl. The Basis 1400 acrylic turntable and McIntosh tube amplifier look great and you may like the way they reproduce tunes, too. Other predigital items that we still enjoy: a straight razor, shaving soap and brush, a manual-wind watch, a camera you focus yourself and a domino set that's handmade in Bali.

Below, left to right: The sweet sound of an LP is something connoisseurs still prize. Pictured here is the Basis 1400 acrylic turntable fitted with an RB300 tone arm and a Benz MC cartridge from Celestiol Sound ($1950). Would Hemingway have worked on a laptop? Olivetti's portable manual typewriter features o memory line finder and easy-set morgins (about $190, including a vinyl carrying bag). Mont Blanc's calfhide address book with pages for nates includes a pint-size ballpoint pen far jotting down musings and numbers ($450).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Left: Hasselblad's red 501CM medium-format camera with Zeiss optics ($3175, also available in yellow, green and blue). Below: McIntosh's MC2102 vacuum tube amplifier delivers 100 watts per channel ($6000). John Hardy's domino set made of sterling silver and palm wood is an elegant alternative to video games ($475). The Audemars Piquet wristwatch, in 18-karat pink gold, is wound manually ($7500). Sterling-silver shaving soap bowl ($560) and shaving brush ($320), bath by John Hardy, and a straight razor from Deutsche Optik ($20).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

Jamie Foxx

the funnyman on fly girls, the trouble with rap and that hot condoleezza rice

Actor-comedian Jamie Foxx, 34, was born Eric Bishop in Terrell, Texas, where, he says, "Everyone who is African American is either a yardman or a maid." Foxx' parents were divorced when he was six years old, and his mother's adoptive parents adopted him as well and raised him as their son. So, legally, Foxx' biological mother is his sister, and his grandmother is his mother—and chief source of comedic inspiration.

Foxx' family encouraged him to take piano lessons, and when he was 13 he was playing Sunday services at his church. Upon graduating from high school, Foxx won a music scholarship to the United States International University in San Diego, but he soon realized classical piano wasn't going to be his life's work. He enjoyed making people laugh too much. After Foxx moved to Los Angeles, where he did stand-up at local comedy clubs, he changed his name to the androgynous Jamie Foxx when he noticed most club owners booked women sight unseen. Foxx' act at the time consisted mainly of impersonations—Mike Tyson, Louis Farrakhan and O.J. Simpson, among others, and his alter ego, Ugly Wanda. It was Wanda who caught the attention of the producers of Fox Network's hit series In Living Color. Foxx appeared on the show for three years, co-starring with Jim Carrey and Damon Wayans. At the same time, he played Crazy George on the critically acclaimed Fox show Roc.

Foxx moved to the big screen in 1996 opposite Janeane Garofalo and Uma Thurman in The Truth About Cats and Dogs and in The Great White Hype, co-starring Samuel L. Jackson and Jeff Goldblum. The WB Network then offered him his own series. The Jamie Foxx Show, which he co-created and executive-produced, enjoyed a successful five-year run. Foxx headlined such films as Booty Call, with Vivica A. Fox, and Antoine Fuqua's action comedy Bait. His 1999 performance in Oliver Stone's Any Given Sunday garnered a Best Supporting Actor nomination from the New York Film Critics Awards. Foxx currently portrays Drew "Bundini" Brown, Muhammad Ali's cornerman and inspiration in Ali, starring Will Smith and directed by Michael Mann. He recently completed his Cold Comedy stand-up tour, and he's kept his musical roots, releasing a top 20 R&B album, Peep This, in addition to contributing songs to the soundtracks for Any Given Sunday and Bait.

Robert Crane caught up with the comedian at his production office in Los Angeles. Crane reports: "Foxx appeared without his entourage, half an hour late. He constantly adjusted his do-rag, picked at his lunch and looked me in the eye. He seems incapable of not having a good time. A former high school football player, Foxx looks more like a wide receiver or defensive back than someone in show business. He'd be ideal for Deion Sanders' biopic."

1

PLAYBOY: Should the U.S. government hire Suge Knight to fight the war on terrorism?

FOXX: Suge would probably scare everybody. He'd just do a huge drive-by—Afghanistan, Pakistan. It would just be one red Mercedes and all of our problems would be over.

2

PLAYBOY: You cut your teeth on *In Living Color* with all those Wayans kids. Didn't Mr. Wayans Sr. have a hobby? What was he thinking?

FOXX: I think he really loved his wife and she was understanding to have that many kids. And Keenan is following that path. There's the Wayans, and then there's Wayans Light. They're all hilarious. I would love to sit down with Keenan's father to find out where they got all the comic genius.

3

PLAYBOY: Do you keep in touch with the Fly Girls?

FOXX: No, but I have some new fly girls I keep in touch with, and they don't dance. They just do their thing. J. Lo was a Fly Girl. She's moved on now, huh? She's still fly, though. I knew all of them very personally. I knew them all, and they knew me, and they remember that whenever they see me.

4

PLAYBOY: You starred in *Booty Call*—what were you thinking?

FOXX: I needed a job, and I needed to do something fast in order to take a step in my career. Maybe not an Academy Award performance, but definitely a peek-a-boo performance on Sunset Boulevard.

5

PLAYBOY: You threatened to spank Prince at the MTV Awards if he wore those butt-revealing pants. Are you sorry you didn't?

FOXX: A little. If nobody would find out about it, I'd spank him publicly—if I had on a veil. I don't know how he'd take that, but he'd have to take it, because I'd spank him with my index finger up.

6

PLAYBOY: Name one black star who couldn't take Prince.

FOXX: Who couldn't beat him up? Gary Coleman couldn't take Prince—actually it would be a draw, because they're about the same size.

7

PLAYBOY: Help us understand the conflicts brewing in the hip-hop community. We hope it's not about money but rather about art.

FOXX: Come on, man. You think it's about artists? Of course it's about money. If you can't get any height—because, really, rap stars are just poets who have fallen into this society of bad boys—you've got to be the guy who goes to jail. That sells records, so that's

PHOTOGRAPHY © MICHAEL LEWIS/CORBIS OUTLINE

what they do. It's not really about the art, because the art died a long time ago. There aren't too many guys out there who are actual artists with the words and stuff. Now it's about how big my record company is, how many jewels are on my necklace.

8

PLAYBOY: What's your party mix?
FOXX: It's just enough ghetto to remind me I haven't left the hood, with some high-end people from the Hollywood crowd and a couple of white girls who dig me. My food is gourmet wieners and hamburgers—not quite doing it like Hef does. I'm like the black version of Hugh Hefner without the budget. I'm Jerome Hefner. I'm putting it down like that. Finger foods in more ways than one.

9

PLAYBOY: How do you tell a girl, "It's check-out time." Or do you have people who do that?
FOXX: I just say, "Bounce! You know what it was all about. You didn't care about me when I was just walking down the street. Get out of here. It's over." I've been thrown out, too, so it's pretty equal.

10

PLAYBOY: We know what your character learned from Al Pacino in *Any Given Sunday*. What did you learn?
FOXX: I learned how to be modest. Al Pacino is nothing like the characters he's played. He is a professional in that he doesn't use his status to beat you over the head like some actors do. He doesn't do that at all. That's what I learned—to be modest no matter what the accomplishment. To see him be just a normal cat made me go, "Oh, it's cool to be normal. You don't have to do all the antics." That's the true talent.

11

PLAYBOY: Do you think Condoleezza Rice is hot? She could make your ass disappear in a second.
FOXX: Sounds good. Can I get some of that Condoleezza on my rice? My brown rice, as a matter of fact. Can I perform Condoleezza on you, Ms. Rice? I want her to do that to me, because once I'm done, she's going to have to make me disappear, because I'm filming it.

12

PLAYBOY: Whose picture should be on the wall of the young African American?
FOXX: I would have to say Muhammad Jordan-Smith, Muhammad Ali mixed with Michael Jordan and Will Smith.

13

PLAYBOY: Would there be a place for your photo?
FOXX: Not unless they just want to have a good time. I'm the party cat.

14

PLAYBOY: Women—leave them laughing, or wanting more?
FOXX: Leave them laughing, because once they start laughing, they will want more. That's what I've learned. I don't care how beautiful a girl is. If you can make a woman laugh, that's it. They'll always want to be around you. You don't necessarily have to have all of them, or sleep with all of them. Just the fact that all of them want to hang around you makes people say, "Is he fucking them? What is he doing? They're always around him." I don't like young girls. I usually stay with girls close to my age. I'm 34, so I stay with 29, 30 and up. At least we can reminisce on some things.

15

PLAYBOY: What was the deal backstage at the MTV Awards?
FOXX: Michael Jackson's ass. Jesus Christ. He has 60 bodyguards. I started screaming at the top of my lungs, "Fuck Michael Jackson. Who does he think is going to jump on him, Britney Spears? Should we shoot him? Can we break his leg? What should we do?" But that's because I feel in this business there's a huge gap between what you have as an entertainer and what you have in your personal life. Nobody puts his arms around Michael Jackson and says, "Dude, regardless if you sell one fucking record, I'm not going to let you do this to yourself." Nobody takes the time to say, "Hey, we're going to love you anyway. Maybe you can't sell 20 million records, but at least you can live your life pretty much sanely, as opposed to being the butt of everybody's joke. You've kind of lost touch as far as being a human is concerned." Sad thing.

16

PLAYBOY: What material always works?
FOXX: What I call "human material"—things that happen to you every day. Relationships—do you love them or do you hate them? I talk about jealousy, which happens to everybody who falls in love. I say, "Have you ever been jealous of a person who isn't even with you?" You see somebody you think you might like, and you think, Look at this good motherfucker. "What's up, Jamie?" "Fuck you." "What's wrong with you?" "You're looking at my girl." "You don't have your girl with you." "Well, she's with me in spirit." So I deal with things that I call the human things.

17

PLAYBOY: What material has bombed?
FOXX: It doesn't bomb, but it makes the crowd real quiet when I talk about going to the health clinic. But it's simply this—it's about communication. I say, "Have you ever gotten VD from a girl, but the girl is so pretty you don't want to blame it on her, because you might fuck up the relationship?" I was going out with this girl—this is a personal story. This girl was so pretty, but I couldn't tell her that I thought she gave me something, because I didn't want to fuck it up.

18

PLAYBOY: What's funny now?
FOXX: You talk about your fears. When you're on a plane now and see somebody Islamic, you automatically feel a different way. It's good for me as a black person living in the San Fernando Valley. I can drive up and down the streets at 100 miles an hour and look at a policeman and say, "Hey! America, man!" It's good to have the heat off me now. You know what I'm saying? Now they're charging up to the 7-Eleven. You make light of it, but you don't walk light. Don't be afraid to make jokes about it. It is a sensitive situation, but at the same time, life has to go on.

19

PLAYBOY: Is it true you got your role in *Any Given Sunday* because P. Diddy throws like a girl?
FOXX: That's what they say. I've never seen Puff actually throw, but I don't give a damn how I got the role. He is making millions. He can buy a fucking mechanical arm, or somebody who looks exactly like him. I didn't know that Puffy was up for the part when I went in. So maybe he threw like a girl, or whatever, but I got the part. Shit, he's got enough money to pay for whatever he needs to get it done.

20

PLAYBOY: How will your film *Ali* improve upon Ali's film *The Greatest*?
FOXX: For one, Muhammad Ali is not as good an actor as Will Smith. There are things in this movie that are going to enhance Muhammad Ali. And because you have Michael Mann at the helm, who pays such close attention to detail, it's going to be the last time they ever do the Muhammad Ali story.

"I just met an old acquaintance, dear—and we're revisiting fond memories."

GODDESS

The Women of Porn

they're beautiful and they do it all

"Am I having sex with you today?" a petite young brunette asks the woman sitting nearest to her.

"I'm not sure." A blonde picks up her script and flips through it quickly. "Are you in the prison scene?"

In a dressing room, three women prepare for their first sex scenes of the day. Their hair in curlers, they study their reflections in the mirror, carefully applying makeup. They're skinny and athletic, with tans like shellacked wood and legs that seem to go on for miles.

The women don't seem even slightly self-conscious about being naked around a stranger. They are, after all, in a profession where nudity is a way of life. Many outsiders to the adult film industry think the women of porn are Hollywood rejects, frustrated starlets with dreams bigger than their talents. That may be so, but the set of an adult *(text concluded on page 130)*

JENNA JAMESON

The daughter of a Las Vegas showgirl and a police officer (her "Heart Breaker" tattoo was inspired by a nickname given to her by her father), Jenna began her career as a dancer at the Las Vegas Crazy Horse II. She has since starred in more than four dozen films and is the youngest woman ever to receive the Hot d'Or Lifetime Achievement Award.

TAYLOR HAYES

As she enthusiastically declared in the 1998 Vivid feature *Dangerous*, Taylor is the type of girl who "likes sex with an adrenaline rush." This Texas native has appeared in such films as *Jekyll and Hyde*, for which she won her first AVN Best Actress Award. She's probably best known as the leading lady from director Seymore Butts' popular series of gonzo videos.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM HAWKES

JULIA ANN

From her humble beginnings as a professional mud wrestler in Hollywood, Julia Ann went on to form (along with fellow porn hopeful Janine) the erotic dancing duo known as Blondage, a hugely popular strip club attraction during the early Nineties. Her success resulted in offers to join the adult film industry, and she was soon burning up the small screen in such films as *The Heist* and *Julia Ann: Superstar*. Her new career isn't just dirty, it's nasty.

CHASEY LAIN

Chasey has the honor of being one of the only porn starlets with a pop song named after her, the Bloodhound Gang's *Ballad of Chasey Lain*. The onetime Florida stripper began her career in earnest in 1993 with *The Original Wicked Woman*, the first adult video to document a boob job. She (and her breasts) are still going strong with starring roles in *Chasey Loves Rocco*, *Chasey Saves the World* and her own line of lesbian flicks called *Chasin' Pink*.

TERA PATRICK

A registered nurse who has worked in California, Tera has a degree in microbiology and admits that her dream job is to be a scientist. The former teen runway model made her porn debut in 1999, and soon after walked off with the "best American starlet" award at the Hot d'Or Film Festival. Fans seem to be taken with this ingenue, who recently starred in *Virtual Sex With Tera Patrick* for Digital Playground, which has already become the best-selling DVD in porn.

DASHA

Born in the Czech Republic, Dasha was a synchronized swimmer and competitive dancer before coming to America in 1996. She paid the bills as a maid before finding her way into the adult film business. She went on to appear in dozens of films, including *Broken English* and *Shakespeare Revealed*, where she revealed an unusual talent for projectile orgasms. If her face seems familiar, you may recognize her as one of Madonna's posse in the video for *Music*.

KIRA KENER AND LACEY

A two-time Miss Nude Asia winner, Kira was recruited into the adult film industry by a group of Vivid contract girls who discovered her at an East Coast strip club. Although a relative newcomer, her star-turning performances in *Facade*, *Nurses* and *House Sitter* promised a bright future for this Asian lovely. Last December, the 5'5" beauty offered free videos to anyone who showed up at her performance and donated blankets for the homeless. Lacey (who has also gone by the pseudonyms Lacy Duval, Lacy Duvalle and Lacey Duvale) is quickly becoming one of the most sought after talents in the business. Her recent career highlights include *Da New Brat* and *The Afro-Centric Pool Party*.

JANINE

Since 1992, Janine has made a name for herself as the hardest-working lesbian in the porn business. Although her professional career has been restricted to women, she has enjoyed the occasional male partner, most famously Motley Crue singer Vince Neil, as seen in their infamous amateur home video from 1998. Mainstream audiences may know her best as the nurse in Blink 182's *What's My Age Again?* video. She also graced the cover of their album.

BRITTANY ANDREWS

Brittany worked the nine-to-five shift at a beauty supply company in Milwaukee before heading off to tour as an exotic dancer. While in Jamaica, she met Jenna Jameson, who convinced her to pursue a career in adult films. Her leading roles in *Melon Season* and *Consenting Adults* led to a second career as co-producer and hostess of *Talking Blue*, a cable show. The woman who Howard Stern once called "a dirty little piece of perfect ass" is also star of her own comic book.

JULI ASHTON

Originally from Colorado, Juli was a junior high school teacher before moving to Florida to launch her career in porn, beginning with *New Wave Hookers 4*. She lobbies on behalf of the porn industry at the California state legislature, for which she received a positive-image award from the Free Speech Association. She's also a spokeswoman for Adam and Eve sex toys, which features an item called the Ultra Realistic Juli Ashton vibrating pussy.

ASIA CARRERA

A native New Yorker and card-carrying member of Mensa, Asia is one of porn's few triple threats. In addition to her performances in videos, she's also a director and has composed a soundtrack for one of her films. At 14, Asia had played piano at Carnegie Hall, and by 16 she taught English at Japan's Tsuruga College. She attended Rutgers on a full scholarship (her SAT score reportedly was 1440), where she majored in business and Japanese.

movie isn't fraught with frustrations and anxieties. In fact, it's a surprisingly relaxed environment. The actresses seem profoundly comfortable with their sexuality. Here, with the cameras turned off, they're like office workers gossiping at the water cooler.

"So, I told the director there's no way that I'm doing anal," one woman declares.

"They never learn, do they?" another agrees.

"It's in my contract," she says firmly. "No anal. They want to change it, they can talk to my manager."

What draws these women to the adult film industry? Money has little to do with it. These people are sexual extremists. You don't end up with a career in adult films because you have a casual interest in sex. You must be obsessed with it. And you must have a desire to share your obsessions with the world.

Additionally, a new crop of young porn starlets are determined not to be perceived as victims. Unlike the women who came before them, today's female stars call all the shots and demand creative control of their movies. Some have even branched out into directing and producing, making more decisions about how their sexuality is marketed. As porn queen Jenna Jameson predicted, "It's only a matter of time before women take over the industry altogether."

Back in the dressing room, the three busty stars are ready. A production assistant announces that the director is waiting. They do a last-second mirror check. Walking out the door, one of them notices a visitor to the set.

"Do you want a picture?" she asks.

Before he can react, all three women position themselves on his lap. The man struggles to shift his legs to support them all. They lean into him, until their breasts are inches away from his face. One nipple jabs him in the eye, causing him to wince. He keeps smiling, though.

A set photographer takes a few quick pictures, and the women finally release the guy, charging toward the soundstage like an army of Fembots. The brunette pauses to pick up a frighteningly large sex toy and reaches toward the guy with her free hand and gently strokes his cheek. "I'm sorry, sweetie," she says, smiling. "We didn't mean to scare you."

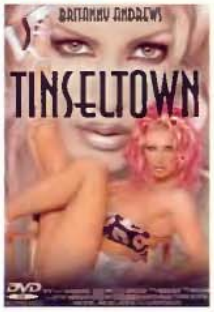
Meet the new generation of porn women. They have sex for a living, but they're nobody's victims.

To learn more about the private lives of these women, turn the page.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PORN STAR

do they take their work home? some of it, yes—and then some

BRITTANY ANDREWS



Has porn introduced you to any sexual acts you hadn't attempted before?

BRITTANY: Yes, double-fisting. I've done it in my personal life since, but my first time happened in front of the camera.

As somebody who gets laid for a living, is there such a thing as too much sex?

BRITTANY: Absolutely not. I don't work all that often. Thanks to porn, I'm the greatest lay anybody has ever had in their entire life. You know what that does for my ego? It's been nothing but a good thing.

When you're working, is there a sexual act or position you won't do?

BRITTANY: Reverse cowgirl. I can't stand it. But if they insist, I'll tell the director, "OK, I'll give it to you for exactly three minutes, so you better get your shot." And I make somebody stand next to me with a stopwatch and count out the three minutes.

Explain the challenges of the reverse cowgirl.

BRITTANY: It's where you're on top of the gentleman, but instead of you looking at him, it's backward. So both of you are facing the camera. You both are usually sitting on a chair, and you really have to use your upper thigh muscles.

Have you ever refused to work with a certain performer?

BRITTANY: That happens all the time. There are a lot of reasons, but usually it's because they're fat, ugly or hairy. This is something that I have to live with for the rest of my life. It'll be on film forever. There are also some people in the industry who I will work with only if they're in a submissive role, because I think they're bitches, and they belong at the bottom of my boot. I try to work with the same people. They know what I like, they'll show up on time and they don't have a problem with condoms.

How much of what you do on camera is consistent with your personal life?

BRITTANY: It's not even close. I am such a sick and twisted bitch. Half of the stuff I do in my personal life, I would go to jail for. I'm completely vanilla on film in comparison with what I do in my real life.

Can you be more specific?

BRITTANY: Well, for me it's not bizarre, but it might be to some people. I like to dress up men as little sissy bitches in French maids' outfits and so forth. Of course, I make them serve me and worship me. At the end of the evening, after they've been tortured by my switches, bamboo canes and other things of that nature, I'll ravage their asses for three-hour periods. Like I said, that's not at all bizarre to me, but I could see why some people might think so.

TAYLOR HAYES

Have you ever done anything in a porn film that you'd never attempted in your personal life?

TAYLOR: Porn was my first experience with multiple partners. And I've always had an interest in girls, but I never got to try it before I went into porn. Being with beautiful women was a new experience for me. I like to experiment, and adult films have given me an outlet through which to do that.

What won't you do in a film?

TAYLOR: I don't get into the whole gang-bang thing. I've never liked having sex with three and four guys at a time. Every time I've seen it done, it always seems kind of boring. There's never enough to go around. It seems like people are just standing there, waiting for their turn. So I've tried to stay away from that.

What can the average guy do to become a better lover?

TAYLOR: Wear good cologne. Sometimes that makes up for a lot of things that are missing.

ASIA CARRERA

Do you like having sex with more than one person at a time, or is it too difficult to focus?

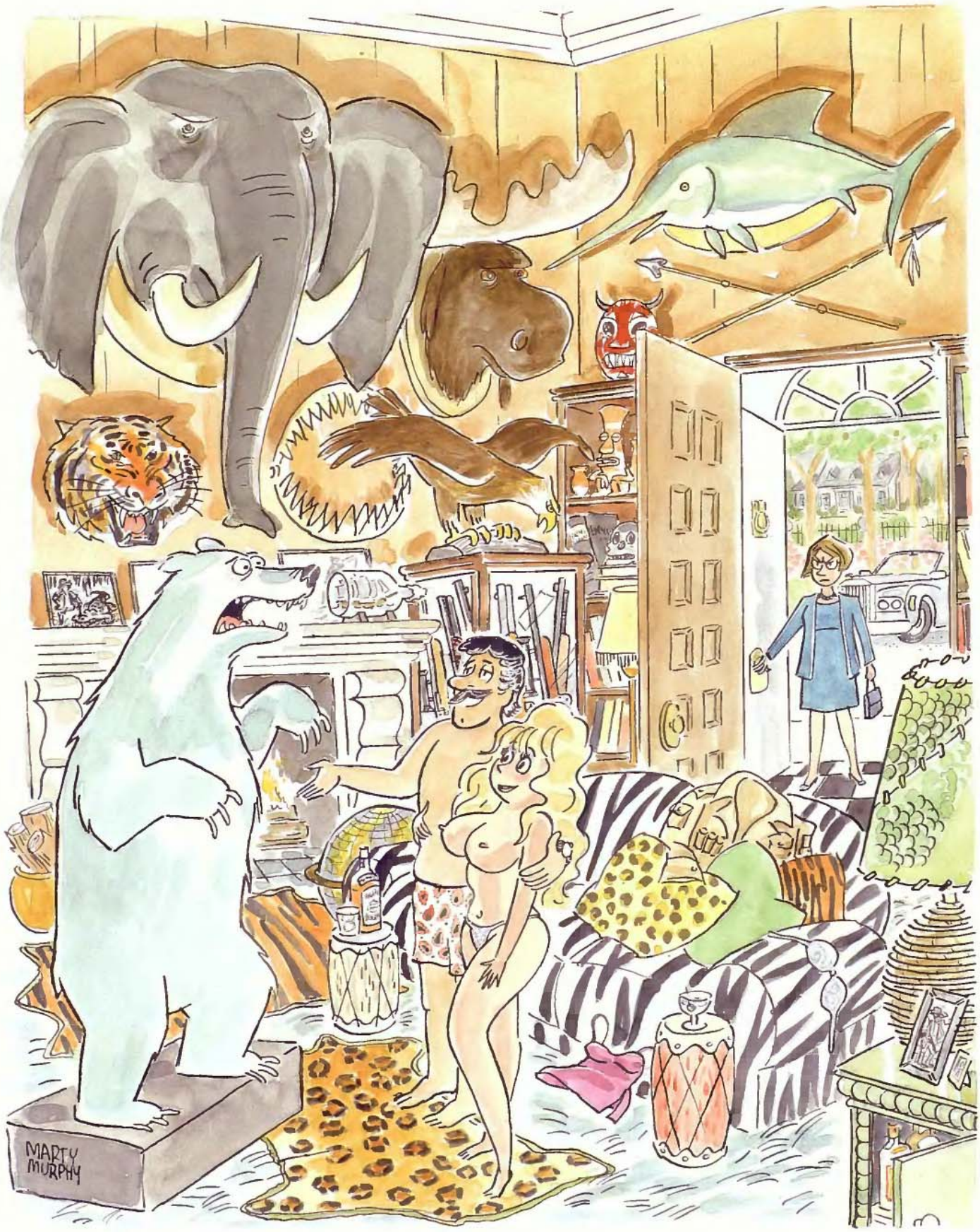
ASIA: I strongly prefer one-on-one scenes because I like to focus all my energy on my partner. I don't mind doing boy-girl-girl scenes because they usually translate into both girls focusing on the male partner, which only doubles the energy instead of dividing it. But I avoid doing the boy-boy-girl scenes anymore because I don't like trying to focus on two partners at once like that. I feel like both guys wind up getting cheated with only half of my attention, and I'm too worried about making sure nobody feels left out to actually relax and enjoy myself.

Is there anything you've done in a porn film you haven't tried in your personal life?

ASIA: I won't do anything on-screen that I haven't done in my personal life, which includes the majority of extreme sex acts like DPs, gang bangs and golden showers. I won't do anal, either, though I have done three anal scenes under special circumstances in the past. I also avoid facial pop shots because I do my own makeup, and it's a pain to have to redo my face in time for the next dialogue scene.

Are any of the sexual positions in porn so complicated that they need to be choreographed beforehand?

ASIA: I heard they had to sketch out diagrams ahead of time to plan the logistics of shooting a triple anal scene with one girl and three guys, but luckily I've never been part of anything that challenging. For most of the girls, the position that makes us shudder is the pile driver. The girl is upside down with only her head and shoulders on the ground and her bits in the air, and the guy is up and over her, pounding away like a jackhammer. I don't have the greatest endurance in my quads, so those kinds *(concluded on page 158)*



"I cornered this beast in his lair. Notice how they captured the abject terror in his eyes when they mounted him."

POLYAMORIST *(continued from page 104)*

Their torrid chemistry was a contest to see whose indifference could surpass the other's.

imitated Ralph Cramden *Honeymooners* befuddlement.

That was then and now was nothing.

Rod successfully navigated back to his seat from the Rock-Ola after splashing a salvo of quarters into its narrow little mouth. He realized that her scent was still with him, penetrating alcohol fumes, which made him dizzy if not ill.

"Holly was an exquisite cunt." Roger clinked the edge of Rod's whiskey glass merrily. "Without a doubt, a bitch's bitch."

"Minot," corrected Rod the Pod in a near-guttural belch. "Me?" He thumbed his chest. "No!" He shook his head sadly.

"She was a harpy from hell—took you for how much?"

"She was all those things and more, as usual. Don't worry, though. One day I'm sure she'll send me a check. Otherwise I might have a reason to see her again. We can't have that!"

"Heartless and conniving?" Roger gestured for another round.

"Aren't we all?" Rod droned, overturning his empty glass on the bar. "She wept and wailed like an unchanged baby breaking the news to me on her flight to Lisbon."

"With whatsisname?"

The bar was just as blue as Rod was, that blue and no bluer.

"Yeah," Rod said. "There's always a whatsisname. I got the call just before five—right off the flight. Transatlantic phone dump!"

"Now, that's cold," replied Roger with idle sympathy.

"You could say I'm lucky that my breaking-up call was mostly breaking up. I could barely hear anything." Ha! I can still barely hear anything! he thought.

Then he heard something.

A song, as distant in his ears as banished memory hailing him in vain:

The Ink Spots swinging their most famous number in a dulcet, oozing croon: *If I Didn't Care*.

"Fuck me!" said Rod incredulously, his eyes bolt open as he went both pale and rigid next to Roger, who then lurched away as if he had been touched by a hot poker or was avoiding a serious spill on his Armani jacket. Perhaps Rod was about to vomit on him. He wasn't taking any chances.

"Fuck me!" slurred Rod loudly. "That's it! That's fucking it!"

Sweet misery and inner self-mutilation poured forth from the PA in four-part harmony over the tumult and hubbub of the Bolt 'n' Screw.

•

He looked up from the blackness of his clammy palms and shuddered.

The machine was beeping.

As the e-mails and java script console updates clotted up his screen after he had removed his face from his hands, he was absolutely certain that if he could just make it through this day, this one, measly, agonizing day, all other days remaining would fall neatly into place.

Flooding himself at the watercooler, hiding from the daylight, skirting the issue of work, ducking supervisors, he set himself to doing precisely that.

•

Prim, brazenly made-up, plump and even more brazenly curvaceous, his colleague Dotty Pike wasn't to be the first, but she was somewhere on the list.

What list?

Why, the targeted list of indifference, of course.

The list of those to be taken, used, discarded.

The list to be kissed.

Easier said than done, you might say. You might also justifiably add, perhaps in a halfhearted search for a portion of lurid experience: Just how do you get them to so easily take you? Simplicity itself: No longer take them at all.

No longer want them, or need them.

Tease them. Snub them. Turn on your heels and walk (don't run) away from them. Let them see the usual chance in your eyes, then, just as they see it, readily take it away. Rudely snatch it back.

This wasn't playing hard to get.

This was method acting hard to get.

It wasn't being hard to get—it was the being and nothingness of hard to get.

It was its own phenomenology of mind that intuitive, incisive Rod the Pod both got and elaborated upon.

Someone once said that when the heart is betrayed, it must in turn betray itself, to effectively betray others in kind. That was Rod the Pod talking, but he would never have allowed himself to be quoted this way. He would never have admitted it.

•

Why put prim little Dotty Pike on the list at all, you might ask?

For Rod, it was a mild gesture of revenge, a nod to the community of Netwonks at large. Dotty was, after all, reigning office tease, a human bauble dangled about as a prize, an intimation of what might be won if you could only keep reinventing yourself and your job fast enough to remain employed. She was the unobtainable company Kewpie doll, universally lusted for and therefore universally untouchable.

Freezing out Dotty Pike would be a blow against permutation for its own sake, against Minot and Internet plasticity all-around.

Though this may have achieved another rung toward the nirvana of indifference, Dotty Pike had far more urgent considerations in this than did Rod.

Her power base was somehow waning.

Dotty Pike had grown used to wielding power over men in the office, power that overtly attractive women with a self-assured sense of sexuality always have over sensitive, susceptible men—to put it bluntly, the geeks—who cannot hope to keep pace. Though the Netwonks (or Netwanks, as she often joked) were not always less than attractive, they were certainly far less than sexually self-assured. She easily exerted her subtextual sexual power over them. Under the stress of formality, and the need to rule responsibly, they fell all over themselves just to fulfill her slightest oddball whim while at the same time perpetuating a well-seen-through lie of dignity.

All except Rod the Pod.

Rod, who, on the decisive morning after, had physically bumped into Dotty in the hall, had indeed fallen all over her like everybody else but recoiled, then withdrew, from this lurid opportunity, strangely unaffected.

No, not like the other Netwonks at all.

To counter that, Dotty immediately turned on her flirtatious charm to evoke the routine, reliable responses, the assured babbling foolishness of sexual unease. But none came. She even managed to brush against his worsted crotch, ever so slightly.

No change.

Nothing.

No perceptible sweats, no quickened pulse, no reflexive incipient hardness.

Nothing!

It was just—well—*wrong*.

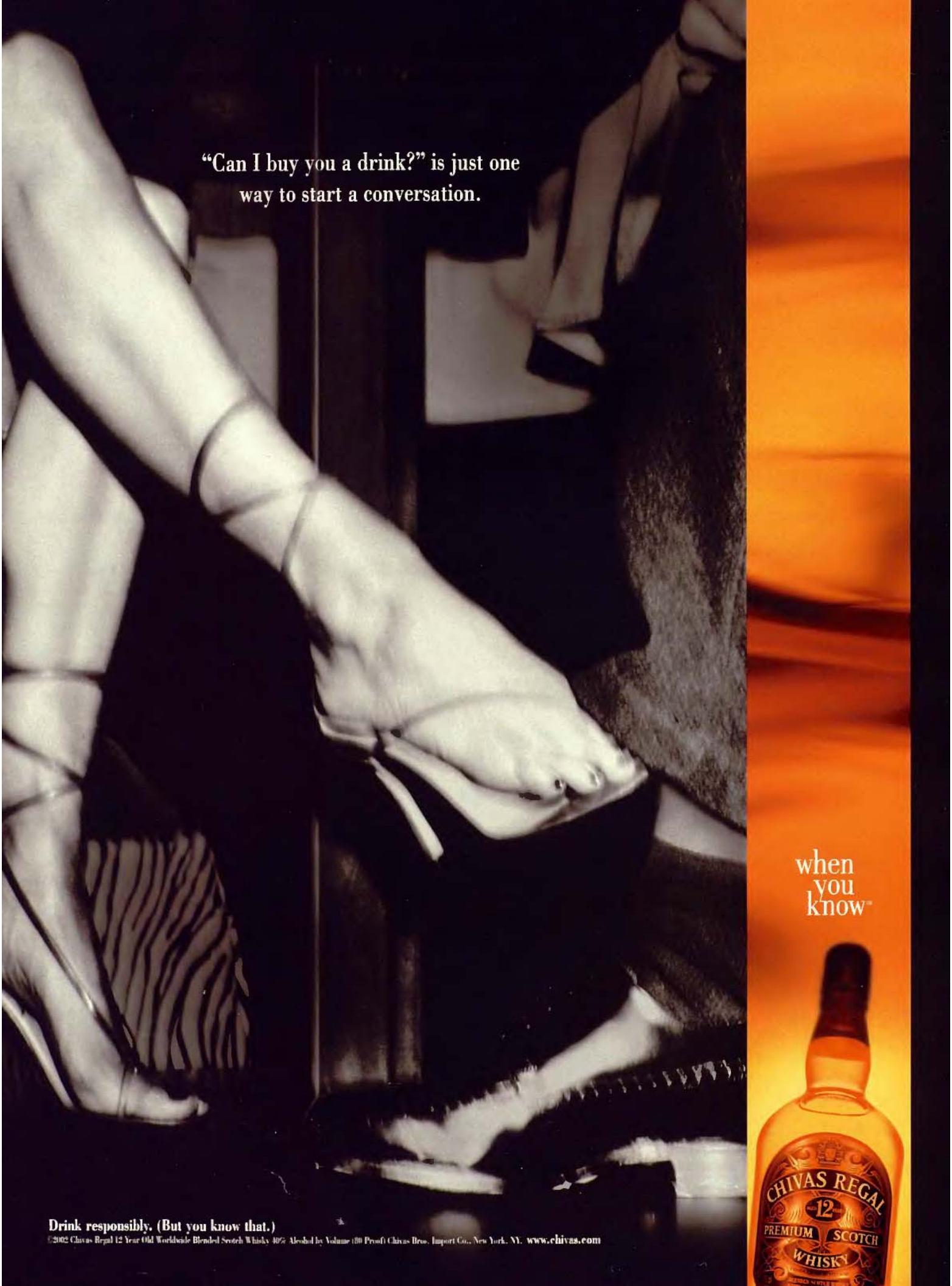
A headline bulletin ran in a band of luminous red letters about her brain:

ROD THE POD PORCELLIAN IS NO LONGER INTERESTED IN FUCKING YOU.

She gulped dryly.

Rod had merely brushed himself off and excused himself officiously, without the slightest hint of interest or awkwardness. *Then he turned his back on her!*

Watching him walk down the corridor to his office without giving her so much


"Can I buy you a drink?" is just one way to start a conversation.
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as half a backward glance, it hit her in the pit of her stomach like a cramp.

That fucker! He knew what he was doing!

It burned her to the core of her soul to know that she had just been brushed off.

•

While Dotty fumed, seeming now to be slumped somehow, Rod inwardly delighted. She could wait. Somewhat smugly, he set himself to the task at hand.

The first on Rod's particular list was a local rock star with magenta cellophaned hair and a hard figure in black lingerie worn outside a tight unitard. She was dark, gothic, mannered and cool. She was not so cool as to forget to work the room, however.

When Rod walked in she was already assuredly and incandescently on.

So Rod, blowing smoke in her face and immediately ignoring her in favor of anyone (or anything) else, simply outcooled her with disturbing finality.

"This is Chemise N'Oblige," Roger said. "She's this year's winner of the Battle of the Bands." Her limp and clammy hand was as icy as death.

"Bandwidth Blowout," she corrected distantly, tousling Louise Brooks bangs.

Rod held her wrist as if checking for a pulse, patted it gently, then let it drop as if it didn't matter.

He made an impression on her by infuriating her, and he infuriated her by responding blandly to all her excitement, her deadpan, drop-dead glamour. No, he was not gay, he caught in a sidelong whisper. Yes, he was single.

Rod was yawning. Rod was bored. Rod left early.

Deep inside Rod's mind, however, the clock was running.

He got the call from Chemise later on that night, then soon enough removed the unitard in the VIP room of Active Transport, a new chic downtown club. They fucked upright, backstage while Torch Song beat out a staccato dirge blowing out monitors to accompany the pleasured grunts of their rutting.

They did it on ecstasy, coke and some strange brain-and-colon laxative that made them lunge madly through the act.

They did it at the swing club Trapeze in New York—for a lark.

For a week and a half or so, Rod the Pod was "Rockin' Rod the Goth Scene God," unlikely fave-rave of all the technos, the thrashers and trashers, remade in appearance while occupying the envied position of being the chosen one to boff and squire their queen. He found he'd made the de facto guest list for the closed, celebrity event, the all-night party and its exclusive after-event of sloppy hedonistic lying around.

One night, not unexpectedly, he ended it all with the quiet decorum and stately click of his cell phone while in a taxi on his way somewhere else.

Chemise knew he was on his way to see some vanilla office chick, some undead yuppie scum in a clingy off-the-rack tweed suit with unintentionally laddered hose. Her blood was boiling!

Rod was, in actuality, on his way to return several overdue DVDs, grateful to come home to his condo to loll about unclad on the uncluttered sofa, alone.

Chemise N'Oblige put scratches on his face next morning, as he left for work, caroming into him in the hall and then disappearing. She put scratches into the side of his car with a key. And that wasn't the end of it. Chemise tracked him down doggedly every other day at lunch at various outdoor cafes, spilling everything from decaf latté to brimming mimosas on Rod, culminating with the smashing of a strawberry chiffon New York–style cheesecake directly into his deadpan expression.

Later, Chemise performed a song titled *The Pod's Passion Play*, punctuated by the mock castration of her bassist onstage. That was the last Rod's still-ringing ears ever heard from her.

Then there was Margit Ergot, called (with misleading simplicity) Maggie.

A dwarfish performance artist possessed of the aspect of a mini Jayne Mansfield, captured in blush-colored tights, a tartan skirt and obligatory fuck-me pumps, Maggie slam-danced her way across Rod's typically skewed vision at an opening he attended. Spark plug–fireplug Maggie capered and caroused about the loft, writhing her compact body and shaking her postpunk peroxide mane to great effect, ignored and apparently dismissed by Rod. He was the first to entirely ignore her and so, true to

"You can come in, but no funny stuff."

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his method, the last to leave with her.

Their torrid chemistry was bound by one constant factor: a contest to see whose indifference could surpass the other's. To bring a greater stake to the contest, there simply had to be a component of heartbreakingly urgent physical need, shaped by bodily craving and honed by mental oblivion.

Her body was a desperate knot of muscle perpetually beating Rod to a sexual pulp just as her mind was a splendid mimic of his every diffident gesture of surpassing indifference.

Yet none of this reached Rod past making Maggie his first regular, scheduled for weekends only. Rod was blunt and up front about his desire to keep other days open. His commitment to her extended solely to those days, as did her commitment to him. Beyond that, they both could do as they pleased.

Protected, of course.

Maggie agreed with his lack of enthusiasm and became Rod's recurring tryst of competitive and often marathon exchanges of bored contempt and petty one-upmanship ending in brutish sex. They might as well have been set against each other in an arena with *punji* sticks or quarterstaffs, as they bit, scratched and tormented each other to the brink. They might as well have been boxing.

Yet it was the continuum of losses and draws that kept her coming back for more and kept Rod taking her on. All resultant lacerations, contusions and even the disturbingly purple hematoma became a standard offhand office joke at the beginning of each week.

It wasn't what Rod would do next but whom.

The next regular installed from Rod's roundelay of bored bed-hopping was Melpomene Musset, or Melly, who claimed direct descent from poet Alfred.

Melly got through to Rod right away by inviting him up, then stringing him from the ceiling of her dungeon, where she also practiced her day gig as a professional dominatrix. Melly was soft and downy, large-eyed, full-chested, as rounded, smoothed and creamy as Margit was knotted and hard-edged. Tall and willowy as opposed to solid and compact. Like Rock Icon Nico, she went against her original-seeming type as docile, busty sex cow and became a punked-out Bambi with a whip.

Rod learned she was a secret superstar participant in a not-so-secret amateur S&M scene that trumpeted its existence in pseudopolitical play party groups, web rings and rock clubs—unobtainable to any but the paying gray-templed accountants and attorneys who were willing to act as uniformed housemaid, toilet slave or personal ashtray.

Where most men would have quailed, titillated, to be sure, but marking on secure hulls that would have been out of their depth, Rod plunged in deeply without apologies, regrets or, for that matter, a suit.

Melpomene gracefully filled out Wednesday through Friday. The list had become an itinerary. And, as if that weren't enough, there was Freja Frisson on Mondays.

Freja was the wholesome blonde from out of the Midwestern forest, an icy Piscean type from out of the fjords. She was a tall, cold, delicious drink that would freeze your fillings till they shattered, whose languid kisses gave the kind of ice-cream headache that kept on giving—the kind that would have you licking despite the pain, if you only could. Rod certainly could, and did.

He matched her, icicle for icicle, lick for lick.

Freja was in accounting and had no discretion in the office about waylaying and entangling Rod in the Screaming Media office corridor, dressed in the snug informality that was worn daily both to tease receptive men (and women) and to permeate Rod the Pod's stubbornly icy core. The fiery display they made each day was enough to melt the hearts of onlookers and keep all comment to an exchange of low whispers. Rumors of threesomes and envy.

Rumors based in giggling fact.

Sweet Swedish Freja, idyllic Anita Ekberg–Ursula Andress voluptuous Freja, the great heat sink of all fucks, the Iditarod of organized coital abandon. Yet it was enough for Rod, and if it was not enough for her, he could hardly tell from her glazed, fixed expression, her busied fingers, her chin resting on the thigh of their rotating third party or other woman.

Rod met every waking Monday with a thoroughness and industriousness that prompted ridicule and disgust from fellow marketing developers and that caused a miserable chain reaction of intense intercubicle rivalry. Results of this rivalry reached a boom the day Freja detected the unwashed essence of Margit Ergot on his lips and chin during an impromptu hallway kiss and lapped him exhaustively clean, catlike and fairly devouring his face, lips and tongue.

Rod was in fact the object to be conquered—the one whose detachment was to be penetrated. Then Freja could retreat and bask in the glow of appetite unfulfilled, lust unrequited—and perhaps run off with her other object of passion, Margit Ergot.

But so far—since the day of Minot's transatlantic telephonic dump-off—this had yet to happen, which meant that the cycle would be repeated until Rod showed some sign of wearing down.

And he was in truth quite worn down, gratefully collapsing into an empty bed on as many nights past midnight as he could arrange for one, both for the reason and the respite, the flesh and need repeated, repealed and replaced by the joy of indulged fatigue.

All of this disgusted Dotty Pike, who had hardly gotten even a cursory glance from Rod anymore, much less his befuddled, hormonally overwhelmed numbfumbling. It disturbed her enough to become a source of brooding when alone in her cubicle. Struggling to work, it occurred to her that Rod was upsetting the natural order of things—men were supposed to be led and manipulated by the heat of their genitals and not manipulate and lead women with the coolness of their emotional disinterest. He was putting an entire social order out of whack by eliminating, somehow, the effect of one in favor of the noisome other.

He had to be stopped.

Yet, in his ironclad schedule, he was unstoppable.

Meanwhile, Rod's life was divided between the jealousies of overlooked clients and of overly looked-at sex partners who wanted more, railing in frustration that Rod lacked the depth he in fact at the outset had claimed to lack.

Rod stuck to his schedule without budging, so each felt she had in some way been cheated. He placated, argued, negotiated, procrastinated, sold his heart out to clients and girlfriends alike.

He began to look dangerously haunted, sleepless and unconcerned.

Thus, Dotty Pike wooed him.

With laser-like precision she homed in on his fatigue and narrowed herself upon it like a ray of sunshine through a magnifying glass upon an unsuspecting insect.

Now, if a woman wants to make a man fall in love with her—an attractive woman, a stylish woman—to the exclusion of all else, it can easily be done. All it takes is persistent attentiveness, the read and echo of the man's habits and tics and if not longing, at least appetite. Dotty knew all of this. As if preparing for mortal combat, she applied it with pointed aggression.

After the first suggestive kiss, Rod announced: "I'll see you, but I'm into polyamory, just so you know."

Dotty shrugged and coyly countered: "I'm not exactly a monomaniac."

Not exactly.

Dotty had in fact anticipated Rod's taste in women, observing him—but not stalking! No, we won't call it that!—on different occasions with Maggie, Melly and the gelid, statuesque Freja.

She averaged their dress and appearance and adopted it, flirting with Rod to the quizzical joy of Freja, who flirted back with her while Rod assessed her in a state of shocked quietude.

By way of a clotted threesome with Rod and Freja, she gyrated her way into Rod's schedule with an adventurousness and enthusiasm that edged the others slowly out.

Dotty intrigued against them, playing for more of Rod's time, dating Freja and discovering unlovely secrets as to her past, which she discretely dropped to Rod, fomenting rivalry between Maggie and Melly—an anxious spark between them, which she fanned relentlessly into a positive bonfire. She amplified and tightened Rod's sexual distaste of Freja by reminding him of her less-than-sanitary and possibly less-than-safe penetrative predilections.

While Rod vainly tried keeping his list and sexual itinerary functional, Dotty made the lethal move no man can resist: the application of care.

Often mistaken for mothering, care beguiles and speaks to the need in every man for reverence, appreciation and service—to feel secure in the fiction that he is running the show while in fact he is being run by a clever, hard-working and demonically detail-oriented woman.

Doting on Rod, Dotty was slowly winning the game.

Then came the fatal night—the one that all lovers reach, a night of peeling away layers to get to the center. But sometimes penetrating layers only gets you to more convincing disguises.

Dotty tried to break through.

Rod reciprocated.

On the morning after the oath, the declaration, the—for lack of a better word, or, for that matter, thought—commitment, Dotty dialed the long number for Rod's ex, Minot, in Cannes to break the news.

Why, you may ask?

Had they been in contact before? Had they established some rapport? Were they in cahoots?

Well, Dotty was nothing if not thorough. Let's just say, as a professional in the field, she did her research.

•

And in saying that, let's cut to a lovely, fragrant spring day, the kind when boulevardiers are at their very best at the sidewalk cafes on the finest chic avenues of the downtown taking long, if not well-deserved, lunches. There's Rod seated at an outside table under an awning,

sipping espresso in the cool, blossom-flecked breeze with Armani-suited Roger and announcing his impending wedding to Dotty Pike.

Roger smiled with a hint of a leer. "She's a wild one," he said in passing. "An improvement on our Holly of yore."

"You mean Minot," Rod said.

Roger whispered with a lascivious, somewhat smug laugh: "I mean she's a freaking minx!"

"How would you know that?" Rod drawled, hardly paying attention, watching a swallow swoop and dive.

"How wouldn't I know?"

That got Rod's attention.

"Do you mean to tell me——"

"Hey!" Roger said, slamming down his empty Cool Cocaccino mug on the fiberglass table. "Don't get tense, man. You know, you were nailing just about anything that moved there for a while. It's not like we're virgins, you know. Besides, turnabout is foreplay, I hear." He winked.

"That's fair play."

Roger arched both eyebrows. "Really? In this case?"

Rod leaned toward him, red-faced. "Are you telling me you did——?"

"I don't mean to tell you I didn't," Roger interrupted with a smirk. "But this is no surprise—Dotty tells anyone who'll listen that she's watchmacallit."

"Polyamorous?"

"That's it! Now that means——"

"I know what that means. She fucking got the term from me!"

Roger raised his palms: "Hey, you're both that way, right? No harm, no foul!"

"That ended with the engagement."

"Maybe it did for you, boychick, but somebody ought to tell her that sometime, now oughtn't they?" His eyes were wide in suppression of nonplussed mirth.

"Guess what? She already knows."

"OK—so she knows. I just don't know, and a few other guys I could mention also don't know. I'm sure you can work it out." Sensing a confrontation, Roger hurriedly and abruptly gathered his Armani jacket, left money on the table to pay the check and rocketed off, lending insight into the origin of his nickname "Ramjet."

Rod sat there staring in glum wonder. Thoughts came jogging along.

OK. Salvageable. He would have to talk to Dotty, ask her some questions, get things straight with her.

It occurred to him that swing tunes were playing over the PA of the coffee shop.

Rod recognized the song.

It was soft at first—just a hint of melody—and then out of nowhere became deafening in his head. It was the same song that had played so resonantly in memory just after the debacle of the transatlantic dump-off.

He had a cold, sinking feeling.

Rod wandered back to the office much later than he wanted to, having spent far too much time sitting there at a table outside StarStruck's wondering if life would be in any way just as manageable.

If she didn't care.

"I can give you an awesome pair of knockers, but you must promise to use their power only for good."

SLEEPERS

(continued from page 67)

leisure clothes gathered around our car. Mani rolled down the window and said in Arabic, "What's happening?"

"Is that guy a cop?" one of them asked, gesturing at me.

"Would I hang out with cops?" Mani replied. "He's my friend from New York and he wants to know what's going on." (I spend considerable time in New York, though my official residence is in Israel.) We started talking. Most of the young men were cagey and noncommittal about their notorious neighbor, but they were all fans of New York. Several said I was lucky to live there, but it was also clear that the World Trade Center attack had caused them no grief.

Already, the rumor mill had embroidered the media reports with inflammatory images. Now, it seemed, their neighbor had been in the act of hijacking the plane when police wrestled him to the ground. Like the suicide bombers in Israel, he was wearing a green-and-white jihad bandana, and his protective suit was designed to survive nuclear attack, as well as chemical and biological warfare. He was also wearing a ski mask and a Kevlar jacket and was carrying a small quantity of mercury. No one in the crowd had an explanation for why a terrorist would carry mercury.

"Life was so much easier before September 11," one of the young Muslim men said. "Then we were just dirty foreigners—and that was bad enough—but now we're murderous, dirty foreigners. And they think we're all dangerous."

Another said: "I'm a German. I was born here. I went to high school and I go to a technical school. But since September 11, Germans ask me if I am an 'Atta.' Is that fair? Is that right?"

And a third, speaking rapid Moroccan Arabic that eluded me, suddenly used a word I recognized: sleeper. He kept using it, and his friends nodded in agreement. He was saying that now the non-Muslims in Germany thought he and other young Muslims were sleepers—that is, they are agents of bin Laden who will go about their normal lives until the terrorist leader sends them into action. As a consequence, they said, they heard disparaging terms such as rag head and camel humper far more often than before the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks.

•

We said goodbye to that group and set off to meet more of Mani's friends. It quickly became clear that however unpleasant the new realities might be, Mani and his pals had found a way to cash in on them. He showed me one of his T-shirts, now adorned with a photo of Osama bin Laden outside a cave, holding an AK-47. Mani was about to deliver

(Advertisement)

Are you losing your hair?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo*

These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic

ABSTRACT

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex of herbal based topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 95% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents the latest and most advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

HERBAL ORAL MEDICATION

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound solely responsible for the male sex characteristics in man as opposed to estrogen and progesterone, the androgenic hormones determining the female sex. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body some of Testosterone undergoes a series of transformations resulting in various compounds each with a different physiologic function in the body than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

HERBAL BASED TOPICAL FORMULATION

A special herbal topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This revolutionary and unique development represents the latest and most advance treatment modality for patterned baldness currently available anywhere. This medicinal complex consists of of a specific blend of natural herbs in combination with a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site. In addition a carefully selected combination of minerals, vitamins, amino acids and known hair growers was added in order to provide the basic nutrients necessary for the metabolism of healthy follicular development.

MATERIALS AND METHOD

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advance stage IV on the Hamilton scale. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

RESULTS

The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average within 2-4 months in > 95% males and within 2-3 months in > 98% females (figure 1). Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

* Herbal Medicine Consultant

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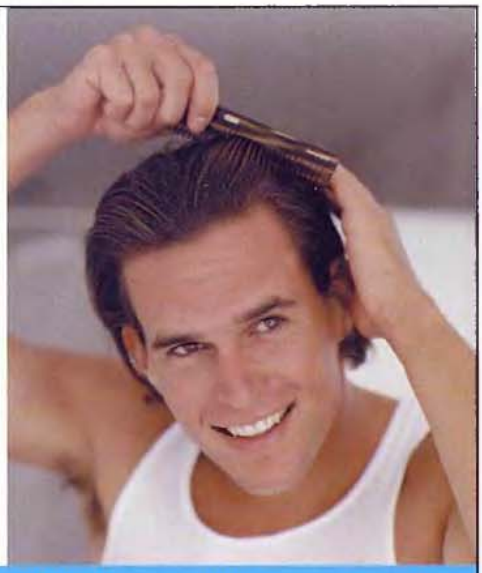

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a shipment to the airport.

I also met Fouad, known as Freddy Football (because of his devotion to his favorite soccer team). Freddy had spotted an Internet parody of the calypso classic *Banana Boat Song*, an animated number with rockets, featuring President Bush playing drums and Colin Powell threatening the Afghan terrorists: "Come, Mr. Taliban, turn over bin Laden—daylight come and we dropping the bomb." Freddy downloaded the cartoon and burned it on to, by his account, 30,000 CD-ROMs—with a twist. In his version, Bush and Powell are mocked in Arabic subtitles. The CDs were selling like kabobs, Freddy reported. No wonder, since he was marketing them through a friend who owned a chain of kabob stands.

•

Much of Mani's entrepreneurial activities are conducted at a gym near Leverkusen, where friends and colleagues hang out. It is fair to say, from what Mani has told me and what I've observed, that many of them make a living in ways that would not stand up to scrutiny by the police. Then again, few policemen in Germany speak Arabic, and strong German laws protecting civil liberties make close monitoring illegal.

The gym rats are part of a loose network of wannabe heavies. They work all over Germany as bodyguards, concert-security beef and the like. Some claim to have known Atta, from his Hamburg gym. Mani filled me in on what he had heard about Atta. He held his hand aloft and let his wrist go limp: "Atta was fighting himself because of the shame—he was gay. That was a great shame for him and his family, so he wanted to die like a man. That's Atta's whole story."

Mani's gym reminded me of a pool hall in a crime movie, the sort of place that was, all by itself, the shady side of town. It was one brightly lit room with lockers along the walls and barbells and weight benches arranged in groups. There were about 40 men there when I walked in, nearly all Muslims—Turks, Lebanese, Algerians. The rest were Germans, Russians, Poles and Yugoslavs, and all, it seemed, were friends of Mani. He told me there were just three rules for a newcomer such as myself: Don't stare at anyone, let them start a conversation and stay away from any machine where a man has left his towel.

He introduced me as a friend, and his friends went about their business normally.

And what business.

It was immediately obvious that these gym denizens were not health fanatics. I saw a Yugoslavian in an Armani suit approach a Turk who was pumping iron while chain-smoking. He placed the burning cigarette on the edge of another machine, as if it were the edge of a pool table.

"Do you have it?" the Yugoslav asked.

"Yeah," said the Turk, who rose from the machine, dragged on the cigarette, walked over to his locker and pulled out a folded towel. He opened the towel and handed the man a Glock with the magazine in place. The Yugoslav in turn peeled off several big-denomination deutsche mark bills, pocketed the gun and left the gym.

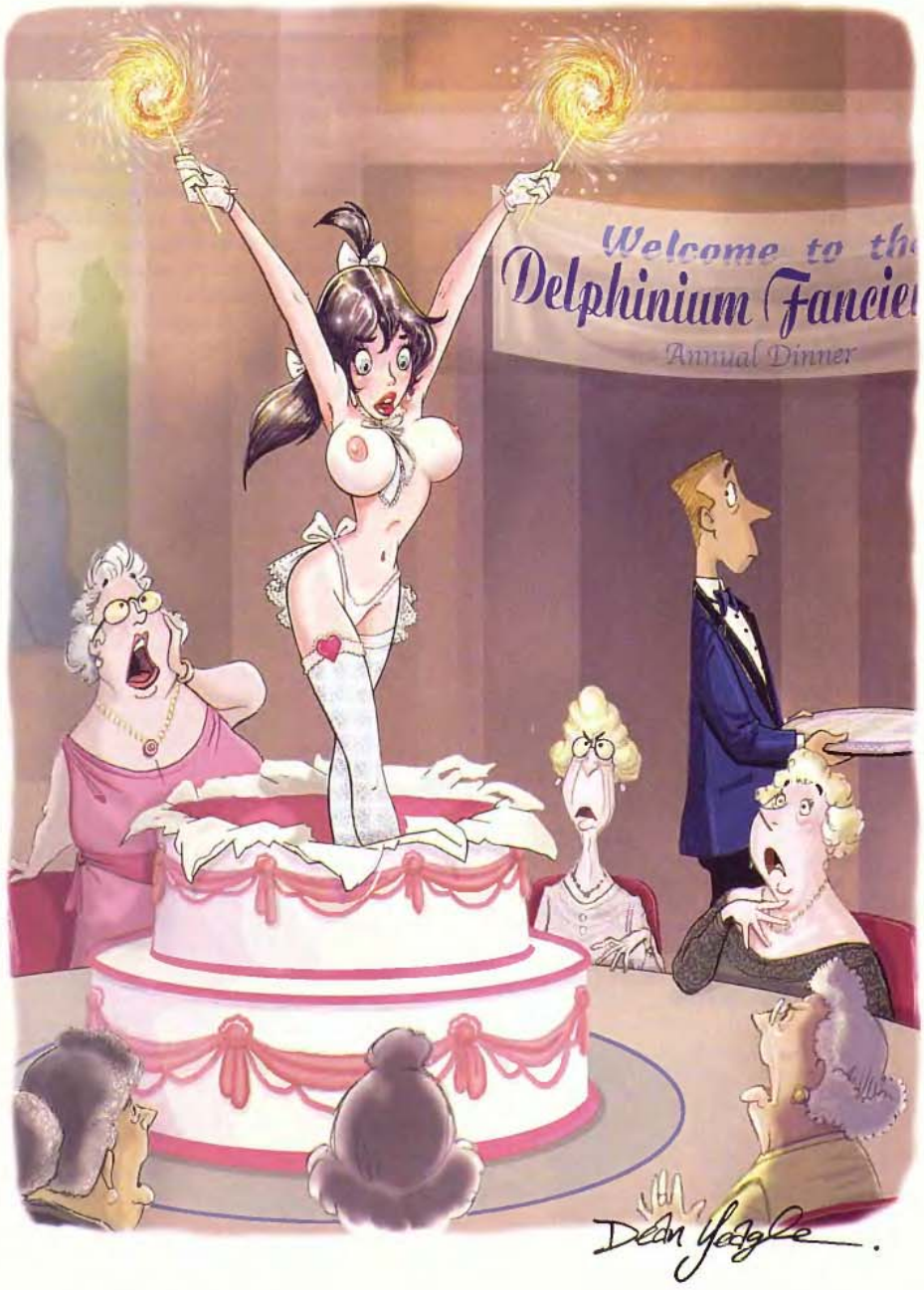
Mani slugged away at a heavy bag while I tried to be inconspicuous. I witnessed another transaction, as a Lebanese handed over two industrial-size jars of pills to a man in a sweat suit. Later Mani explained that the pills were Dutch ecstasy. The recipient was a bouncer at a popular disco.

I talked with a guy who said he had worked out with Atta. "He wore makeup," the guy said. I was sure he meant body makeup—the stuff weightlifters wear in competitions. "No, no—like a girl. Makeup on his face."

Two other men attracted my attention. They were both Turkish Cypriots. One wore soccer shorts and a Bayern Munich jersey, and the other wore camouflage trousers. I saw them speak to a German in a business suit, who also had a thick wad of bills. He gave most of it to the two men, who quickly left the gym.

The German's name was Jochen, another friend of Mani, and he was eager to show me some of his work—and what his life is like.

The first stop was Jochen's art gallery, an enormous storehouse of copies of the great masters. Jochen explained that his



"Am I to assume this isn't the McGonigle bachelor party?"

clientele included Germans and Muslims, and that they were equally gullible and eager to buy culture. He talked about one rich Muslim drug dealer to whom he had sold a Van Mogh. It sounded enough like Van Gogh to impress the buyer (and his friends), and it enabled Jochen to say he had done nothing illegal. From other outlets, Jochen explained, he sells different sorts of knockoffs that have come his way, such as Molex watches and Gup shirts.

Fakes sell. That was obvious. I remembered that Mani had told me another way some of his friends had planned to cash in on the suspicions that were now directed against them. Given the opportunity, Mani had explained, they would peddle false terror tips, bogus information about plots they had heard sleepers were hatching. It seemed natural.

While I was looking at a reimagining of Rembrandt's *The Night Watch*—a sunlit version called *The Day Watch* by Remnart—a German woman came in.

"I need something for my daughter's wedding," she said.

Jochen had just the right enormous oil painting. It was a portrait of an ugly woman, with the look of age about it.

"It's Mozart's mother," Jochen said.

The woman was impressed though skeptical.

"Are you sure it's Mozart's mother?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Jochen said, and he then made a show of inspecting the back of the painting.

By the time he had talked her into an expensive frame for the atrocity, he had made about $2000.

Jochen invited me to tag along when he visited a wine warehouse, where three men were sitting at a table made from a wine barrel, sniffing corks. They ignored us as we walked to the back door. Out back were the two Turkish weightlifters from Cyprus who had left the gym in a hurry. They were standing near a truck filled with bottles of Spanish wine.

"The truck broke down in the Pyrenees, and they found it," Jochen explained. The two hijackers beckoned to some German kids, gave them a few deutsche marks and had them unload the swag into the warehouse.

On and on it went, as I met more and more Runyonesque characters, Muslim and German, who conjured up an underworld open to exploitation by terrorists in all sorts of ways. For the most part, my encounters took place in tea shops, at kabob stands, on street corners and in bordellos. Until September 11, Mani told me, I could have found talkative Muslims at any of the small mosques that abound in the big cities. But they have become all but deserted because, not surprisingly, police have begun staking them out, taking pictures and asking questions.

I heard the facts—and, I'm sure, the urban legends—of the Muslim underworld. I heard about the special problems of smuggling goods or people across borders. I heard about the highway motels, which have ATM-like consoles instead of concierges. One gains entry with a credit card, and if the card is a fake, one leaves no paper trail. Story after story described how it was possible to operate under official radar.

One man told me he was trying to unload a truckload of left-footed Puma athletic shoes. He explained that so many Puma, Nike and Adidas shipments had been hijacked in eastern Europe that the companies had resorted to sending one foot at a time. If, say, his shipment of left-footed shoes had reached its proper destination, the shipper would have sent the right-footed models to join them. Someone at the gym, he said, would probably know someone who knew the whereabouts of the right-footed shoes.

There were stories about the man who had an honest job as a dental technician and who regularly stole anesthetic gas. Why? He could sell it to truck hijackers, who would give it to prostitutes who worked truck stops. The idea was that the prostitute would somehow give the driver a blast of the gas once they were alone in his cab. Then, while he was incapacitated, the hijackers could unhook his rig, hook it to one of their cabs and be on their way.

Mani and his friends travel often, driving fast on the comfortable European highways. He and I crossed and recrossed the Austrian, Italian and Dutch borders and were scrutinized on several occasions by the police. Mani and his Audi—with mag wheels and blacked-out windows—fit the police profile of a suspect. No one ever noticed the illegal Glock Mani carried with him at all times.

According to Mani and his friends, their new notoriety makes them more alluring to German women. One of them noted that Carlos the Jackal, one of the bloodiest, most notorious terrorists of the past, had just gotten married in a French prison. To Mani's friends, this news somehow suggested that women love outlaws, and now all the young Muslims in Germany had that reputation. Who knows? I did see them pick up a couple of German blondes at a rest stop and get blow jobs in the car as we drove to a nightclub. One of the guys in the car that night—a guy named Achmed who goes by Jimmy—said, "I tell you I am fucking these blonde women every day. We do not need 77 virgins in heaven when we have as many as we want here on earth. For me, this is heaven right here. Germany is paradise. I think the best way to end this conflict is for America to parachute a lot of blonde women into the desert. If they send great women with long blonde hair who fuck Muslims, I tell you there is no war,

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•

But for all the bragging, one fact is undeniable. It is easy to operate under the radar in Germany. For historical reasons, civil liberty legislation is powerful and thorough. The word gestapo is always on the mind of German police—as in, make sure you are never accused of acting like the gestapo.

Also, *Datenschutz*, or "protection of data," severely limits the extent to which institutions can share information. Selling information to catalog companies, for example, is illegal, and telephone information is also carefully guarded. Legal aliens find it easy to operate illegally. One can gain residency, make all one's money off the books and skip filing a tax return—and be optimistic about getting away with it. The agencies in charge of work permits, taxation and residency are forbidden, for the most part, to cross-reference records that might indicate suspicious activity. Similarly, it's difficult for authorities to get permits for wiretaps. The taped phone conversations that led to the arrest of Lased bin Heni in Munich were provided by Italian authorities who were monitoring terrorist cells in Milan, whose members spoke to their counterparts in Germany.

Legal residency is also fairly easy to obtain. Germany maintains an open university system, and the universities are free—even to foreign students. The Technical University of Harburg, where Atta and his accomplices studied, has a web page devoted to interested foreign students. The page points out there is no tuition. In many cases—indeed, as happened with Marwan al-Shehhi—universities teach German free of charge as a first step toward a free education. In the wake of the September attacks, some university records have been examined for anomalies. The Hanover immigration office, for example, began to look systematically through the records of foreign students. The decision was criticized publicly by the state official in charge of *Datenschutz*. For people obsessed with operating without scrutiny, Germany is paradise.

•

Before returning to Cologne, Mani introduced me to a Turkish Muslim friend named Mehmet. They had met as youths, when both their fathers were greengrocers. Matter-of-factly, Mehmet described the various ways he provides false documentation—passports, drivers' licenses and credit cards. He also told me he has worked legally one day in his life and swore he would never do it again. Fresh vegetables were too dirty for him, he said. He preferred tampering with photos and minting phony credit cards.

•

In Cologne, Mani's gym rat–bouncer network delivered us to an Afghan woman named Leila, who has been in Germany for just a year and who lives in great danger. While Mani and his friends must take their chances with the new scrutiny the counterterrorist war is sure to bring them, Leila is a reminder of the spectral past that haunts Muslims in Europe. As more refugees pour out of Afghanistan, there will inevitably be more stories to match hers.

Leila, now 27, grew up near Kabul, where her father was an English teacher at a local school. Leila has five sisters; an older brother was killed fighting the Russians when she was a little girl. His death broke her father's spirit and her mother turned against Leila in a violent and vicious manner. Day in and day out, Leila told Mani and me, her mother whipped her with a thick carpet beater. In the beginning, Leila learned to throw her hands out at her sides, to let her billowing chador absorb most of the blow. Her mother figured out what she was doing and beat her only at night, when she was in bed wearing a much thinner nightdress.

When I asked her why her mother was so savage, Leila thought for nearly a minute before saying, "frustration."

About two years ago, she went to live with relatives near the Afghanistan-Pakistan border. Thanks to her father, she was fluent in English, and her uncle hired her out as a translator for an aid agency that worked on both sides of the border. Every payday, the uncle confiscated the small brown envelope that contained her earnings.

"I suggest you get the veal Marsala, creamed fennel and your foot out of my crotch."

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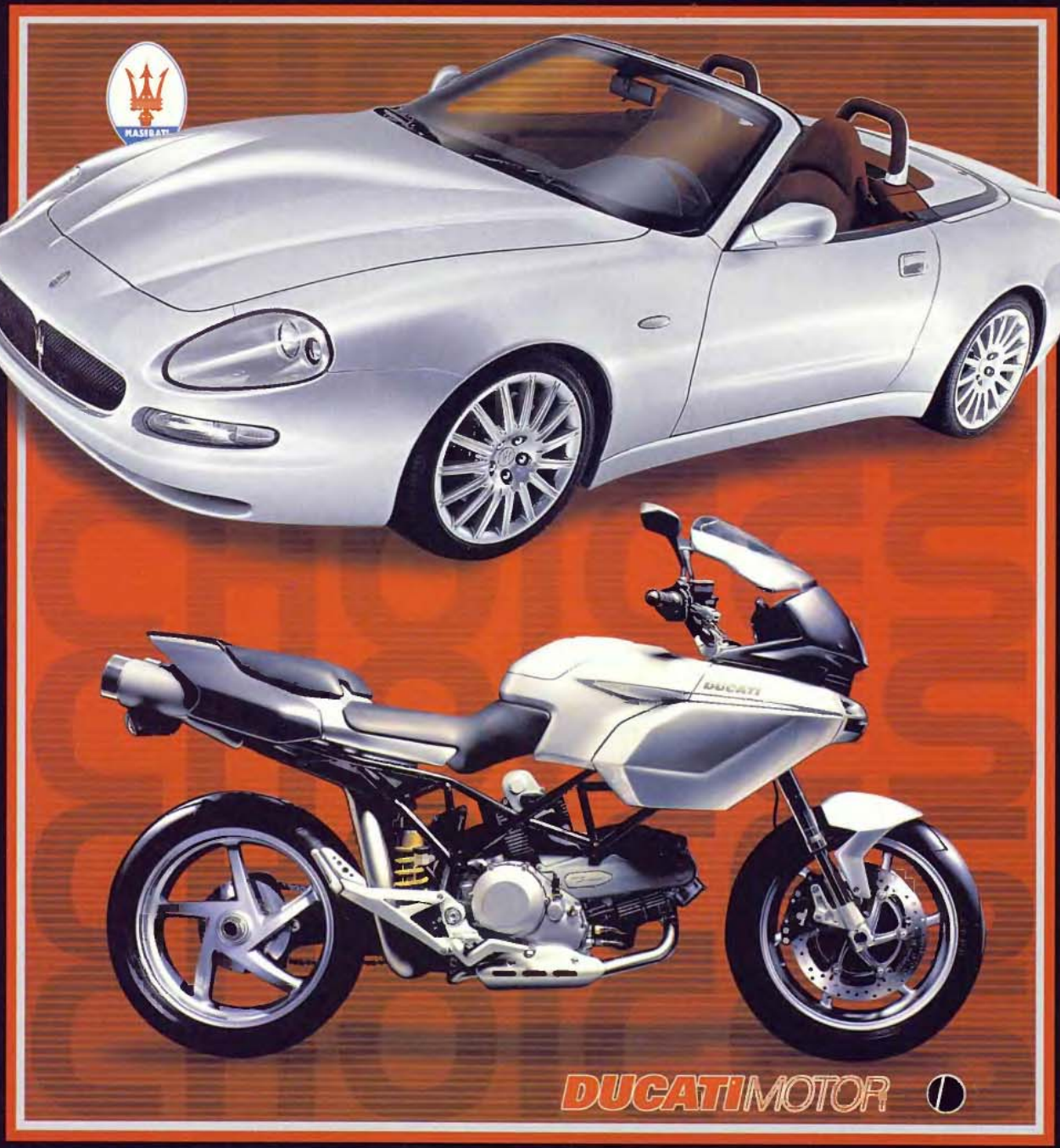

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One of the aid workers took Leila to bed and then, she says, treated her badly. Over time, she discovered ways to keep some of her pay from her uncle, and began making plans to escape to Europe. She obtained, from another aid worker, a document with her real name that declared her a stateless refugee. From Pakistan, she made her way to India and then to London, where she spent some time in quarantine but was then delivered to France. From there, she entered Germany.

"I heard that in Germany it was easier to get asylum because the Germans were much more lenient about it," she said. And so they were. In the early Nineties, Germany was accepting nearly half a million asylum seekers each year. Even after a 1993 reform of entry policies, the number of asylum seekers entering Germany currently approaches 100,000 a year.

First, Leila worked in a fish-and-chips fast-food place, but the smells sickened her. She heard about the large Muslim community in Cologne and arranged to meet a Lebanese man called Hassan, who had been in Germany since 1982. He gave her a job in a factory he owned that made pallets. She worked there until the German tax authorities began poking around in Hassan's affairs and found that she was legally a refugee who was entitled to a government stipend but not allowed to work.

Leila was sent to a detention center, where she met a Turkish woman who urged her to call Gunter, a German pimp. Leila began working in Gunter's small brothel outside Frankfurt, where most of the girls were local and Leila was considered "exotic."

She had not danced since she was a small child, but one day she started to dance around the brothel and remembered what she had been taught. Not long afterward, Gunter sent her and some other girls to a stag party, where Leila did a striptease to faintly traditional music and choreography. The Germans loved it and Leila developed her act. She bought music in a Muslim shop, fooled around with her clothes and realized she had something that might sell in the big city.

She then said goodbye to Gunter and moved to Cologne, where she is still a prostitute but spends more and more time as "the Taliban stripper."

Since September 11, calls for the Taliban stripper have increased fivefold. She wears various veils, adorned with gold coins, and dances to tambourine-heavy Egyptian music. To be sure, disparaging remarks about Muslims are constant, and when she is told to service the groom after a striptease, the Germans usually make puns about "screwing the Arabs."

"Money is money," she said.

I asked her what the future looked like for her.

"I'm waiting to die," she said. "The first time one of my people comes to this bordello, I will be killed."

•

Hassan, the man who employed Leila in his pallet factory and who survived the investigation by the tax authorities, is the unofficial grand old man of the Muslim community in a suburb of Cologne. His story offers another view of the new battlefield.

Now 55, with a full beard and a full head of hair, Hassan is proof that many Muslims can operate within the law, even while knowing many others who don't. His father was Lebanese and married a German woman. Hassan grew up comfortably in Beirut and was a greeter and part owner of a casino operated by Syrians. He showed me photos of himself with Yasser Arafat, who, he said, never gambled or womanized. In 1982, the Israeli invasion drove Hassan to Germany, where he found a job in a pallet factory. Eventually, he established his own business.

Now, because of his reputation in the community, German police have asked him for guidance in finding the translators they need to tell them what appears in Arabic-language newspapers. The police, Hassan said, are paying the equivalent of $40 an hour for translation services, and Hassan is happy to throw work to his beleaguered brethren. But he is dubious about the efficacy of such programs in the struggle against terror: "If I am a Pashtun, or whatever, and my kinsmen say or write bad things, I will not give a correct translation. My allegiance is with my people. If they know I am the transcriber or translator, believe me, it could be dangerous to give a correct translation to the police. These translations for the police will not be useful."

Hassan has another solution: *Sippenhaft*, a German term from World War II that means punishing an entire clan or community if any member causes problems. "It's the only way to win," he said.

•

The fact is that everyone's future is as uncertain as the next development in the long and complicated war against terrorism. And the German Muslim community, while it adjusts to its new problems and opportunities, will continue to be the victim of inflammatory sensationalism. Not long before I left Germany, I learned that the Turkish student who had just been busted when I arrived had been released. In fact, he was never charged, even though he probably knew someone who knew bin Laden, and he had been traveling to Iran. His mysterious protective suit turned out to be a raincoat.

Mani, for his part, was moving slowly with his plan to market bin Laden T-shirts. When I left they were still at the Frankfurt airport, while he tried to cope with, or find a way around, complexities in export-import laws. He was still sure he'd get them on the streets of Algeria or

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Pakistan before long. Meanwhile, he had another friend for me to meet who underscored just how vulnerable the already hapless German police are when it comes to investigating terrorist cells. It's not at all certain they can distinguish an urban legend from a true story—and they may not even care. After all, they have their jobs to do, and Mani's friend just wanted to help them do it—and make a few bucks.

Specifically, the man described how he had an idea while watching a movie in which a speedboat jumps over a dock and detonates some oil tanks. The man had a police contact who was hungry for information, especially sensational information, from the Muslim community. Mani's friend called the cop and told him he had heard two men talking in a kabob shop about a "plot." Then he described the movie scene and said the men had talked about attacking a local yacht club. The German cop took notes and paid him $500, for which he signed a receipt with a fake name. That report undoubtedly became part of the "intelligence" among public officials.

•

Mani has Muslim and German friends and tries to be true to both worlds. That will be more difficult in the future. Even as he pursues shady enterprises, he is trying to strengthen his official credentials. He enrolled in an expensive security school in Hamburg, assisted by a government grant. With his graduation certificate, he can remain part of the gym rat–bouncer crowd but can also enjoy legal respectability. Indeed, the certificate will enable him to operate a bodyguard agency. It will also enable him to have a gun permit, so that he can sell the stolen Glock he now carries illegally. Mani wants to respect his roots—but he also wants a safe and stable mainstream German life. It remains to be seen how he will survive the conflicting pressures of the German battlefield of the 21st century.

"You asked about a personal trainer?"

Bret Boone

(continued from page 110)

When you do triceps and back, the chest and biceps get plenty of work.

PLAYBOY: So what happened in 2000? All that work didn't pay off that season.

BOONE: I went from 182 and a 34-inch waist to 172 and 31 within three months. But I was too light. I didn't feel I had the strength that season, and then I hurt my knee and got all depressed and sat around and got fat again. I had to take it up a notch before 2001 to lose the fat and get up to 195. If you can reach a certain level of strength, you can miss hitting the ball on the sweet spot of the bat, hit it with a shorter range of motion and still drive it out of the park.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing that you did?

BOONE: Lose the excess fat. People don't understand that diet is pretty much the whole thing. You can do sit-ups all day, but if you don't eat right you won't ever see your abs. I didn't lift at all for three weeks. I just ate the way Tim wanted, cutting out all sugar and salt, meaning no ketchup, no mustard. Coca-Cola can eat the rust off a car bumper. If you put an old penny in ketchup, it will come out clean. That's how bad these things are for your body. You can't repair and rebuild the muscle you tear down in the gym with them.

PLAYBOY: So what do you eat?

BOONE: When you wake up, you clean out with 10 ounces of distilled water. Then 10 minutes later you eat two or three granola bars or oatmeal to slowly raise your energy. Then you have a shake drink Tim likes called Source of Life, which is soy protein and vitamins and enzymes and stuff. The soy protein increases thyroid function, sparking your metabolism. You mix it with skim milk or juice, maybe a banana. Lunch is grilled fish, orange roughy or grouper, nothing on it, with steamed vegetables and a little rice or dry pasta. Dinner, the same. That's it. You can't eat after six P.M. except for pineapple slices. If you eat before you go to bed, the body will work all night to get rid of it instead of resting and repairing.

PLAYBOY: The hunger must really be unbearable.

BOONE: It's not pleasant. That's why Tim gets paid a month in advance. But if you stick with it, the results are amazing. You can lose 21 pounds in 21 days. All your stored sodium and water is flushed out and you can see definition everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Do you limit carbs? A lot of guys cut up that way.

BOONE: No. Cutting carbs makes you all puffy. You get bags under your eyes. It's just water weight loss. Carbs are brain food. You need them. You need everything, in balance. After you lean out the right way, then you add back the

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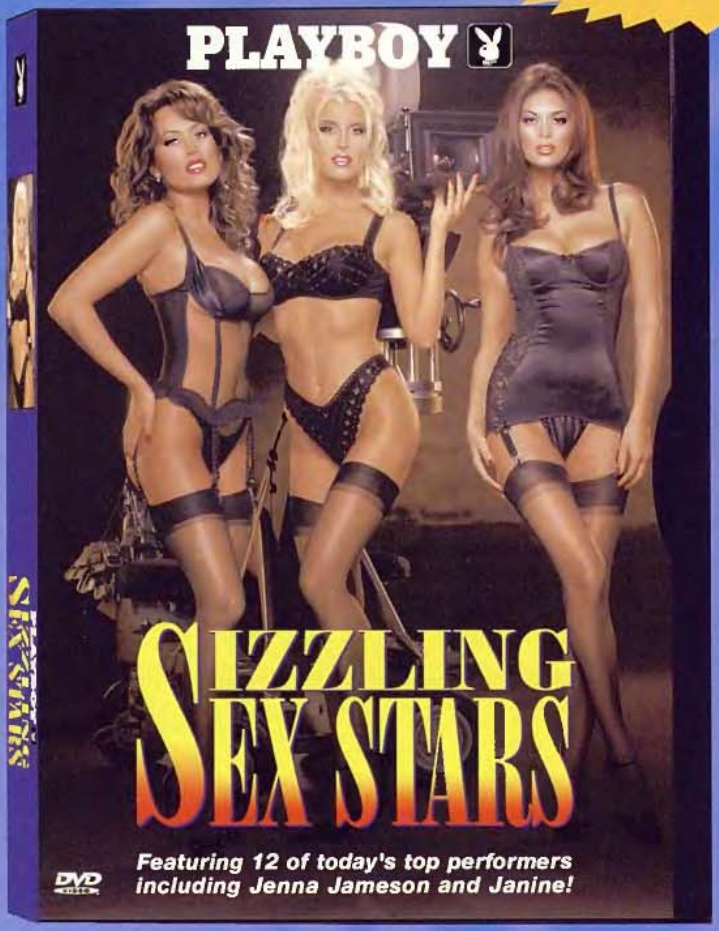

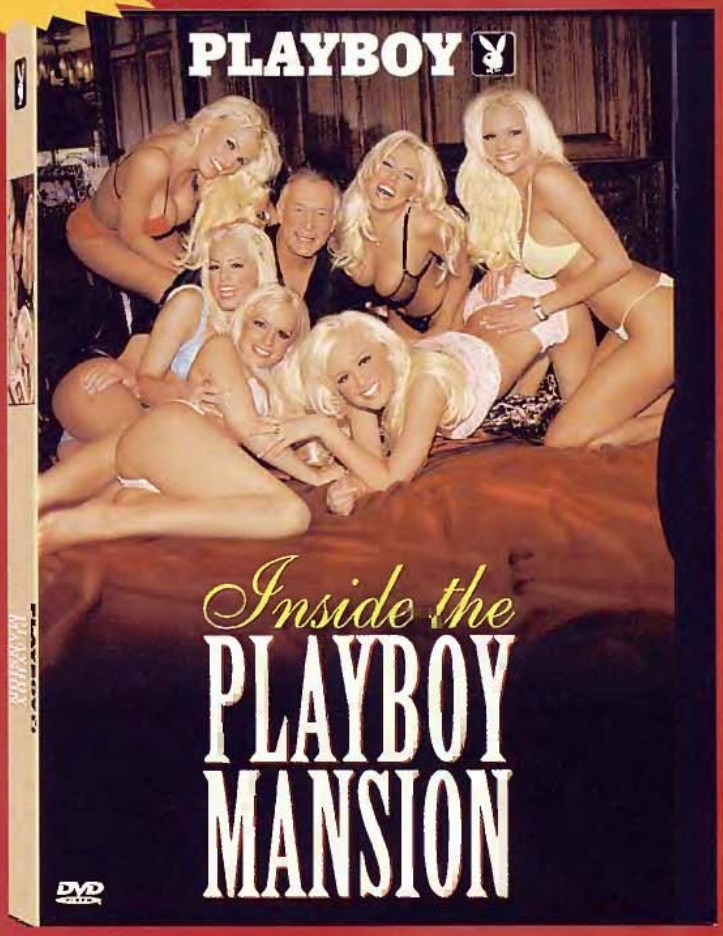

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calories, eat bigger portions, and you get in the gym and start hitting it.

PLAYBOY: I assume you don't mean deep knee bends and jumping jacks.

BOONE: Hardly. Tim has exercises you've never heard of. He's got a thing for the abs called swivels. You hang from a bar and curl your legs up in the fetal position. The sequence is middle and down, left and down, right and down. You're working internal and external obliques, which are the sides of the torso, synergistically. One muscle is connected to the other and they become very powerful because three muscles are stronger than one. It's always 10 reps in each position, so it's 10-10-10. Then you rest for three minutes and go again. With the quad-maker, it's 10 with the feet wide for the inside thighs, 10 with feet together for the outside, and back to 10 wide. Rest three, then do it again.

PLAYBOY: With no added weight?

BOONE: You don't need it. It's brutal. You won't be able to walk for a while. You have to completely annihilate the muscle. It has to burn like hell. The amazing thing about it is that I could build my quads with this thing while rehabbing my knee, because it doesn't strain the knees like regular squats.

PLAYBOY: Where do you get one of those things?

BOONE: They're real easy to make. You can cut out two legs on an aerobics platform, or use one of those really low-incline benches. I take mine wherever I go during the season. It folds down, fits under my arm.

PLAYBOY: So what about the other body parts? Same scheme?

BOONE: Yes, but with two exercises. We call it combo training. Like with triceps, I'll use dumbbells to do extensions lying on a bench, elbows close together, with 30-pounders, 10 reps, then get up and do behind the head extensions with one dumbbell, a 20-pounder for 10, then back to the lying extensions for 10. Rest for three minutes, go again. With rear deltoids, I start with seated dumbbell lifts, arms straight up and down, bending the elbows back, with 15-pounders for 10, the bent-over lateral raises, out to the sides, with 20s for 10, then back to the lifts. Two sets. What you're doing with all these is getting blood and oxygen from different heads of the muscle flowing. The blood is more than the muscle can handle. That's why you feel that pump. You can see it, too, in the mirror. I'd get all blown up and love it. And Tim would say, "That's not you, you know. It's the pump. It'll be a while before that's really your body." But it looks awesome.

PLAYBOY: What do you do for the biceps and chest, those useless muscles we all want to show off?

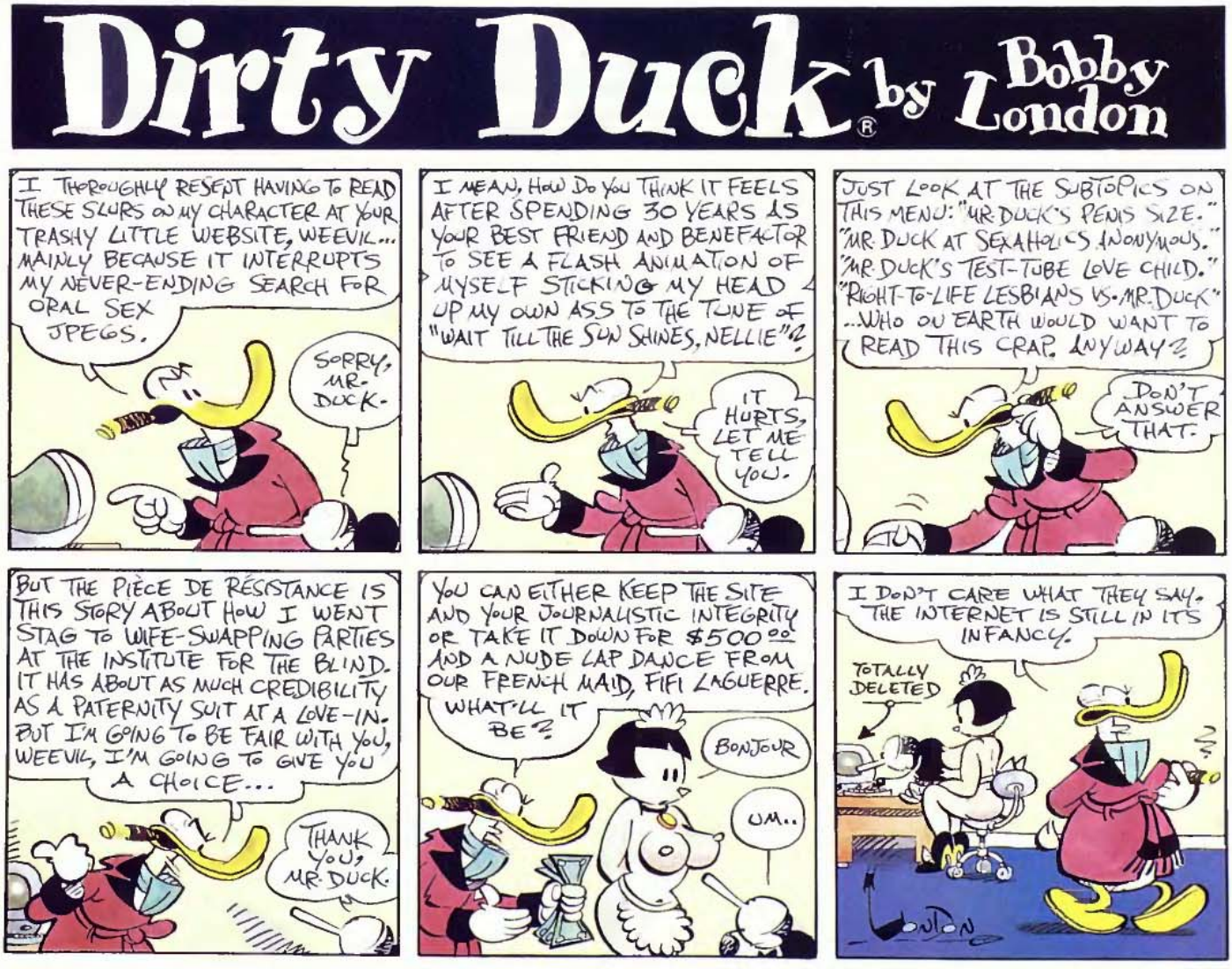
BOONE: Same concept. For chest, decline bench presses with a 135-pound barbell for 10 reps. Then do dumbbell pullovers lying on a bench with the weight coming down behind my head, keeping the arms stiff. I do that with a 50-pounder for 10, then back to the declines. Rest three, go again. For biceps, we do barbell curls—we call them cup and drops, because your hands are bent forward holding the bar like you're cupping water. You just use the bar, 45 pounds, for 10. Then you do upright rows with a 70-pound barbell for 10, and then back to the cup and drops for 10.

PLAYBOY: OK, give me a good workout schedule.

BOONE: You could do legs, rear delts and triceps on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and chest, biceps and abs on Tuesday and Thursday.

PLAYBOY: What about cardio?

BOONE: Getting on a treadmill is a waste. Lifting ramps up your metabolism much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better. In the off-season I do cardio, but it's intense cardio in the afternoon after the morning workout. I'll walk 100 yards, then sprint 100 yards, walk 100, over and over for about 25 minutes. This will trick your body into thinking you're constantly moving.

PLAYBOY: Is there a difference between your off-season and season workouts?

BOONE: Off-season, I'll work heavier, add weight, push it more sets. Or Tim will hold my shoulders down for more resistance on the quad stuff. During the season, I'll keep it pretty basic, but I'll still work out four or five days a week. I'll work out after games because that's usually the only time I'll have to do it. A workout will take me only 12 minutes, then I go home to eat.

PLAYBOY: I didn't think you stopped off at the postgame buffet table.

BOONE: I won't get near that stuff. A big-league locker room is a nutritional disaster. They have boxes and boxes of every conceivable candy bar in the world. I don't even have a taste for that kind of crap anymore. Every once in a while, I'll go out for a big fat steak. The great thing about steak is that if you eat one at night, it will soak up the water in your body overnight and when you wake up, your skin is super tight. When I loosen up on the diet, I can get by with those organic pizzas with organic cheese. They're not bad, better than you think.

PLAYBOY: And, of course, you wash it down with organic low-fat beer, right?

BOONE: Now that's a touchy subject, because I will go have a beer, which Tim hates because he never cheats. I tell him, "Everybody isn't like you. I live a different life than you." He's at home all the time. I'm out on the road here in the Badlands. And ballplayers have been known to drink a beer every now and then. I don't have many vices. I think the only one I have is chewing tobacco, which I'm going to quit for my daughter's sake. But beer, what can I say? So we came to a compromise. If I absolutely have to have a beer, I take an extra packet of this thing called Emer'gen-C, which is a vitamin C powder with sodium and potassium that I take three times a day. Beer drains electrolytes out of the body, so I'll do a Bud with a C chaser.

PLAYBOY: Many scientists would take issue with some of your claims, saying many of them are theoretical. Since your regimen seems to work for you, do you take any other supplements?

BOONE: Only one, creatine. It pulls water into the muscles and blows them up and also gives you more energy to lift. Five grams, which is a teaspoon, three times a day for three days, then once a day. You do it for three weeks, back off, then start again. But you need to drink tons of water, two or three gallons a day, or your muscles will cramp up and you'll get dehydrated. That's what trainers worry about. Like the deaths of those football players in summer training camp. It could be a hidden factor because everybody's taking creatine.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used androstenedione, the stuff that Mark McGwire made famous?

BOONE: Never tried it. I don't think andro produces the gains that people want. Besides, andro messes with your hormones, like the ephedrine in those "fat burning" pills messes with your heart.

PLAYBOY: Why is baseball the only major sport that doesn't ban andro?

BOONE: Because it's part of the collective bargaining agreement. They can't ban anything that's legal. We won't let them. That doesn't mean you should go out and use something that could be dangerous, but it's a freedom issue. I don't begrudge guys for using whatever they want to use.

PLAYBOY: Are a lot of guys juicing?

BOONE: Oh, sure. Without a doubt. Look at guys now. They're huge. They come up from college or even high school and they're stronger, faster, bigger. They're like linebackers. I'm one of the smaller guys around now, but I'm still bigger than 95 percent of the guys who played in my granddad's time. Even moderately big guys like Ryan Klesko and Phil Nevin, I stand next to them and I feel like Pee-wee Herman.

PLAYBOY: And yet people suspect you of using steroids, too.

BOONE: I can understand that—when someone like me bulks up and hits more home runs. Look at Mark McGwire now and how he looked in the Eighties. A guy gains 20 pounds in the off-season and people are going to question him.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling on steroids?

BOONE: Who's to say someone's wrong for doing it? I don't know enough about steroids to know who's on them. I don't know if they're good or bad. If you abuse anything, there are going to be effects down the road. It's the same with anything. If you go out and have a few beers, it's not a big deal. If steroids are done in moderation, done correctly and safely, it might be an option.

PLAYBOY: So what's your body fat now?

BOONE: I know that last spring I got to 204 pounds and my body fat was 7.5 percent. That was peak condition. During the season, I'll soften out a little. I can get lower than 7.5, too. It depends on how low I want to go.

PLAYBOY: Now that we've declared you a hunk, how soon will you be posing in a women's magazine?

BOONE: That's the last thing on my mind. When I got into doing this, I didn't care what I would end up looking like. All I wanted was to get stronger and better at my craft, not be the next Backstreet Boy. Besides, I don't think my mom would let me do it.

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REHAB

(continued from page 88)

joblessness are ignored inside rehab only to crop up again on the outside, propelling them further into addiction.

"Probably a quarter of the patients who end up in rehab have some kind of dual diagnosis," says Anne Vance, a former staffer at the Betty Ford Center who went on to run Crossroads Center, a Caribbean residential treatment program founded in 1998 by Eric Clapton. "In many cases, they're treated without considering root causes. These are the people who relapse and go back into treatment again and again."

But perhaps the single most pernicious force working against rehab is the disease of addiction itself, which researchers have only recently begun to understand as a matter of biology as well as one of will. Neuroscientists now say prolonged use of drugs can rewire the brain's mesolimbic dopamine system—also known as the pleasure pathway—prompting a lifetime of nonstop, bombarding impulses to relapse.

"Someone who is truly dependent has gone past the point of no return with their brain chemistry," says Carlton Erickson, professor of pharmacology at the University of Texas and director of the Addiction Science Research and Education Center. "Their brain chemistry is going to be that way for the rest of their lives. It won't repair itself. It will continue to tell them they need the drug to feel normal."

From that perspective, 28 days of sobriety, group therapy and cafeteria food is more like a small start than a triumphant resolution. "People seem to think you can go somewhere, follow a program and come out fixed," says Alan Leshner, former director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. "The sad truth is that addiction is a chronic relapsing illness. Relapse is part of the disease. There isn't a magic bullet, and there probably never will be."

•

No one addict has focused more attention on the rocky road of rehabilitation than Robert Downey Jr. The 36-year-old actor's still-revolving cycle of abuse, arrest, contrition and relapse proves how the obsessive drive to get high can overpower even the most deluxe and apparently sophisticated treatment programs.

Downey has spent much of his adult life in and out of rehab, entering his first program in his 20s (where he met his now-estranged wife) and returning periodically between movie and TV jobs. He managed to keep his troubles private until 1996, when he was arrested after he was stopped for speeding and police found heroin, cocaine and an unloaded .357 Magnum. After bolting from a court-mandated rehab and missing drug tests, he served a year of behind-bars rehab at Corcoran State Prison. When he got out, Downey flexed his prison-buff physique on the cover of *Details*, landed a regular gig on *Ally McBeal* and proclaimed himself clean and sober and ready to start a new life.

His subsequent unraveling was an extreme example of a story that has become as formulaic as a Lifetime special. Once upon a time, high-profile addicts would complain of "exhaustion" and simply fall from view for a month or two. But today, celebrities turn their stops at rehab into full-blown media events, alerting networks when they check in—A.J. McLean of the Backstreet Boys enlisted his bandmates in July to announce his stint in rehab on MTV—and appearing on the cover of *People* or *US Weekly* when they check out.

In February 2001, actor Matthew Perry ducked away from the set of *Friends* for a second round of rehab, reportedly to deal with a lingering addiction to Vicodin. In April 2001, *West Wing* creator Aaron Sorkin was caught carrying a stash of mushrooms and marijuana onto a flight to Las Vegas, six years after apparently kicking an addiction to cocaine and shortly after accepting an award from the rehab organization Phoenix House for personal victories over substance abuse. Then there's Darryl Strawberry, currently committed to two years of treatment after escaping rehab to go on a four-day crack binge. The list of relapsers goes on, from rockers Scott Weiland and Anthony Kiedis to actors Tim Allen and Andy Dick.

The PR stigma of rehab may have actually gone into full reverse, from liability to career booster. One story circulating around Hollywood last summer involved a rising starlet who reportedly feigned a heroin addiction, checked into rehab and submitted to a new detox program that begins with several days under general anesthetic. She hoped the experience would toughen up her innocent image—and, most important, help her effortlessly shed a few pounds for an upcoming part.

If outsiders can treat rehab so casually, the attitudes of hardened addicts can be downright cavalier. Rehab counselors say some first-time patients treat rehab as a sort of crash diet, a 30-day exorcism of their cravings. "I thought I was going to rehab to get fixed," says Ian (some names have been changed), a former Boy Scout and surfer from Malibu who checked into rehab when he was 23 and his wake-and-bake pot habit had become a full-blown heroin addiction. "I thought I could just take care of it and move on."

Instead, holed up in a seaside rehab that Kurt Cobain had fled before his suicide that same year, Ian bonded with a group of young addicts still enamored with the outlaw glamour of junk. "It was fun," he says. "We talked about getting high all day, romancing every detail."

With his newfound network of junkie friends, Ian quickly became what he calls "a nickel-and-dime dope fiend." For a while he managed to keep a job pumping cappuccino at various coffee shops, shooting dope in the bathroom and supplementing his high with daily doses of methadone and whatever other pharmaceuticals he could get his hands

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on. When he was fired from his job, he moved into his car and scraped together money by scavenging receipts in the parking lots of supermarkets, then shoplifting items that appeared on the slips and collecting cash refunds.

Along the way, he spent three months in jail and checked in and out of four rehabs. "I knew how to go through the motions without getting noticed," he says. "Most of the time I genuinely believed everything I heard—then I'd just go out and get high again."

It took five years before Ian finally reached that mysterious turning point no drug counselor or psychopharmacologist has managed to induce artificially. For Ian, anger over a girlfriend secretly making arrangements to seek help for her own drug problem finally made the difference. "She was trying to leave me behind," he says. "I felt completely ruined and useless. I went into rehab and said, 'Fuck it, I'll do whatever you say. Tell me what to do and I'll do it.'"

Now sober for three years and having worked as an operations manager for a rehab in LA, Ian says he's still mystified why the system works for some and doesn't for so many. "You have to be ready," he says, repeating an oft-quoted tenet of recovery. "The tricky part is that no one—not you or anyone—can tell when you're ready."

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The basic residential treatment regimen has changed remarkably little since the Forties, when doctors at "an asylum for inebriates" in the wooded countryside outside Minneapolis developed a system that came to be called the Minnesota model. Today, Minnesota is gospel at all but a few of the 3800 residential treatment programs currently operating in the U.S., from the no-nonsense Phoenix House network to the deluxe Sierra Tucson compound in Arizona, where everyone from pill poppers to chronic gamblers spends up to $33,800 a month to get straight.

"What do you get for your 34 grand?" asks Buddy Arnold, a 75-year-old jazz saxophonist and recovering addict who now runs the Musicians' Assistance Program with his wife, Carole Fields. "The food is pretty good and the scenery is better, but basically the treatment is the same."

In the Minnesota Model, the 12 steps are king, with addicts spending up to four hours a day in Alcoholics Anonymous or Narcotics Anonymous meetings. Trading war stories with other addicts, they're introduced to the idea they are in the throes of a lifelong disease they are powerless to cure themselves. The only way to get better, they learn, is by submitting themselves to a higher power, "working the steps" and never touching a drink or drug again.

Most rehabs also foster a strong sense of camaraderie and support. Typical is the tough-love atmosphere at Cri-Help, a 135-bed facility in a rough industrial patch of the San Fernando Valley, where new patients are greeted with hugs and backslaps and group meetings can end with the participants' holding hands and singing, like kids around a campfire.

But beneath the grins and hand-holding is rigid structure—most programs enforce a strict code of conduct that covers everything from what time patients wake up to what they read and who they talk to. Rooms are inspected for cleanliness, telephone calls are monitored and men and women are often prohibited from any interaction without permission. Rules are enforced by a staff of "techs" (mostly uncertified ex-addicts who have graduated from the program) and other patients, who are encouraged to "pull up" or "support" fellow addicts who they see deviating from the path. Penalties might include laps around the facility grounds or, for severe infractions like sex or drug taking, several days of complete silence followed by a harsh dressing-down from everyone else in rehab.

The mix of boot camp–style behavior modification and family support works wonders for many addicts. "I learned how to talk to people and to share," says Francisco, a 31-year-old cocaine addict from East LA who spent two years in the drug treatment program at Corcoran State Prison that treated Robert Downey Jr. "On the outside, I was never able to get my shit together. All the rules they throw at you in here force you to start living like a normal person."

By the time many addicts wind up in rehab, their lives are in such disarray that they desperately need guidelines and consequences, says David Carr, a writer at *New York* magazine and *The Atlantic Monthly* who went through four stints of rehab before successfully dealing with "a little problem with social crack use." "The reason these places are so freaky about rules is that addicts are people who don't observe any part of the social contract—they lie and scam to continue to use," he says. "Until you create some accountability, starting with making your bed and showing up on time, you can't get them straight."

That certainly made sense to Colette, a 28-year-old daughter of Christian missionaries who got hooked on heroin while attending USC and ultimately turned tricks for speedballs in the Mission District of San Francisco. After overdosing for the third time, she found her way to Walden House, a nonprofit government-funded service that charges about $23,000 for its yearlong program.

At first, Colette welcomed the strict regimen. "In the first couple months, I needed the distraction," she says. "It was such a constant barrage of rules and activities that by the end of the day I was so tired I couldn't focus on using—or anything else, for that matter."

But her attitude changed after another addict "supported her" when he discovered that she had kissed a fellow patient and had sex with another. For punishment, a formal assembly was called in which she sat silently as 200 addicts were encouraged to heap insults on her. She got off relatively easy—"I saw much worse while I was there," she says—but the experience certainly didn't teach her anything about staying sober. If anything, she says, the ritualized humiliation only stirred up old memories of childhood abuse.

"Their whole idea is to strip your sense of self," she says. "But I came away feeling I had no idea who I was—even less than when I was using."

Colette's experience is typical of addicts who go through rehab without confronting the reasons they used drugs in the first place. In *Hooked*, Dr. Shavelson relates the story of a junkie who spent half a year in rehab and never got around to discussing the fact that his father had molested him as a child. "It's common for rehabs to focus predominantly on behavior," he says. "They teach you 'OK, your life has fallen apart, we're going to teach you to come to breakfast on time, we're going to teach you to make your bed, we're going to teach you to come to meetings on time—but we're never going to deal with the fact that someone raped you for two years starting when you were seven. We are not going to deal with the fact that you can't read or that you don't have anywhere to live when you get out of here.'"

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Critics of rehab fall into two main camps: clinical researchers who argue that the disease of addiction will be cured with scientific scrutiny, not spiritual platitudes, and a growing movement of activists who advocate a flexible approach that doesn't require addicts to quit cold turkey. Think of them as the doctors and the dopers.

Until recently, physicians have had precious little to offer addicts other than sage words of sympathy and referrals to the local chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. But as researchers have learned more about the genetics and neurobiology of addiction, medical interest has intensified, culminating in a landmark 1995 meeting in Virginia at which substance-abuse experts declared addiction a disease of the brain.

Their research has yielded a new crop of treatments—including drugs that ease cravings and therapies designed to reduce relapse. But according to Leshner, formerly of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, rehabs have not thrown open their doors to the people in lab coats.

"Let's just say that not every rehab uses state-of-the-art, science-based principles," he says. "Many of these programs

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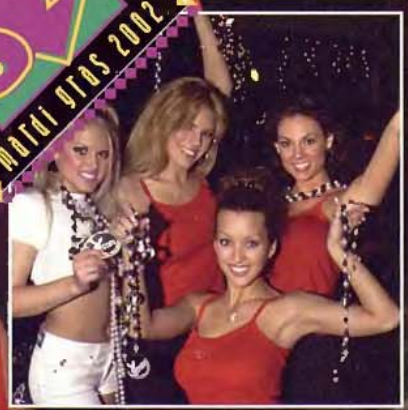

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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

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WIRED
Page 29: "Porn to Go": **Wireless technology** from *Vivid Interactive*, 800-822-8339. "Pity the Librarians": **Listen Reader** and **Reading Eye Dog** by *Xerox*, parc.xerox.com. "Game of the Month": **Software** by *EA Games*, 877-324-2637 or ea.com. "Wild Thing": **Portable storage device** by *Terapin*, 888-654-0645.

MANTRACK
Page 39: **Car** by *Toyota*, www.toyota.com. **Baths** by *Ultra Baths*, 800-463-2187 or ultrabaths.com. Page 40: *Bierschnaps*, for availability call Frank-Lin Beverage Group, 800-922-9363. **Vodkas:** *Blue Ice*, blueicevodka.com. *Teton Glacier*, 800-548-6882. *Pearl*, 415-380-3711 or pearlvodka.com. *Beverage Testing Institute*, tastings.com. **Book** from *Running Press*, runningpress.com. **Golf balls**, taylormadegolf.com. *Brooks Brothers*, 800-274-1815. **Candles** by *Primal Elements*, 800-434-8277 or primalelements.com. **Speaker** by *Guitammer*, 888-676-2828 or thebuttkicker.com.

TOUGH STUFF
Pages 80–81: **Shirts** and **stretch pants** by *Under Armour*, www.underarmour.com. **Shirt, top** and **track pants** by *Fila*, fila.com. **Shorts** and **cycling shirt** by *Pearl Izumi*, pearlizumi.com. **Bag** by *Yak Pak*, yakpak.com. **Shorts** by *Nike*, nike.com. **T-shirt** by *Diesel*, www.diesel.com. **Cargo pants** by *Unionbay*, unionbay.com. Page 82: **Shirt** by *Enyce*, enyce.com. **Watches** by *Michele Watches*, michelewatches.com. **Shirt** by *Quiksilver*, www.quiksilver.com. Page 83: **Hoodie** and **sneakers** by *Pony*, pony.com. **Shorts** by *Under Armour*, www.underarmour.com. **V-neck tank** by *Enyce*, enyce.com. **Sneakers** by *Fila*, fila.com. Page 84: **Vest** by *Paul and Shark*, www.paulshark.it. **Sweats** by *Everlast*, 800-777-0313. **Tank** and **shorts** by *Kik Wear*, kikwear.com. Page 85: **Hooded sweatshirt** by *Ralph Lauren*, polo.com. **T-shirt** and **sneakers** by *Nike*, nike.com. **Side-zip pants** and **sneakers** by *Fila*, fila.com. **Sneakers** by *Kik Wear*, kikwear.com. **Watches** by *Michele Watches*, michelewatches.com. **Hooded sweatshirt** by *Diesel*, www.diesel.com. **T-shirt** by *Enyce*, enyce.com. **Shorts** by *Reebok*, reebok.com. **Hooded sweatshirt** by *Triple Five Soul*, triple5soul.com. **Shorts** by *Under Armour*, www.underarmour.com.

BROADBAND BATTLEGROUND
Pages 106–108: **Software:** From *Sony*, station.com. From *Sierra*, 877-446-0184 or sierra.com. From *Funcom*, funcom.com. From *Microsoft*, 425-882-8080 or microsoft.com. From *EA Games*, 877-324-2637 or ea.com. **Computer** by *Alienware*, 800-494-3382 or www.alienware.com. **Monitor** by *Samsung*, 800-726-7864 or www.samsungelectronics.com. **Wireless mouse, keyboard, controller** and **steering wheel** by *Logitech*, 800-231-7717. **Speaker system** by *Altec Lansing*, 800-258-3288 or alteclansing.com. **Joystick** by *Saitek*, 800-452-4377.

BACK TO ANALOG
Pages 114–115: **Turntable** from *Celestial Sound*, 602 Davis St., Evanston, IL, 847-424-1480 or celestialsound.net. **Typewriter** by *Olivetti*, from Hammacher Schlemmer, 800-543-3366. **Watch** and **address book** from *Swiss Fine Timing Atelier Jewellers*, 1900 Sheridan Rd., Highland Park, IL, 800-277-2699 or swissfinetiming.com. **Camera** by *Hasselblad*, hasselbladusa.com. **Power amp** by *McIntosh*, 800-538-6576. **Domino set, soap bowl** and **brush** by *John Hardy Collection*, from ViewPoint Showrooms, 800-237-9477. **Razor** from *Deutsche Optik*, 800-225-9407.

ON THE SCENE
Page 167: "Muscle Bikes": By *Triumph*, 678-854-2010 or www.triumph.co.uk. By *Yamaha*, 800-692-6242 or yamaha.com. By *Kawasaki*, 800-661-7433 or kawasaki.com. By *Harley-Davidson*, harley-davidson.com.

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are based more in tradition than in clinical depth. We've had to work hard to bring science to bear on what they do."

But to those who run rehabs, clinical research offers little more than impractical theories and drugs for people trying to become drug-free. "If there's a pill that inactivates whatever it is physiologically that makes an addict different from a normal person—that's great, that's a cure," says Cri-Help's Bernstein. "But so far all we've gotten are drugs like methadone, which doesn't necessarily help addicts. They're still strung out—except now they're strung out on a different drug."

And while those who run rehabs are happy that the medical establishment has begun to treat addiction more seriously, many believe doctors with stethoscopes can only offer so much assistance in what is essentially a spiritual struggle.

Sitting in the grassy yard of the Promises Malibu center just north of Los Angeles—the $1000-a-day treatment center where Charlie Sheen, Christian Slater, Tim Allen, Andy Dick, Paula Poundstone and Ben Affleck have all dried out—founder Richard Rogg says recovery is a deeply intimate experience that falls outside the realm of science. "This is not an area where you can watch mice in a box," he says. "Miracles happen here in strange little places. They can happen at three in the morning, slipping outside to smoke a cigarette and finding yourself sharing with someone things you never told anybody in your life. The next morning you wake up and feel a weight lifted. That's not something that doctors know how to fit into their models."

Others who work with addicts believe the standard rehab regimen is fundamentally flawed. The so-called harm reduction movement is based on the idea that some addicts simply can't give up their dependency all at once. Rehab's demand that they do, the theory goes, only drives them deeper into dependency.

"You don't wake up one day with your life in shambles and a crack pipe in your hand," says Maria Chavez, regional director for the national Harm Reduction Coalition. "That's not the way addiction happens—it happens slowly over time. And that's the way it should unhappen. We allow addicts room to improve themselves at their pace, not ours."

Longtime heroin addict Evelyn Milan became a believer after two years of traditional treatment failed to make a dent in her 10-gram-a-day habit. "I'd sit there in their meetings listening to all these horror stories—about how people had lost their jobs, how they'd ruined their lives," she says. "All it made me want to do is go out and use again."

Milan finally got help on New York's Lower East Side from counselors trained in harm reduction. They urged her to taper off drugs while helping her get her life in order, setting up doctor

appointments, housing assistance and help with her three kids. "I couldn't let my drug go overnight," she says. "I had to fill in the gaps left by my drug little by little."

Followers of the 12 steps, however, insist that anything less than total abstinence is destructive self-delusion. "If someone is capable of slowly tapering off, he wasn't an addict to begin with," says Carr. "Addicts are fundamentally different—they can't be tweaked or gradually amended."

While Milan and others may have been able to modify their habits and live more normal lives, others have failed miserably. Audrey Kishline, founder of an organization that advocates "moderate drinking" over outright abstinence, pleaded guilty in June 2000 to vehicular homicide after driving her pickup head-on into traffic and killing a father and daughter. Her blood alcohol level was three times the legal limit.

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It may be imperfect, but rehab is still the treatment of choice for hard-core addiction. What other choice is there? Prison has proved to be an ineffective option, and voters have finally grown weary of paying its hefty bill. In California, the recently enacted Proposition 36 will direct at least 20,000 addicts into treatment in its first year alone. And in New York, the easing of Rockefeller-era drug laws is expected to redirect tens of thousands of addicts from jail cells into treatment.

With public policy—and the spotlight of celebrity—now pointing toward rehab, observers say the time for reform is ripe. While some rehabs (including Cri-Help, Promises and Betty Ford) offer patients more than the standard course of talk therapy and rigid codes of conduct, too many treat their programs as sacrosanct systems that must be protected at all costs from the influence of outsiders. Any meaningful reform, says Shavelson, would force rehabs to work more closely with psychotherapists, social workers, clinical researchers and anyone else equipped to spot and deal with underlying causes of addiction.

"Drug abuse is not just about drugs—therefore rehab can't just be about drug rehab," he says. Until then, even the most intensive rehab will help a minority while leaving other addicts with little more than high expectations and hollow catchphrases. Take the case of Pam, a 43-year-old mother of three who has been in 31 rehabs. After all that treatment, she says, she's traded one dependency for another. "I'm not leaving rehab until the SWAT team blows me out," she says flatly. "I know how to get along in here, but I have no idea how to function outside. I never have."

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A PORN STAR

(continued from page 132)

of positions take a lot out of me.

Do you take your work home with you? Is it possible to have sex in your private life without thinking about camera angles?

ASIA: I often joke that I can't have sex at home without cardboard cutouts of the crew standing around my bed. But, honestly, there's no comparison between sex at home and sex on the set. Sex at home kicks serious butt every time. The only catch is that having to do all those wacky acrobatics at work makes me pretty boring at home. The last thing I want to do after a long day on the set is come home and swing from the chandelier. So I tend to stick to the missionary position with the lights out at home whenever I can get away with it.

Does having sex on camera ever feel like a job?

ASIA: It's always a job. A job enhanced by orgasms, to be sure, but I'll never confuse sex on the set with sex at home. We're actors, being paid to act for the cameras, and that means our first duty is to pay attention to the director and cameraman, not the person we're having sex with. For them to get all the footage they need requires us to stay in some truly miserable positions for interminably long hours. I remember looking up at the crew one time from a pile driver position with my head and shoulders getting pounded into the pavement under the blazing noonday sun, and I said, "Hey, anyone know if McDonald's is hiring?"

DASHA

Are porn stars wildly promiscuous in their private lives?

DASHA: We may like to have sex a little more than normal people do, but it doesn't necessarily mean we have a lot of partners. I've been married for two and a half years, and I would never have sex with anybody but my husband off camera. There are a few people who like to party and have orgies and stuff, but it's really less than you might think.

Is penis size important?

DASHA: I don't like really large penises. They're uncomfortable for me, so it is important that it's not too big. I like the average size. Then again, there are a few girls who really like a big dick, but there are also a lot of women who like an average size, so you can have sex for hours and still be able to walk afterward.

JENNA JAMESON

Are you as sexually adventurous during your private life as you are in your porn movies?

JENNA: I would say more so. I'm really crazy during my private life. I'll do anal sex at home, which I won't do in movies. I think that it's important to save something for yourself. And besides, I trust a guy I really want to have sex with more than just some guy that I'm working with. Usually the guy at home knows what he's doing, and it feels really good. Especially when it comes to anal. That can be a little touchy.

After a full day of sex on the set, does sex at home ever feel like a chore?

JENNA: Oh no. The sex on the set just primes me. My recreational sex has only gotten better since I've been in films because it has opened up doors for me. It makes me more accepting of certain things. You start getting jaded. You start thinking, OK, this isn't such a big deal. I'll let you tie me to the bed and insert horrible things into me. That's fine.

Is there a position that looks good on film but is a huge pain to perform?

JENNA: All the girls will tell you that nobody does the pile driver at home. There's actually something worse—the reverse pile driver. It's like a pretzel. It's so hard because all the blood rushes to your head, and it's impossible to come when there's no blood in your lower extremities. You feel like you're going to die. That's not something I practice at home.

Because of your job, do guys expect to have sex with you on the first date?

JENNA: Usually they're too afraid to have sex with me on the first date. I really intimidate people. I think women are a lot more forward. I've met women who come up to me and say, "I just want to eat your pussy." I've never had a guy walk up to me and say that.

Is that aggressive behavior more arousing to you?

JENNA: I guess it depends on the girl. If she were Pamela Anderson, I would be naked in a Minnesota minute. But I'm usually attracted to girls who are a little more demure. I like to divide and conquer. As for men, I go for guys who are a little more forward and confident.

If one of our readers were fortunate enough to have sex with you, how would it be different from what they see in your films?

JENNA: They would have to hold me down. Sometimes in my private life, I'll come so hard that I get a little bit violent. That scares the shit out of people. They'll say, "Why are you coming at my throat and trying to scratch my eyes out?" I'm coming, that's all.

JULIA ANN

What won't you perform sexually?

JULIA ANN: I'm not much into double penetration. Only one phallic symbol at a time for me. I'm just not equipped for it. There are some girls who are really good at it, but I just can't do it. I don't have the physical capability of dealing with more than one entry at a time. So orgies are out of the question for me.

Can you offer us pointers on your cunnilingus technique?

JULIA ANN: Find a place and stick with it. People who move around constantly like they're painting a fence never get anywhere with me. When a girl moans, stick with it!

Are facials required, or are you just being polite?

JULIA ANN: It's not required at all. I usually ask the director where he wants the pop shot. Or I'll ask the talent. You really want the guys to get off on what they're doing because it just makes it easier for everybody. I don't take it in the mouth, but that's for safety issues. If I really like the guy and we have good chemistry, I'll take a facial. It's not an issue at all.

For more action, be sure to go behind the scenes with the beautiful women of porn at cyber.playboy.com.

SWM

(continued from page 78)

you," writes a bubbly 44-year-old teacher whose bio crows, "I love to laugh." Not just too old, but also divorced and the mother of too many kids. A hypnotist with a witchy, Brazilian sexuality writes to say I'm "intriguing and adorable." Her bio mentions martial arts, Jewish mysticism and several other spiritual interests. "The more I positively impact my personal electromagnetic field through mind-body-spirit disciplines, the more I radiate love and sharing." I don't like radiation any more than I like cats, so I write her a polite rejection note.

The girls I like don't like me. The girls who like me, I don't like. It's like being 15 again.

Many of my correspondents comment sarcastically on my haircut, a thick shag that makes me look like Keith Richards in his matted heroin haze or Warren Beatty in *Shampoo*. On JDate, Pam says, "Are you the guy from circa 1975?" On Matchmaker, a woman who says she reminds people of Janeane Garofalo asks, "Where did you get hold of Robert Klein's headshot?" "I was thinking your haircut was so bad and so *That Seventies Show*, but I read your profile and it made me laugh," says an actress who has had parts on *Party of Five* and *Sabrina, the Teenage Witch*. (I know this because I checked her out on Google, research I conduct before all my dates.) "Don't take any of this the wrong way. I'm actually trying to give you a compliment." Sadly, it's the sweetest thing anyone's said to me online in a while.

If I contact a woman and she doesn't reply, I move on. But the women are more persistent. One writes me from Match, and when I don't reply, she writes me again from JDate. "Wow," reads the subject line of an introductory e-mail from BrainyGirl, who likes art films and writes, "I cry at everything." When I don't reply, she sends two more notes the next day: "So, here you have a woman with all the qualities on your laundry list, and still no response from you. What gives?"

Back on JDate, I write to five more hotties and finally get my first real response: Rachel, a tall architect, snarls, "Since you're a writer, I'm disappointed you couldn't come up with a more original introductory line, especially when other women on JDate have said you used the same line with them. Get with it. How intrigued can you be with multiple women?"

As if my 0-for-20 streak on JDate weren't bad enough, now I have to worry about an underground information network tracing my come-ons like the CIA. One afternoon, I have lunch with Daisy, a stacked, pink-flushed acupuncturist in a sleeveless, unbuttoned sundress who says Matchmaker also has a surreptitious newsletter in which women exchange information about unsavory members. On the advice of Sean's girlfriend, I change my JDate bio to make it less caustic. For good measure, I also change my answer to the income question, from "none of your business" to "over $100,000." I need every advantage I can muster.

One day I read that Daily Candy, a website for fashion obsessives, is auctioning off a personal ad. Here's a chance to reach thousands of women who don't mind spending $50 every three weeks on a Brazilian bikini wax. First I have to win the eBay auction, which seems unlikely when my cable modem fails a few minutes before the auction ends. Finally, after a frantic service call to tech support, I reset the modem, log on to eBay and get into a last-minute bidding war. With two seconds left in the auction, my $550 bid wins.

I compose an ad plotted to seduce stylish knockouts: "Dasher looking for Vixen. If I was a sample sale, you'd show up early," it begins. Over the next week, my mailbox fills up with about 60 entries. Several women write to say they already have boyfriends, but they wish me luck. Three are blank. One, coincidentally, is from a good friend's sister. Just to prove that everything you've heard about New Yorkers is true, another writes to correct my grammar.

But most of the girls wriggle for attention like beauty queen contestants. One ad exec sends an elaborate poem. When I ask for a photo, she forwards a soft-core picture of Carmen Electra. We meet; she looks more like Bette Midler. "I didn't think that kind of flamboyant wit was possible for a heterosexual guy," writes a newspaper columnist who has always ignored me at cocktail parties. A stockbroker writes, "I like to ski it steep and deep," which I assume is some kind of metaphor. I even get an out-of-town response: Pearl, who says she's "beautiful both inside and out" and adds, "I love to smile" (what, you got something against laughing?) offers to fly from Los Angeles to meet me. Then she sends a photo. Imagine Drew Carey wearing Patricia Field drag.

"I admit I was intrigued, and I'd like to learn more about you," writes Sandra, a TV producer who describes herself as sexy and witty, "with true inner and outer beauty." The moment Sandra arrives for dinner, I wonder how much time she'd spent retouching her photo. In the middle of discussing baseball she dares me to name her favorite Yankee, then adds, "You won't guess. You're not that smart." No, nor was I interested enough to remember her answer.

For a few weeks, I have lots of drink dates: with Alexandra, a daring blonde socialite with a trust fund, with Laura, a goofy, red-lipped teacher who writes the next day to suggest I go on a date with her sister, and with Margie, who sent me a gorgeous photo of her naked, tattooed back. (I forward it to Sean, who replies, "It gave me a chubby.") When we meet

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for a late drink, Margie—a tiny, precocious, bisexual 21-year-old with lots of piercings—says a bunch of her friends liked my Daily Candy ad. When several tell her they would have answered it, Margie adds, "If only he weren't so old." The pain is assuaged by liberal applications of her tongue stud sometime after midnight.

One day, my stockbroker puts me in touch with a divorced colleague who'd recently joined the Right Stuff (right stuffdating.com), a dating service that's exclusively for graduates of Ivy League and other "select" colleges. He raves about all of the "consistently powerful, extraordinary women" he's met there. Finally, I can reap an advantage from having cheated on my SATs. After submitting a copy of my diploma as the mandatory "proof of your graduate status," I browse brief bios of about 650 New York members. A book author and healer. A lawyer who enjoys "yummy brunches." A blonde attorney, "very attractive, loves to laugh." (I'll bring my hand puppets.) A head-turning blonde looking for a "successful, generous man to captivate and keep me." In these 30-word teaser capsules, at least half use the vague word attractive.

Where other sites have a flat monthly or quarterly fee for unlimited use, the Right Stuff charges a moderate $70 for a six-month membership, then $3.10 each time you want to see the full profile of a member. There's a slot-machine effect at work: Very quickly, I spend more than $100 on profiles, most of which do not have photos.

In addition to the expense and aggravation, the Right Stuff is badly designed and difficult to navigate. I phone for customer support, leave two messages over the span of two weeks and get no reply. Finally, I e-mail Dawne, the site proprietress, who replies, "I am so sorry, but I have been overwhelmed by the changes that were made to the website." Her e-mail is full of misspellings—pretty funny for a woman whose site caters to the well educated.

Here, I can't even see photos of the women who reject me. "Honestly, you just aren't my type," replies an MBA named Anne. "I'm very into clean-cut guys, and your hairstyle just doesn't fall into that category." I have only one Right Stuff date, with a pale fiction editor who volunteers a similar dislike of the site: "It seems like a rip-off," she says, sighing, and adds some ad hominem comments about Dawne.

When I complain about the site and the lack of customer service, Dawne responds by canceling my membership. "Your rudeness bordered on rage," she writes. Instead of enjoying the service, "you spent your time insulting me and raging at me." These accusations surprise me. I thought I'd been pretty kind

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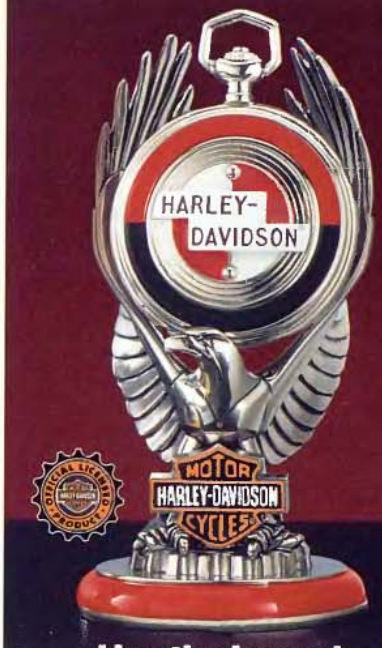

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about her crummy, rapacious site.

After five weeks on JDate, I am batting 1-for-29, the kind of average that gets people sent to the minor leagues. Average age of the women I write to: 26. Average age of the women who write to me: 35. Then, on my 30th JDate try, I get something worse than rejection: a psychodate.

When I write to her, Layna June e-mails me a short message: "Can you IM me? Doesn't that sound so sexual?" She also sends me a photo from her brother's bar mitzvah; she's wearing a tight, blood-red dress and posing with a Cher impersonator. Either that, or Cher has been making personal appearances at Long Island bar mitzvahs.

One night, while I'm on vacation at a beach house about 90 miles east of New York City, Layna June and I exchange a few instant messages. She says I have "kind of a Beck look," a rare positive reference to my hair. She mentions that she's submissive. She asks when we can meet. As soon as possible, I think. Just a few hours after our first phone call, she arrives at my house.

And she's splendid: a thick-lipped brunette with more curves than the Indy 500. We balance ourselves on a hammock under the night sky and spend an hour touching and kissing. She mentions that she likes to be spanked. We move inside.

On the phone, she'd mentioned two relevant details. First, that she was broke—though, instead of taking a $10 train or a $24 bus, she hires a car and driver for $200 (plus a $40 tip) and charges it to her father, announcing, "He can afford it." She does not have a penny anywhere in her tight jeans, and she's hoarding the last cigarette in her pack. Second, she mentioned that she takes Prozac for an obsessive-compulsive disorder, as well as attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder. She's done everything but give me her psychopharmacologist's beeper number, but I'm undeterred for one simple reason: Psychochicks do it better.

Prozac inhibits orgasms, which I view as a kind of challenge. By midnight, my tongue is exhausted, but I've succeeded in making my guest feel welcome. At this point, she mentions that she doesn't actually like intercourse, and drops off to sleep without reciprocation. Subtract the sex from psychosex, and what are you left with? Exactly.

The next morning, disappointment turns into melodrama. She's spending lots of time on her cell phone, her voice rising with each call. Her sister, scheduled for a "medical procedure" that day, hasn't shown at the hospital, and their mother is alarmed. After a while, Layna June apologizes for the theatrics and explains that her sister, once institutionalized for a suicide attempt, was scheduled for an abortion and, after declaring "I don't want to live," has ditched the hospital and disappeared. She sits in the yard, making calls, while I read inside. Although we'd planned on two nights together, after dinner I drive her to her friend's posh rental three towns away, and we part quickly. We've gone from desire to disdain, the full cycle of a sour relationship, in only 18 hours. And I haven't gotten laid. She's the bossiest submissive I've ever met.

With my JDate batting average at 2-for-30, I decide to retire from the site.

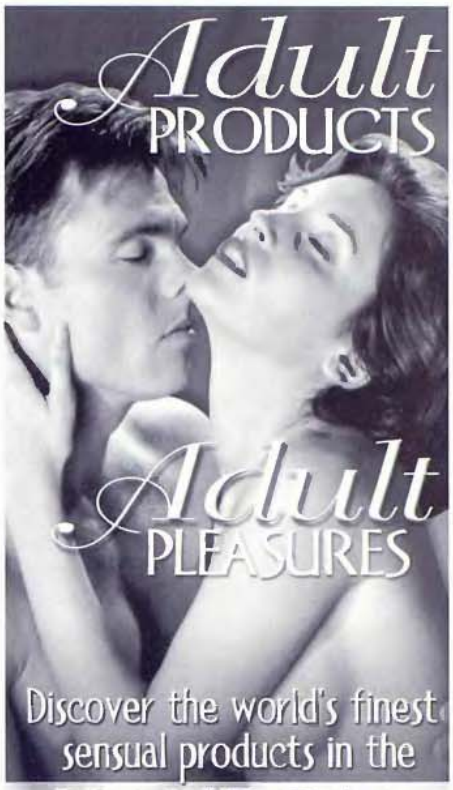
Until I joined Nerve (nerve.com), I was unfamiliar with genital stretching. Most sites offer comforting, flowery language about romance and commitment, to chase away the horror and shame that naturally result from looking for love on the Internet. Reading the Nerve personals is like eavesdropping at a downtown bar: lots of pop culture references, sexual innuendo, showoff wit and a flood of sarcasm. For instance, I don't think VictoriaSecret is sincere when she writes, "I want someone who knows how to say Hard Rock Cafe in a whole bunch of languages. No ethnics please. I like men who are outta control, so incontinence is a big plus!"

Unlike most other sites, Nerve allows explicit photos, like the Forties-style nude chiaroscuro shot submitted by Lindy, a fleshy 22-year-old bisexual. Last books she read: *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and *The Mammoth Book of Murder*. Favorite movie sex scene: from *The Night Porter*. Her bio also mentions anal beads, fisting, spanking, bondage and discipline, pussy and cock worship and her vibrator. Oh, and cats. Even kinky sex adventurers need a domestic animal companion.

I don't get a response from the beautiful Canadian expat who talks about underwear and shoes, specifies that she likes being dominated and wants a man who will discuss Acheulean tool traditions and behavioral endocrinology with her. I get a note from Marcy, a massage therapist in her late 30s whose bio mentions Pablo Neruda and two cats. I don't reply.

I have lunch with a classy, stylish, accomplished fine-art photographer looking for "someone who enjoys giving and receiving pleasure—long, sustained pleasure." Our lunch lasts two hours, though I don't think that's the kind of sustained pleasure she has in mind. "I liked your ad. Would love to hear more. Check out mine and drop me a line," writes a dark, moody-looking girl whose bio mentions her therapist and Sylvia Plath. I write back but get no reply.

Since people know they'll never see one another again, there's a fair amount of rudeness in online dating. A Matchmaker date who imports fabric from Italy and lists her faults as "too smart and too witty" twice breaks dates at the last minute, then offers to buy me a



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drink in apology. Our date is unremarkable. For most of it, I wonder whether I'm staring at her overbite. When the check comes, she doesn't make a move to pay.

The search for love is exasperating, time-consuming, exhausting and depressing. Through persistence, my dating pace escalates to as many as three per day. The details of these dates blur together. At times, when I feel a connection with a beautiful girl, or make out against a brick wall with someone I've just met, excitement balances the distress of constant rejection. I have an afternoon iced coffee with a blonde, pigtailed dominatrix who's planning a line of exercise videos called *Slavercise*, with submissives kissing her shoes while doing push-ups. I share morning crepes with a trim and elegant psychotherapist who tells me about her est training and mentions that she likes Ayn Rand's *Fountainhead* only because "the sex scenes are so hot."

But mostly, I meet women for drinks. The gabby founder of a beauty website wears black pants and a ruffled open blouse, with her cleavage set on stun. She downs three drinks in two hours and starts to slur a little, so when she says, "I'm an S corp," I think she's said, "I'm an escort." Em, a Southern belle stockbroker who looks like a buttery version of Juliana Margulies, meets me for mojitos and recounts a legacy of bad online dates: the doctor who lured her to his apartment on the pretense of showing her a great new club and cried when she tried to leave; the guy who stormed out of a bar after 30 minutes, convinced she wasn't listening to him; and the indie film producer who begged to be her slave and paid her $50 for each insulting e-mail she sent him. "Oh," she adds as a waitress brings our fifth round of mojitos, "I let him clean my bathroom, too."

I've been dating in New York. I've seen rudeness, deceit, insanity, beauty, desperation, passion and a lot of miniskirts. I've dated a college junior the day after having drinks with a woman twice her age. I've spent around $2000, met only one woman who bought me a drink and had half a dozen second dates.

It's inevitable that feelings get hurt. The fiction editor, one of my favorite dates, doesn't respond to my invitation for a second date. More than a month after my Daily Candy personal ad, I get an angry e-mail lecture from a woman whose note and photo I'd ignored. "The women who write to you deserve more respect. You provide them with a mini fantasy and request their letters and photos. The least you can do is write them back and say, 'No, thank you.' You should know that your actions are rude." Whether it's more rude to say directly, "I don't find you attractive," or just signify it through silence, I can't say. Both messages have been delivered to me, at least weekly since I began dating online, and neither was pleasant.

At times, it seems every single person in New York is dating online (and a lot of the married ones, too, at least on Nerve). One night I'm out having a glass of wine with Barbara, a dancer with a ready exhibitionist streak and the tautest 42-year-old body I've ever touched. We quickly discover two coincidences: Her grandfather had my last name, and in college, she had a one-night stand with one of my best friends from high school. "I Googled you," I admit. "I Googled you, too!" she answers. Soon, she's sitting in my lap.

From the next table, a guy with shaggy hair and glasses says, "Excuse me, did I hear you say Matchmaker?" Amazingly, he's also on a Matchmaker first date, with a private investigator. We push our tables together, and she amuses us with the story of her only other online date, with a Yale-educated lawyer who insisted she pick him up at his apartment, then announced, when they sat down in a restaurant, "I'm a bit short on cash this month. Can you get dinner?"

It was, she says with a shake of her head and a hardy sip of her vodka tonic, one of the worst nights of her life. It made her want to leave Matchmaker. But here she was, out on another date, having a good time.

After a few more drinks, I went home with Barbara. And Lizzie went home with her shaggy-haired date. Both couples seemed pretty content. Possibilities had been planted. So how come the shaggy-haired guy e-mailed Barbara the next day and asked her out?

"Aiming rockets at a terrorist does not constitute assassination, dear lady, especially if we miss."

PLAYMATE NEWS

OPERATION PLAYMATE

During the Vietnam war, 1965 Playmate of the Year Jo Collins made headlines when she hand-delivered an issue of PLAYBOY to a troop of U.S. soldiers who had pooled their money for a lifetime subscription. During the Gulf war, General Norman Schwarzkopf called the Playmates "true patriots" for participating in a letter-writing campaign to troops around the world. Dubbed Operation Playmate, the morale booster is back, with a technological twist. To participate in Operation Playmate Online, active-duty men and women should send e-mail to operationplaymate@playboy.com. In return, they will receive an autographed electronic photo from such Centerfolds as Jennifer Walcott, Miriam Gonzalez, Shauna Sand, Kim Stanfield, Julie Cialini, Dalene Kurtis and Kerissa Fare. "Playmates have asked what they might do for America's fighting men and women," says Hef. "Bringing back Operation Playmate was obvious."

There is no charge to contact operationplaymate@playboy.com, which provides active-duty military personnel with autographed photos. Clockwise from top left: Jennifer, Miriam, Shauna, Kim, Julie and Dalene stand proud. Kerissa salutes. Miriam with HM Bill Breeding USN, Sergeant Armando Magana III USMC and Sergeant Jacob Avila USMC.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

March 3: Miss July 1990
Jacqueline Sheen
March 10: Miss October 1985
Cynthia Brimhall
March 11: Miss May 1960
Ginger Young
March 15: Miss January 1974
Nancy Cameron
March 18: Miss April 1983
Christina Ferguson

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Looking back at Miss March 1972 Ellen Michaels, we are reminded that sometimes all it takes to turn us on are tan lines. There she was, flowing dark hair, feathered bikini bottom and that tanned skin. She had us smitten. After her Playmate appearance, Ellen hooked the rest of the world by appearing in spots for Diet Pepsi, Yamaha, Sony, Kodak, Polaroid and White Step toothpaste. "Although I haven't entirely given up modeling," Ellen says, "I devote a great deal of time to running a volunteer program for the blind."

What a tan.

ART ATTACK

A surefire way to take home a Playmate? Surf the Internet and scoop up a painting or fine-art print. We found some of the coolest. From bottom left: Julie Cialini flying high. Cathy St. George earns her wings. Elke Jeinsen goes goth. All three, by artist Dave Nestler, available on wicked citystudios.com. Below: Brande Roderick by artist Olivia, at 12-20art.com. Right: Tiffany Taylor, by Frank Cho. Far right: Shauna Sand by Walter Girotta, at 12-20art.com.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Dr. Drew Pinsky

My favorite is Dorothy Stratten because she had an angelic, otherworldly beauty. Unfortunately, Dorothy didn't stay with us long. I'm drawn to people in pain, and I instinctively knew that this woman was suffering. I felt the connection.

GIRL TALK

You've seen Victoria Silvstedt in print ads for the Ultimate Fighting Championship, but our 1997 PMOY won't be throwing down with the guys any time soon. We phoned her for the ringside dirt.

Q: What was it like watching a live Ultimate Fight?

Victoria's ad.

A: It was rough. There was blood everywhere. They were practically killing each other. It was entertaining, but I was like, "Aaaaah!"

Q: For those of us who will never be so lucky, what is it like to hang with Carmen Electra?

A: Carmen is so nice. For the ads, the UFC chose me, Carmen and Angelica Bridges—you know, blonde, brunette and redhead. Carmen and I signed posters for two hours. She's really sweet.

Q: Tell us about your forthcoming flick, *Boat Trip*.

A: It's a comedy with Cuba Gooding Jr. I play Inga. I always play Inga, the Swedish babe.

Q: How many times have you done that?

A: I stopped counting after a while. I need to move on and do roles without my accent.

Catfighters.

Q: How is married life?

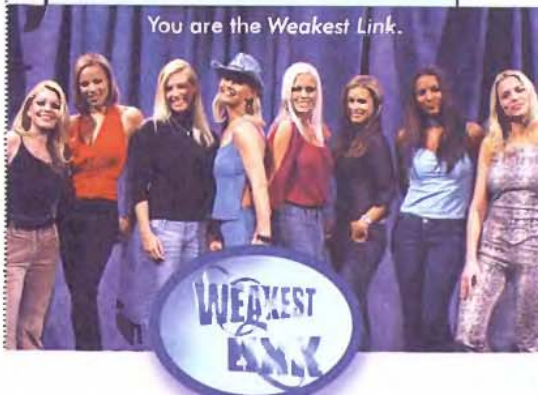
A: So good. I try to make sure that I'm home for at least one week every month. I travel so much. It takes work to keep a marriage together. It's hard when I'm in Europe and he's at home. I wake up in the morning, and for him it's sleepy time. But don't worry—we're great.

CAROL'S HALL OF FAME

As host of *The Carol Vitale Show*, Miss July 1974 often chats up Hollywood royalty. She lent us some photos from her collection. Clockwise from top left: Carol with Mary Tyler Moore at the Tholians Ball in Los Angeles. Carol with Gary Busey at one of Hef's parties, and Carol interviewing Jackie Chan at the Mansion. Tough gig, isn't it?

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

It was Playmates versus pigskin when NBC broadcast a two-part, 80-minute version of *Fear Factor* during and after the Super Bowl. **Lauren Hill, Nicole Narain, Angel Boris, Priscilla Taylor, Julie Cialini** and **Stacy Sanches** took on the show's slate of dares. . . . **Marilyn Monroe's** 1942 high school yearbook was auctioned on eBay and got 41 bids. The highest? $1500. . . . Speaking of Marilyn, after relocating to Los Angeles, **Anna Nicole Smith** moved into a house that Monroe once lived in. . . . Cheers to **Jaime Bergman** and *Angel* star **David Boreanaz**, who were hitched in Palm Springs. Their baby is due in early May. . . . Congratulations to new mom **Carol Bernaola**, who gave birth to an eight-pound girl, **Rhea Bernaola Theodore**. Dad is Miami nightclub impresario **Tony Theodore**. . . . *The Book Los Angeles*, which set out to do a profile on **Cara Michelle**, ended up doing an extensive pictorial, *The Los Angeles Theater*, featuring **Cara, Elke Jeinsen** and **Miriam Gonzalez**. . . . **Nicole Wood** owns a shop in Haddonfield, New Jersey called Nicole Wood Makeup and Skin Studio. . . . Who will be the *Weakest Link*? Tune in to the all-Playmate edition of the NBC game show when (left to right) **Shanna Moakler, Daphnee Duplaix, Laura Cover, Julie McCullough, Stephanie Heinrich, Jennifer Walcott, Reneé Tenison** and **Anna-Marie Goddard** battle it out. Goodbye!



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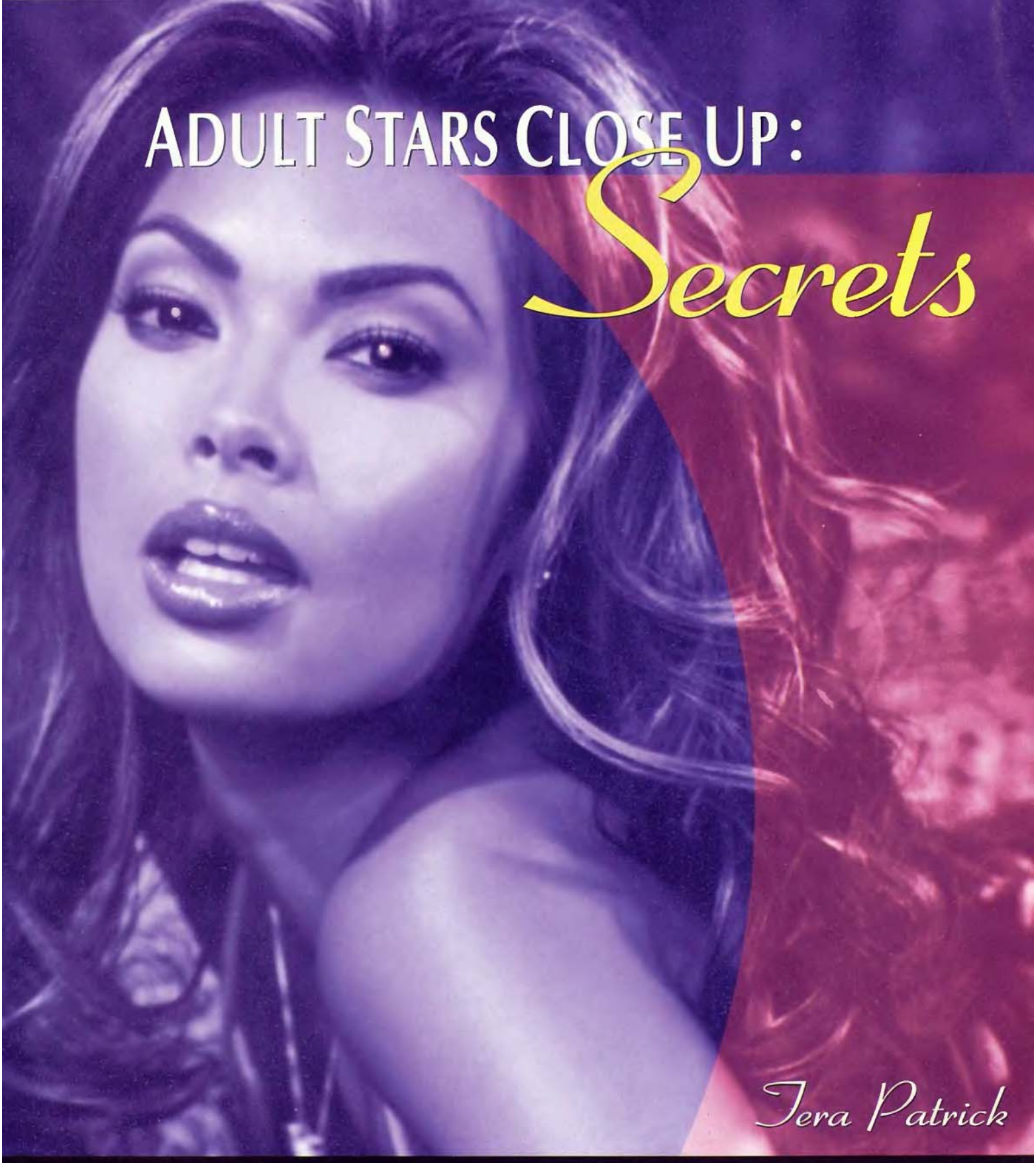

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PLAYBOY
on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MUSCLE BIKES

The curator of the Guggenheim Museum's Art of the Motorcycle exhibit has a theory about the evolution of American bikes (i.e., cruisers) and European bikes (cafe racers): The two breeds can be explained as the difference between the Western saddle and the so-called English saddle. Harleys and Indians were based on the wide-open-spaces mystique of the cowboy. Triumphs, Ducatis, MVs and the like were almost equestrian, steered with the knees, built for tight roads. The new crop of power cruisers is built for the long run, invoking images of Captain America and Billy riding cross-country. They offer the tongue-lolling, paws-up easy-riding style that is as close as most adult males can get to rolling over and begging for their bellies to be scratched. (In other words, this is how we pursue pleasure. Only with these bikes are we likely to catch it.) What's new? Power. Gobs of it. Last year Honda raised the performance bar with the 1800cc VTX. The world responded. Designers borrowed technologies from sport bikes, tweaked engines and suspensions, kept the chrome and thunder from the cruiser legend and—voilà! These bikes exude attitude. They start conversations and finish them. Smoke the tire on one of these beasts, and the blonde waitress in the crowd of onlookers will say, "Do that again." These motorcycles travel at the speed of a glance, even when they're standing still. Got yours? —JAMES R. PETERSEN

Clockwise from top left: Triumph celebrated its 100th anniversary by launching the classy Bonneville America ($7999). The neatly raked front evokes choppers of the past; the thoroughly modern vertical twin 790cc puts out 61 horsepower. Ready to rumble? The Yamaha Road Star Warrior ($11,999) has balls. A fuel-injected 102-cubic-inch pushrod twin delivers 80 hp to the fattest tire in the business. Smoke it. The Kawasaki Vulcan 1500 Mean Streak ($10,999) features a liquid-cooled V twin that delivers 64.3 hp and dual disc brakes borrowed from the ZX-9R. Harley-Davidson's visionary V-Rod ($16,695) has a liquid-cooled 1130cc V twin (designed with Porsche) that pumps out 115 hp. Guaranteed wheel spin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

Grapevine

Branch Out

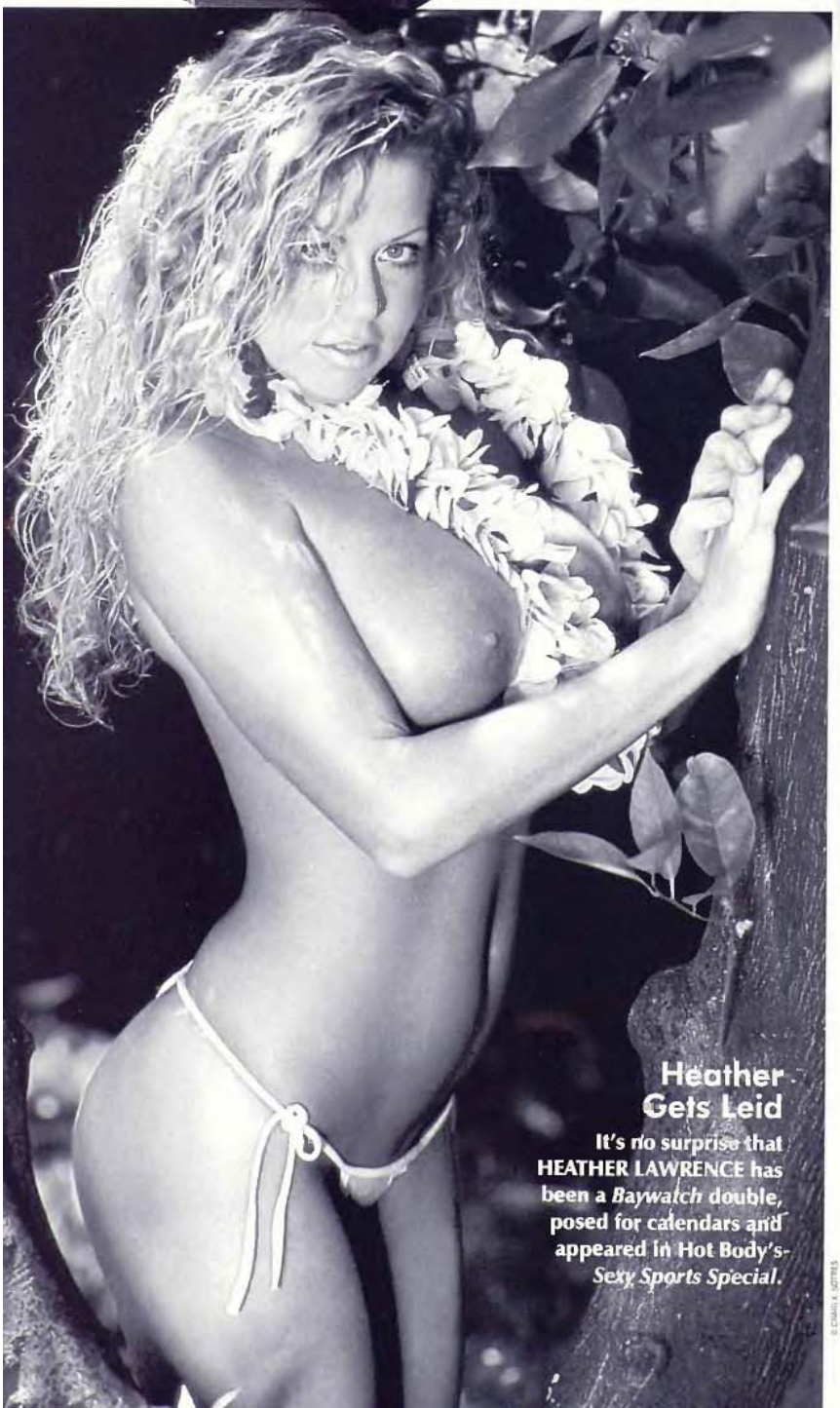
MICHELLE BRANCH calls her recent success "a love story between me and music." The proof of that is on her debut CD, *The Spirit Room*, and hit single *Everywhere*.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Hats and Tails

KYM STYS has won beauty contests, done stunts on *Baywatch Hawaii* and was featured on *Pacific Blue* and *Fantasy Island*. We tip our hat to her.

© VINCE CAVATAIO



Heather Gets Leid

It's no surprise that HEATHER LAWRENCE has been a *Baywatch* double, posed for calendars and appeared in Hot Body's *Sexy Sports Special*.

© CHRIS K. SOTOS

See Hu

KELLY HU played Michelle Chan on *Nash Bridges* for a couple of years. Look for her soon as Cassandra in *The Scorpion King* with Oscar nominee Michael Clarke Duncan.

© MIRANDA SHACKELFORD PHOTO

Suit Salute

Foxy EBONY EVE has strutted her stuff on the runways at New York fashion shows, appeared in *Black Men*'s swimsuit edition and was photographed for us by a former *Grapevine* babe.

Different Strokes for Different Folks

The STROKES are stoked. The critics are all over their debut CD, *Is This It*—and we're with them. The stripped-down sound is about right for these times.

Best Breast

Remember TERRY FARRELL from *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*? These days, she annoys Ted Danson every week on *Becker*, but not in this sexy outfit.

Potpourri

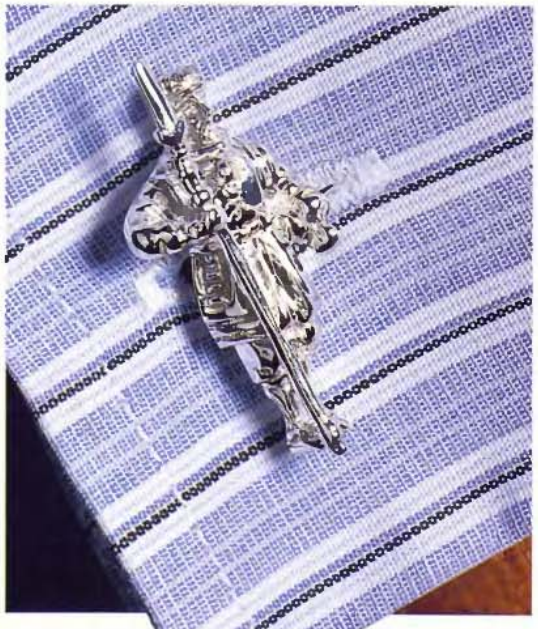
POLYGAMY'S BREWING

Where else but in Utah would somebody brew a beer and name it Polygamy Porter? You bet Mormons were upset, but that didn't stop the Wasatch Brew Pub on Park City's Main Street from marketing the beer with a suggestive label, "Why have just one!" A 12-pack in Utah costs $12.75. It's also sold in bars and restaurants. Go to utahbeers.com for information on ordering out of state. As the neck label on a bottle says, "Bring some home for the wives."

JOHN D BIREN

LINK WITH A LINK

A halyard-bearing yeoman is recognized around the world as the symbol for Beefeater gin. Now you can wear the famous fellow on your wrists, in the form of sterling-silver cuff links. The pair, available in a limited edition, costs $135—including a wooden storage box. Links of London created the cuff links for the UK With NY fashion festival last fall. Call 800-210-0079 to order.



CASTING CALL

Years ago, Cynthia Plaster Caster immortalized rock stars' schlongs in plaster of paris. (We wonder if she did all her own fluffing, too.) Now Good Vibrations in San Francisco is selling a Make Your Own Dildo kit that includes everything you need to replicate in silicone an erect penis. Perfect for the girlfriend when you're out of town. Price: $115 (each kit makes two dildos), including peach- or chocolate-colored tinting, from 800-BUY-VIBE or go to goodvibes.com. Word to the wise: Casting can be tricky. Read the directions and lubricate liberally with Vaseline, or you may not be able to extract your willy from the mold.

STIRLING ENDEAVOR

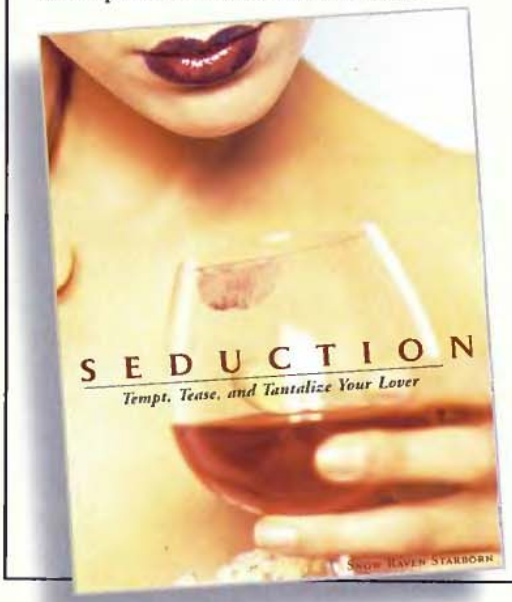
Stirling Moss hated to lose. According to Robert Edwards, author of *Stirling Moss: The Authorised Biography*, his win-to-races-run ratio "was proportionally higher than any other driver, ever." But there's much more to Moss than just his skill behind the wheel, as this $45 coffee-table book captures in anecdotes and hundreds of photos, many black and white. (Above, he's pictured in a Walker-Cooper.) As a child he was tormented at school, which could account for his fierce competitiveness on the track. A near-fatal crash in 1962 ended Moss' racing career but not the fun, as pictures at the London Playboy Club attest. In 2000 he was awarded a knighthood. Sterling Publishing is the U.S. distributor. Call them at 800-805-5489 to order a copy or check bookstores.

TOYING WITH BOND

James Bond may never die—but he has gotten smaller. Corgi Classics, the scale model collectibles company, continues to add to its Definitive Bond Collection with the most ambitious offering yet—the BMW Z8 and diorama from *The World Is Not Enough* ($44). The action figure of Pierce Brosnan as James Bond is $20. More new Bonds will be introduced later this year. Go to corgiclassics.com to order.

LOVE FOR SALE

With details of "The Essentials of the Lingerie Cabinet" and "Exercises to Boost Sexual Stamina," *Seduction* by Snow Raven Starborn is a boudoir book for her side of the bed. Love poems, recipes, body oils and what to serve the morning after are just some of the hot topics covered. There's even a guide to astrological compatibility. Price: $16.95. Sourcebooks is the publisher. Check bookstores.



WE LIKE A MYSTERY

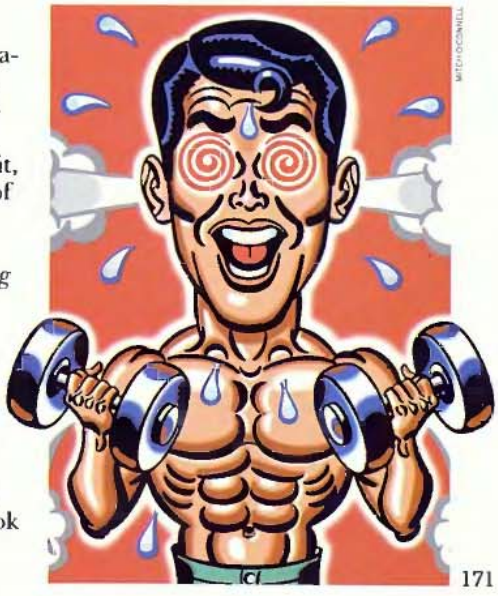
Edgar Allan Poe created one of the first detective stories. Then came Arthur Conan Doyle, Dashiell Hammett, Agatha Christie, Mickey Spillane and hundreds of other whodunit authors with creations as disparate as Sherlock Holmes and Mike Hammer. Max Allan Collins, who scripted the comic strip *Dick Tracy* from 1977 to 1993, chronicles the evolution of the genre in *The History of Mystery*—a handsome $45 tome with more than 375 illustrations, ranging from pulp fiction to comic strips. Call Collectors Press at 800-423-1848.

NEW DOG, NEW TRICKS

Tiger Electronics' i-Cybie isn't the high-priced robotic doggy you've seen at the electronics store. He's a $200 remote-controlled canine with 16 computer-smart motors that enable him to walk, sit, stand, lift a leg and shake a paw. He also reacts to sound, light, touch and physical surroundings. Play with i-Cybie and he's happy. Ignore him and he becomes sad. Call 800-844-3733 for information on a kennel near you.

LOOK INTO MY EYES

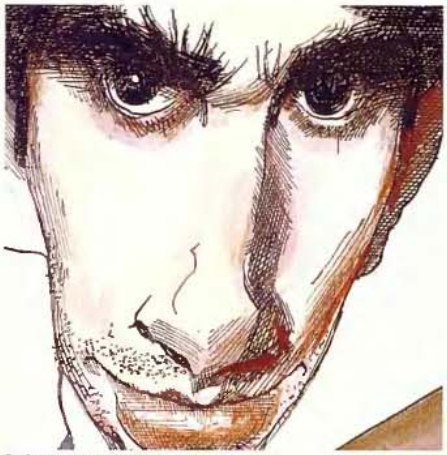
For 21 years, sports hypnotherapist Peter Siegel has motivated professional athletes and bodybuilding champions to excel. Now he has created a can-do kit, Stayin' on Track, that consists of a manual titled *The 12 Ways to Stay Motivated in Your Workouts* and a cassette or CD (*Cultivating High Powered, Mega-Result Producing Workout Motivation*). If Siegel's book and audio advice don't get you back to pumping iron, doing push-ups or riding an exercise bike, nothing short of a cattle prod will. Price: $64.95 for the book and cassette, $69.95 for the book and CD, from PowerMind at 310-280-3269.



Next Month

TIFFANY

GET BOLD



SOPRANOS WISEGUY

SPRING BREAK

SPECIAL MUSIC ISSUE—TUNE IN AND CRANK IT UP. OUR ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO EVERYTHING THAT ROCKS INCLUDES POLL RESULTS (COULD A GROUP WIN THE HALL OF FAME INDUCTION?), MUSIC BUZZ BY ALT-COUNTRY COOL GUY **RYAN ADAMS** AND A NASTY CHAT WITH **PRINCESS SUPERSTAR.** AND THEN THERE'S . . .

TIFFANY—THE SINGING MOLL OF THE MALL AND FORMER TEEN IDOL (REMEMBER *I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW*?) IS ALL GROWN UP AND TOTALLY NUDE. ADMIT IT—YOU HAD HER RECORDS AND YOU'VE BEEN WAITING

LENNOX LEWIS—THE GENTLEMAN CHAMP CUTS LOOSE ON MIKE TYSON, DON KING, SEX AND HOW IT FEELS TO KNOCK A MAN OUT (AND GET KNOCKED OUT). A HARD-HITTING INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

SPRING BREAK—WHO LET THE COLLEGE GIRLS OUT? WE HIT THE BEACHES TO FIND THE COUNTRY'S WILDEST COEDS. DON'T TAX YOUR BRAIN—IT'S ALL THONGS, SUN, SAND, PARTIES, BEER AND PLENTY OF FLASHING

GET BOLD—SHE'S 22 AND GORGEOUS, WITH MORE LEG THAN A BUCKET OF CHICKEN. YOU'RE 35 AND NOT NEARLY AS PRETTY AS SHREK. FRET NOT—**COREY LEVITAN** REVEALS THE SECRETS OF DATING UP

NUMBER TWO WITH A BULLET—IN *GOODFELLAS* HE GETS WHACKED BY JOE PESCI. ON *THE SOPRANOS* HE WHACKS FOR UNCLE TONY. MEET MICHAEL IMPERIOLI, THE IMPETUOUS GUY BEHIND THE WISEGUY. PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **KEVIN COOK.** READ IT OR ELSE

SARAH SILVERMAN—COMEDY'S SEXIEST SMARTASS ON HER VAGINA OBSESSION, THE MISSING NAKED PHOTOS FROM HER PAST AND THE FLAP SHE CAUSED ON *LATE NIGHT WITH CONAN O'BRIEN*. 20Q BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

PRISON BOXING—IN LOUISIANA THE BEST-BEHAVED INMATES EARN ACCESS TO THE WEIGHT ROOM AND BOXING RING FOR INTENSE THREE-ROUND FIGHTS. ONE BOXER EVEN EMERGES AS A PRO. ARTICLE BY **MICHAEL KAPLAN**

PINKY—ON SEPTEMBER 11 ABEL GETS AN ERRANT MESSAGE FROM A MAN DYING IN THE WORLD TRADE CENTER, INTENDED FOR THE MAN'S LOVER. TRACKING DOWN PINKY CAUSES ABEL'S LIFE TO UNRAVEL. FICTION BY **WALTER MOSLEY**

ARE YOU A SEX GOD?—THE QUIZ—SURE, YOU'VE BEEN TOLD YOU ARE THE WORLD'S BEST LOVER. BUT WAS SHE LYING? TAKE OUR FOOLPROOF TEST BY **WILL LEE**

CATCHING Z'S—THE ORIGINAL NISSAN Z WAS DISCONTINUED IN 1996 BECAUSE IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE TO PRODUCE. GET READY FOR ITS RETURN—UNDER $30,000 AND UP AGAINST THE PORSCHE BOXSTER. *VROOM*

PLUS: BODY SHOTS, THE PLAYBOY BUNKER—LIVE IT UP IN HARD TIMES, AND MISS APRIL **HEATHER CAROLIN**